



Strawhill ps. R. A. p. 100

W. A. L. & W. A. L. p. 100

*Lord Byron
in an Albanian dress
from a picture in the possession of Mr. John Murray*

The Works
OF
LORD BYRON

A NEW REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Poetry Vol III

EDITED BY

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PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME

THE present volume contains the six metrical tales which were composed within the years 1812 and 1815 the *Hebrew Melodies*, and the minor poems of 1809-1816 With the exception of the first fifteen poems (1809-1811) —*Chansons de Voyage* as they might be called—the volume as a whole was produced on English soil Beginning with the *Giaour* which followed in the wake of *Childe Harold* and shared its triumph and ending with the ill omened *Domestic Pieces* or *Poems of the Separation* the poems which Byron wrote in his own country synchronize with his popularity as a poet by the acclaim and suffrages of his own countrymen His greatest work by which his lasting fame has been established and by which his relative merits as a great poet will be judged in the future, was yet to come, but the work which made his name which is stamped with his sign manual and which has come to be regarded as distinctively and

characteristically Byronic, preceded maturity and achievement.

No poet of his own or other times, not Walter Scott, not Tennyson, not Mr Kipling, was ever in his own lifetime so widely, so amazingly popular. Thousands of copies of the "Tales" of the *Bride of Abydos*, of the *Corsair*, of *Lara*—were sold in a day, and edition followed edition month in and month out. Everywhere men talked about the "noble author" in the capitals of Europe, in literary circles in the United States, in the East Indies. He was "the glass of fashion the observ'd of all observers," the swayer of sentiment, the master and creator of popular emotion. No other English poet before or since has divided men's attention with generals and sea-captains and statesmen, has attracted and fascinated and overcome the world so entirely and potently as Lord Byron.

It was *Childe Harold*, the unfinished, immature *Childe Harold*, and the Turkish and other "Tales," which raised this sudden and deafening storm of applause when the century was young, and now, at its close (I refer, of course, to the Tales, not to Byron's poetry as a whole, which, in spite of the critics, has held and still holds its own), are ignored if not forgotten, passed over if not despised which but few know thoroughly, and "very few" are found to admire or to love. *Ubi lapsus, quid feci?* might the questioning spirit of the author exclaim with regard to his "Harrys and Larrys, Pilgrims and

Pirates who once held the field and now seem to have gone under in the struggle for poetical existence !

To what, then may we attribute the passing away of interest and enthusiasm ? To the caprice of fashion to an insistence on a more faultless *technique* to a nicer taste in ethical sentiment to a preference for a subtler treatment of loftier themes ? More certainly and more particularly I think to the blurring of outline and the blotting out of detail due to lapse of time and the shifting of the intellectual standpoint

However much the charm of novelty and the contagion of enthusiasm may have contributed to the success of the Turkish and other Tales it is in the last degree improbable that our grandfathers and great grandfathers were enamoured not of a reality but of an illusion born of ignorance or of vulgar bewilderment. They were carried away because they breathed the same atmosphere as the singer and being undistracted by ethical or grammatical or metrical offences they not only read these poems with avidity but understood enough of what they read to be touched by their vitality to realize their verisimilitude

Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner Nay more the knowledge the comprehension of essential greatness in art in nature or in man is not to know that there is aught to forgive. But that sufficing knowledge which the reader of average intelligence brings with him for the comprehension and appreciation of contemporary

of memory and observation and wrought them into shape with the ' pen of a ready writer ' They will be once more recognized as works of genius an integral portion of our literary inheritance which has its proper value and will repay a more assiduous and a finer husbandry

I have once more to acknowledge the generous assistance of the officials of the British Museum and more especially, of Mr A G Llys of the Oriental Printed Books and MSS Department who has afforded me invaluable instruction in the compilation of the notes to the *Giaour* and *Bride of Abydos*

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For many of the ' parallel passages ' from the works of other poets which are to be found in the notes I am indebted to a series of articles by A A Watts in the *Literary Gazette* February and March 1881, and to the notes to the late Professor E Kolbing's *Siege of Corinth*

On behalf of the publisher I beg to acknowledge

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INTRODUCTION TO THE *OCCASIONAL PIECES* (*POEMS* 1809-1813 *POEMS* 1814-1816)

THE Poems afterwards entitled 'Occasional Pieces' which were included in the several editions of the Collected Works issued by Murray 1819-1831 numbered fifty seven in all. They may be described as the aggregate of the shorter poems written between the years 1809-1818 which the author thought worthy of a permanent place among his poetical works. Of these the first twenty nine appeared in successive editions of *Childe Harold* (Cantos I II) [viz fourteen in the first edition twenty in the second and twenty nine in the seventh edition] while the thirtieth the *Ode on the Death of Sir Peter Parker* was originally attached to *Hebrew Melodies*. The remaining twenty seven pieces consist of six poems first published in the Second Edition of the *Corsair* 1814 eleven which formed the collection entitled *Poems* 1816 six which were appended to the *Prisoner of Chillon* December 1816 the *Very Mournful Ballad* and the *Sonnet by Vittorelli* which accompanied the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* 1818 the *Sketch* first included by Murray in his edition of 1819 and the *Ode to Venice* which appeared in the same volume as *Ma eppa*.

Thus matters stood till 1831, when seventy new poems sixty had been published by Moore in *Letters and Journals* 1830 six were republished from *Hobhouse's Imitations and Translations* 1809 and four derived from other sources) were included in a sixth volume of the Collected Works.

In the edition of 1832-35, twenty-four new poems were added, but four which had appeared in *Letters and Journals*, 1830, and in the sixth volume of the edition of 1831 were omitted. In the one-volume edition (first issued in 1837 and still in print), the four short pieces omitted in 1832 once more found a place, and the lines on "John Keats," first published in *Letters and Journals*, and the two stanzas to Lady Caroline Lamb, "Remember thee! remember thee," first printed by Medwin, in the *Conversations of Lord Byron*, 1824, were included in the Collection.

The third volume of the present issue includes all minor poems (with the exception of epigrams and *jeux d'esprit* reserved for the sixth volume) written after Byron's departure for the East in July, 1809, and before he left England for good in April, 1816.

The "Separation" and its consequent exile afforded a pretext and an opportunity for the publication of a crop of spurious verses. Of these *Madame Lavalette* (first published in the *Examiner*, January 21, 1816, under the signature B B, and immediately preceding a genuine sonnet by Wordsworth, "How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright!") and *Oh Shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!* included by Hone, in *Poems on his Domestic Circumstances*, 1816, and *Farewell to England, Ode to the Isle of St Helena, To the Lily of France, On the Morning of my Daughter's Birth*, published by J. Johnston, 1816, were repudiated by Byron, in a letter to Murray, dated July 22, 1816. A longer poem entitled *The Tempest*, which was attached to the spurious *Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, published by Johnston, "the Cheapside impostor," in 1817, was also denounced by Byron as a forgery in a letter to Murray, dated December 16, 1816.

The *Triumph of the Whale*, by Charles Lamb, and the *Enigma on the Letter H*, by Harriet Fanshawe, were often included in piratical editions of Byron's *Poetical Works*. Other attributed poems which found their way into newspapers and foreign editions, viz (i) *To my dear Mary Anne*, 1804, "Adieu to sweet Mary for ever," and (ii) *To Miss Chaworth*, "Oh, memory, torture me no more," 1804, published in *Works of Lord Byron*, Paris, 1828, (iii) lines written *In the Bible*, "Within this awful volume lies," quoted

in *Life Writings Opinions etc* 1825 iii 414 (iv) lines addressed to (?) George Anson Byron "And dost thou ask the reason of my sadness?" *Nicar* March 29 1823 (v) *To Lady Caroline Lamb* "And sayst thou that I have not felt" published in *Works, etc* 1828 (vi) lines *To her who can best understand them* "Be it so we part for ever" published in the *Works of Lord Byron In Verse and Prose* Hartford 1847 (vii) *Lines found in the Travellers' Book at Chamouni* "How many numbered are how few agreed!" published in *Works etc* 1828 and (viii) a second copy of verses with the same title "All hail Mont Blanc! Mont au Vert hail!" *Life Writings etc* 1825 ii 384 (ix) *Lines addressed by Lord Byron to Mr Hobhouse on his Election for Westminster* "Would you get to the house by the true gate?" *Works etc* 1828 and (x) *Enigma on the Letter I* "I am not in youth nor in manhood nor age" *Works etc* Paris p 70 together with sundry epigrams must failing the production of the original MSS be accounted forgeries or perhaps in one or two instances of doubtful authenticity

The following poems *On the Quotation 'And my true faith etc [Love and Gold] Julian [a Fragment]* and *On the Death of the Duke of Dorset* are now published for the first time from MSS in the possession of Mr John Murray

POEMS 1809—1813

THE GIRL OF CADIZ ¹

1

OH never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies
It has not been your lot to see ⁴
Like me the lovely Girl of Cadiz
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks like English lasses
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses ¹

2

Prometheus like from heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes

¹ *For thou hast ne'er liv'd to see* —[MS *M* erased]

¹ [These stanzas were inserted in the first draft of the First Canto of *Childe Harold* after the eighty sixth stanza. The struggle against the Demon's sway (see stanza lxxxiv) had apparently resulted in victory for the unpremeditated lay poured forth at the time betrays the youth and high spirits of the singer. But the inconsistency was detected in time and the lines *To Her* dated January 25 1810 with their touches of dreariest sadness were substituted for the simple and cheerful strains of *The Girl of Cadiz* (see *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 75 note 1 *Life* p 151)]

And as along her bosom steal
 In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
 You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
 And curled to give her neck caresses

3.

Our English maids are long to woo,¹ 1
 And frigid even in possession,
 And if their charms be fair to view,
 Their lips are slow at Love's confession,
 But, born beneath a brighter sun,
 For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
 And who, when fondly, fairly won,
 Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

4

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
 Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
 And if she love, or if she hate,
 Alike she knows not to dissemble
 Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold
 Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely,
 And, though it will not bend to gold,
 'Twill love you long and love you dearly

5

The Spanish girl that meets your love
 Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
 For every thought is bent to prove
 Her passion in the hour of trial

1 *The Saxon maids* —[MS M]

¹ [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto I stanza lxxiii lines 8, 9,
Poetical Works, 1899, II 59, note 1]

When thronging foemen menace Spain
 She dares the deed and shares the danger,
 And should her lover press the plain,
 She hurls the spear, her love's avenger

6

And when beneath the evening star,
 She mingles in the gay Bolero ¹
 Or sings to her attuned guitar
 Of Christian knight or Moorish hero
 Or counts her beads with fairy hand
 Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,²
 Or joins Devotion's choral hand
 To chaunt the sweet and hallowed vesper,—

7

In each her charms the heart must move
 Of all who venture to behold her
 Then let not maids less fair reprove
 Because her bosom is not colder
 Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
 Where many a soft and melting maid is
 But none abroad and few at home
 May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz ¹¹

1809
 [First published 1832]

¹ *Or tells with light and fairy land
 Her beads beneath the rays of Hesper* —[MS *erased*]

¹¹ — *the lovely Girl of Cadiz* —[MS *M*]

¹ [For Bolero see *Poetical Works* 1898 i 49 note 1]

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA¹

I

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
 Some *name* arrests the passer-by,
 Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
 May *mine* attract thy pensive eye¹

- ¹ *Written in an Album* — [Editions 1812-1831]
Written in Mrs Spencer S's — [MS M wased]
Written at the request of a lady in her memorandum book —
 [MS B M "Mrs S S's request" — Eased MS B M]

¹ [The possessor of the album was, doubtless, Mrs Spencer Smith, the "Lady" of the lines *To Florence*, "the sweet Florence" of the *Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm*, and of the *Stanzas written in passing through the Ambracian Gulf*, and, finally, when "The Spell is broke, the Charm is flown," the "fair Florence" of stanzas $\lambda\lambda\lambda\lambda$, $\lambda\lambda\lambda\lambda\lambda$ of the Second Canto of *Childe Harold*. In a letter to his mother, dated September 15, 1809, Byron writes, "This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago (*Travels in the Year 1806, from Italy to England through the Tyrol, etc*, containing the particulars of the liberation of Mrs Spencer Smith from the hands of the French Police. London 12mo, 1807). She has since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople [*circa* 1785], where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian Ambassador, married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character, excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy, several times risked her life, and is not yet twenty-five."

John Spencer Smith, the "Lady's" husband, was a younger brother of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of the siege of Acre. He began life as a Page of Honour to Queen Charlotte, was, afterwards, attached to the Turkish Embassy, and (May 4, 1798) appointed Minister Plenipotentiary. On January 5, 1799, he concluded the treaty of defensive alliance with the Porte, and, October 30, 1799, obtained the freedom of the Black Sea for the English flag (see *Remains of the late John Tweddell*. London 1815. See, too, for Mrs Spencer Smith, *Letters*, 1898, 1 244, 245, note 1.)]

2

And when by thee that name is read
 Perchance in some succeeding year
 Reflect on *me* as on the *dead*
 And think my *Heart* is buried *here*

Malta *September* 14 1809
 [First published *Childe Harold* 1812 (4to)]

TO FLORENCE¹

1

Oh Lady ! when I left the shore
 The distant shore which gave me birth
 I hardly thought to grieve once more
 To quit another spot on earth

2

Yet here amidst this barren isle
 Where panting Nature droops the head
 Where only thou art seen to smile
 I view my parting hour with dread

3

Though far from Albin's craggy shore
 Divided by the dark blue main
 A few, brief rolling seasons o'er
 Perchance I view her cliffs again

4

But wheresoe'er I now may roam
 Through scorching clime and varied sea
 Though Time restore me to my home
 I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee

¹ To — — [*Editions* 1811 - 1832]

5.

On thee, in whom at once conspire
 All charms which heedless hearts can move,
 Whom but to see is to admire,
 And, oh ! forgive the word to love

6

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
 With such a word can more offend ,
 And since thy heart I cannot share,
 Believe me, what I am, thy friend

7

And who so cold as look on thee,
 Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
 Nor be, what man should ever be,
 The friend of Beauty in distress?

8

Ah ! who would think that form had past
 Through Danger's most destructive path,¹
 Had braved the death-winged tempest's blast,
 And 'scaped a Tyrant's fiercer wrath ?

9

Lady ! when I shall view the walls
 Where free Byzantium once arose,
 And Stamboul's Oriental halls
 The Turkish tyrants now enclose ,

¹ *Through giant Danger's rugged path* —[MS M]

10

Though mightiest in the lists of fame
 That glorious city still shall be,
 On me twill bold a dearer claim
 As spot of thy nativity

11

And though I bid thee now farewell,
 When I behold that wondrous scene—
 Since where thou art I may not dwell—
 Twill soothe to be where thou hast been

September 1809

[First published *Childe Harold* 181 (410)]

STANZAS COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER
STORM¹

I

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast
 Where Pindus mountains rise

1 *Stanzas*—[1812]

1 Composed Oct 11 1809 during the night in a thunderstorm when the guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus in Albania [Editions 1812-1831]

[Thus thunderstorm occurred during the night of the 11th October 1809 when Lord Byron's guides had lost the road to Zitza near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus in Albania. Hobhouse who had ridden on before the rest of the party and arrived at Zitza just as the evening set in describes the thunder as rolling without intermission—the echoes of one peal had not ceased to roll in the mountains before another tremendous crash burst over our heads whilst the plains and the distant hills visible through the cracks in the cabin appeared in a perpetual blaze. The tempest was altogether terrific and worthy of the Grecian Jove. Lord Byron with the priest and the servants did not enter our hut before three (in the morning). I now learnt from him that they had lost their way

And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

2

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray

3

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom
How welcome were its shade! ah, no!
'Tis but a Turkish tomb

4

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name

5

A shot is fired by foe or friend?
Another—'tis to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell

6

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?

and that after wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, had, at last, stopped near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours. It was long before we ceased to talk of the thunderstorm in the plain of Zitza"—*Travels in Albania*, 1858, i 70, 72, *Childe Harold*, Canto II stanza xlviii, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 129, note 1]

And who mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

7

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad

8

Clouds burst skies flash oh dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm

9

While wandering through each broken path
O'er brake and craggy brow
While elements exhaust their wrath
Sweet Florence where art thou?

10

Not on the sea not on the sea—
Thy bark hath long been gone
Oh may the storm that pours on me
Bow down my head alone!

11

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc
When last I pressed thy lip
And long ere now with foaming shock
Impelled thy gallant ship

12

Now thou art safe ; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain ,
'Twere hard if aught so far as thou
Should linger on the main

13

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which Mirth and Music sped ,

14

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea ,

15

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endeared by days gone by ,
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh

16

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half-formed tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

17

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's raillery ,
Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,
Who ever thinks on thee.

18

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
 When severed hearts repine,
 My spirit flies o'er Mount and Main
 And mourns in search of *thine*

October 11 1809

[*MS M* First published *Childe Harold* 1812 (410)]

STANZAS WRITTEN IN PASSING THE
 AMBRACIAN GULF¹

1

THROUGH cloudless skies in silvery sheen
 Full beams the moon on Actium's coast
 And on these waves for Egypt's queen
 The ancient world was won and lost

2

And now upon the scene I look
 The azure grave of many a Roman,
 Where stern Ambition once forsook
 His wavering crown to follow *Woman*

3

Florence¹ whom I will love as well
 (As ever yet was said or sung
 Since Orpheus sang his spouse from Hell)
 Whilst *thou* art *fair* and *I* am *young*

4

Sweet Florence¹ those were pleasant times
 When worlds were staked for Ladies' eyes

¹ *Stan as* — [1812]

Had bards as many realms as rhymes,ⁱ
 Thy charms might raise new Antonies "

5

Though Fate forbids such things to be,ⁱⁱⁱ
 Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curledⁱ
 I cannot *lose* a *world* for thee,
 But would not lose *thee* for a *World*¹

November 14, 1809

[MS M First published, *Childs Harold*, 1812 (410)]

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN¹"

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810

THE spell is broke, the charm is flownⁱ
 Thus is it with Life's fitful fever
 We madly smile when we should groan,
 Delirium is our best deceiver
 Each lucid interval of thought
 Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
 And *He* that acts as *wise men ought*,
 But *lives* as Saints have died a martyr

[MS M First published, *Childs Harold*, 1812 (410)]

ⁱ *Had Bards but realms along with rhymes* —[MS M]

ⁱⁱ *Again we'd see some Antonies* —[MS M]

ⁱⁱⁱ *Though Jove* —[MS M]

^{iv} *Written at Athens* —[1812]

¹ [Compare [*A Woman's Hair*] stanza 1, line 4, "I would not lose you for a world"—*Poetical Works*, 1898, 1 233]

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS¹

I

IF in the month of dark December
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream broad Hellespont¹

1 On the 3rd of May 1810 while the *Salsette* (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side including the length we were carried by the current was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across and it may in some measure be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before in April we had made an attempt but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning and the water being of an icy chilliness we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles when we swam the straits as just stated entering a considerable way above the European and landing below the Asiatic fort [Le] Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress and Olivier mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan but our consul Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the *Salsette's* crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance and the only thing that surprised me was that as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability. [See letter to Drury dated May 3 to his mother May 24 1810 etc (*Letters* 1898 : 262 275)] Compare the well known lines in *Don Juan* Canto II stanza cv —

A better swimmer you could scarce see ever
He could perhaps have passed the Hellespont
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander Mr Ekenhead and I did

Compare too *Childe Harold* Canto IV stanza clxxxiv line 3 and the *Bride of Abydos* Canto II stanza 1. *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 461 note 2 et post p 178]

2

If, when the wintry tempest roared,
 He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
 And thus of old thy current poured,
 Fair Venus ! how I pity both !

3.

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
 Though in the genial month of May,
 My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
 And think I've done a feat to-day

4

But since he crossed the rapid tide,
 According to the doubtful story,
 To woo, and Lord knows what beside,
 And swam for Love, as I for Glory ,

5

'Twere hard to say who fared the best
 Sad mortals ! thus the Gods still plague you !
 He lost his labour, I my jest .
 For he was drowned, and I've the ague !

May 9, 1810

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to)]

1 [Hobhouse, who records the first attempt to cross the Hellespont, on April 16, and the successful achievement of the feat, May 3, 1810, adds the following note "In my journal, in my friend's handwriting 'The whole distance E and myself swam was more than four miles—the current very strong and cold—some large fish near us when half across—we were not fatigued, but a little chilled—did it with little difficulty—May, 6, 1810 Byron'"—*Travels in Albania*, 11 195]

LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS¹

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN —

'FAIR Albion smiling sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art
Noble his object glorious is his aim
He comes to Athens, and he—writes his name

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE
FOLLOWING —

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown
Rhymes on our names but wisely hides his own
But yet whoever he be to say no worse
His name would bring more credit than his verse

1810
[First published *Life* 1830]

MAID OF ATHENS ERE WE PART¹

Ζωή μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ

I

MAID of Athens² ere we part
Give oh give me back my heart!

1 Song —[181]

1 [At Orchomenus where stood the Temple of the Graces I was tempted to exclaim Whither have the Graces fled? Little did I expect to find them here Yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee and another with a book The book is a register of names Among these is Lord Byron's connected with some lines which I shall send you Fair Albion etc (See *Travels in Italy Greece etc* by H W Williams, ii 290 -91 *Life* p 101)]

2 [The Maid of Athens was, it is supposed the eldest of three sisters daughters of Theodora Macri the widow of a former English

Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest '
 Heal my vow before I go,
 Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.¹

2

By those tresses unconfined,
 Wooed by each Ægean wind ,

vicc-consul. Byron and Hobhouse lodged at her house. The sisters were sought out and described by the artist, Hugh W. Williams, who visited Athens in May, 1817. "Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. The two eldest have black, or dark hair and eyes, their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of pearly whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, their noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and lady-like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general"—*Travels in Italy, Greece, etc.*, ii 291, 292.

Other travellers, Hughes, who visited Athens in 1813, and Walsh (*Narrative of a Resident in Constantinople*, i 122), who saw Theresa in 1821, found her charming and interesting, but speak of her beauty as a thing of the past. "She married an Englishman named Black, employed in H M Consul's Service at Mesolonghi. She survived her husband and fell into great poverty." Theresa Black died October 15, 1875, aged 80 years" (See *Letters*, 1898, i 269, 270, note 1, and *Life*, p 105, note).

"Maid of Athens" is possibly the best-known of Byron's short poems, all over the English-speaking world. This is no doubt due in part to its having been set to music by about half a dozen composers—the latest of whom was Gounod.]

1 Roman expression of tenderness. If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not, and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised. [The reference is to the Ζωή καὶ Ψυχὴ of Roman courtesans. Vide Juvenal, lib ii, *Sat* vi line 195, Martial, *Epig* x 68. 5.]

By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks blooming tinge,
By those wild eyes like the roe
Zwη μου, σας αγαω

3

By that lip I long to taste,
By that zone-encircled waist
By all the token flowers¹ that tell
What words can never speak so well
By love's alternate joy and woe
Zwη μου σας αγαω

4

Maid of Athens! I am gone
Think of me, sweet! when alone
Though I fly to Istambol
Athens holds my heart and soul
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Zwη μου, σας αγαω

Athens 1810

[First published *Childs Harold* 1812 (410)]

1 In the East (where ladies are not taught to write lest they should scribble assignations) flowers cinders pebbles etc convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—in old woman A cinder says I burn for thee a bunch of flowers tied with hair Take me and fly but a pebble declares—what nothing else can [Compare *The Bride of Abydos* line 95—

What I not receive my foolish flower²

See too Medwin's story of one of the principal incidents in *The Giaour* I was in despair and could hardly contrive to get a cinder or a token flower sent to express it —*Conversations of Lord Byron* 1824 p 12]

2 Constantinople [Compare—

Tho I am parted yet my mind
That's more than self still stays behind

Poems by Thomas Carew ed 1640 p 36]

FRAGMENT FROM THE "MONK OF ATHOS" ¹

I

BESIDE the confines of the Ægean main,
Where northward Macedonia bounds the flood,
And views opposed the Asiatic plain,
Where once the pride of lofty Ilion stood,
Like the great Father of the giant brood,
With lowering port majestic Athos stands,
Crowned with the verdure of eternal wood,
As yet unspoiled by sacrilegious hands,
And throws his mighty shade o'er seas and distant
lands

2

And deep embosomed in his shady groves
Full many a convent rears its glittering spire,
Mid scenes where Heavenly Contemplation loves
To kindle in her soul her hallowed fire,
Where air and sea with rocks and woods conspire
To breathe a sweet religious calm around,
Weaning the thoughts from every low desire,
And the wild waves that break with murmuring sound
Along the rocky shore proclaim it holy ground

3

Sequestered shades where Piety has given
A quiet refuge from each earthly care,

¹ [Given to the Hon Roden Noel by S McCalmont Hill, who inherited it from his great-grandfather, Robert Dallas No date or occasion of the piece has been recorded — *Life of Lord Byron*, 1890, p 5]

Whence the rapt spirit may ascend to Heaven !

Oh ye condemned the ills of life to bear !

As with advancing age your woes increase

What bliss amidst these solitudes to share

The happy foretaste of eternal Peace,

Till Heaven in mercy bids your pain and sorrows cease.

[First published in the *Life of Lord Byron* by the
Hon Roden Noel London 1890 pp 206 207]

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE¹

I

DEAR object of defeated care !

Though now of Love and thee bereft

To reconcile me with despair

Thine image and my tears are left.

II

Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope

But this I feel can ne'er be true

For by the death blow of my Hope

My Memory immortal grew

Atte 15 January 1811

[First published *Childe Harold* 1812 (4to)]

¹ [These lines are copied from a leaf of the original MS of the Second Canto of *Childe Harold*. They are headed "Lines written beneath the Picture of J U D".

In a curious work of doubtful authority entitled *The Life Writings Opinions and Times of the Right Hon G G Noel Byron* London 1825 (iii 123-132) there is a long and circumstantial narrative of a defeated attempt of Byron's to rescue a Georgian girl whom he had bought in the slave market for 800 piastres from a life of shame and degradation. It is improbable that these verses suggested the story and on the other hand the story if true does afford some clue to the verses.]

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG,

“ Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων ”¹

Sons of the Greeks, arise !
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth

CHORUS

Sons of Greeks ! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,

¹ The song Δεῦτε παῖδες, etc., was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original. [For the original, see *Poetical Works*, 1891, Appendix, p. 792. For Constantine Rhigas, see *Poetical Works*, 1899, II 199, note 2. Hobhouse (*Travels in Albania*, 1858, II 3) prints a version (Byron told Murray that it was “well enough,” *Letters*, 1899, III 13) of Δεῦτε παῖδες, of his own composition. He explains in a footnote that the metre is “a mixed trochaic, except the chorus.” “This song,” he adds, “the chorus particularly, is sung to a tune very nearly the same as the Marseillois Hymn. Strangely enough, Lord Byron, in his translation, has entirely mistaken the metre.” The first stanza runs as follows —

“Greeks arise ! the day of glory
Comes at last your swords to claim
Let us all in future story
Rival our forefathers' fame
Underfoot the yoke of tyrants
Let us now indignant trample,
Mindful of the great example,
And avenge our country's shame ”]

Let your country see you rising
 And all her chains are broke
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife !
 Hellènes of past ages
 Oh, start again to life !
 At the sound of my trumpet breaking
 Your sleep oh join with me !
 And the seven hilled city ! seeking
 Fight conquer till we re free
 Sons of Greeks etc

Sparta, Sparta why in slumbers
 Lethargic dost thou lie ?
 Awake, and join thy numbers
 With Athens old ally !
 Leonidas recalling
 That chief of ancient song
 Who saved ye once from falling
 The terrible ! the strong !
 Who made that bold diversion
 In old Thermopylæ
 And warring with the Persian
 To keep his country free
 With his three hundred waging
 The battle long he stood
 And like a lion raging
 Expired in seas of blood
 Sons of Greeks etc

[First published *C/ Ide Harold* 1812 (4to)]

1 Constantinople Επταλοφες

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

“Μπένω μεσ’ τὸ περιβόλι,
 ‘Ωραιστάτη Χαηδή,” κ τ λ ¹

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Belovéd and fair Haidée,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, Lovely ! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung ,
 As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When Love has abandoned the bowers ,
 Bring me hemlock since mine is ungrateful,
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers
 The poison, when poured from the chalice,
 Will deeply embitter the bowl ,
 But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul
 Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from these horrors to save
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee ?
 Then open the gates of the grave

¹ The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus I have heard it frequently at our “*χόροι*” in the winter of 1810-11 The air is plaintive and pretty

As the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before
 Thus thou with those eyes for thy lances
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core
 Ah tell me my soul I must I perish
 By pangs which a smile would dispel?
 Would the hope which thou once hadst me cherish,
 For torture repay me too well?
 Now sad is the garden of roses
 Beloved but false Haidée!¹
 There Flora all withered reposes
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me

1811

[First published *Childe Harold* 1811 (410)]

ON PARTING

I

THE kiss dear maid! thy lip has left
 Shall never part from mine
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine

2

Thy parting glance which fondly beams
 An equal love may see¹
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me

3

I ask no pledge to make me blest
 In gazing when alone¹

¹ *Has bound my soul to thee* —[MS M]¹¹ *When wandering forth alone* —[MS M]

Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own

4.

Nor need I write to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak
Oh ! what can idle words avail,¹
Unless the heart could speak ?

5.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee

March, 1811

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to)]

FAREWELL TO MALTA.¹

ADIEU, ye joys of La Valette !
Adieu, Sirocco, sun, and sweat !
Adieu, thou palace rarely entered !
Adieu, ye mansions where I've ventured !
Adieu, ye curséd streets of stairs !²
(How surely he who mounts them swears !)
Adieu, ye merchants often failing !
Adieu, thou mob for ever railing !

¹ *Oh ! what can tongue or pen avail
Unless my heart could speak* —[MS M]

¹ [These lines, which are undoubtedly genuine, were published for the first time in the sixth edition of *Poems on his Domestic Circumstances* (W Hone, 1816) They were first included by Murray in the collected *Poetical Works*, in vol. xvii, 1832]

² [“The principal streets of the city of Valetta are flights of stairs”—*Gazettier of the World*]

Adieu, ye packets—without letters !
 Adieu, ye fools—who ape your betters ! 10
 Adieu thou damned st quarantine
 That gave me fever, and the spleen !
 Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, Sirs
 Adieu his Excellency's dancers !¹
 Adieu to Peter—whom no faults in
 But could not teach a colonel waltzing,
 Adieu ye females fraught with graces !
 Adieu red coats, and redder faces !
 Adieu the supercilious air
 Of all that strut *en militaire* !² 20
 I go—but God knows when or why
 To smoky towns and cloudy sky
 To things (the honest truth to say)
 As bad—but in a different way

Farewell to these but not adieu
 Triumphant sons of truest blue !
 While either Adriatic shore³
 And fallen chiefs and fleets no more

1 [Major General Hildebrand Oakes (1754-1824) succeeded Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keates as his Majesty's commissioner for the affairs of Malta April 7 1810. There was an outbreak of plague during his tenure of office (1810-13) — *Annual Register* 1810 p 320. *Duel And Biog* art Oakes.]

2 [Lord Byron was once rather near fighting a duel—and that was with an officer of the staff of General Oakes at Malta (1809) — *Westminster Review* January 1825 iii 21 (by J C Hobhouse). (See too *Life* (First Edition 1830 4to) i 202 2)]

3 [On March 13 1811 Captain (Sir William) Hoste (1780-1828) defeated a combined French and Italian squadron off the island of Lissa on the Dalmatian coast. The French commandore's ship *La Frivole* was burnt himself (Dubourdieu) being killed. The four victorious frigates with their prizes arrived at Malta, March 31 when the garrison ran out unarmed to receive and hail them. The *Veloxe* in which Byron returned to England took part in the engagement. Captain Hoste had taken a prize off Fiume in the preceding year — *Annual Register* 1811 *Memoirs and Letters of Sir W Hoste* ii 79.]

And nightly smiles, and daily dinner,¹
 Proclaim you war and women's winners 30
 Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is,
 And take my rhyme—because 'tis "gratis."

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,²
 Perhaps you think I mean to praise her
 And were I vain enough to think
 My praise was worth this drop of ink,
 A line—or two—were no hard matter,
 As here, indeed, I need not flatter
 But she must be content to shine
 In better praises than in mine, 40
 With lively air, and open heart,
 And fashion's ease, without its art,
 Her hours can gaily glide along
 Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, O Malta! since thou'st got us,
 Thou little military hot-house!
 I'll not offend with words uncivil,
 And wish thee rudely at the Devil,
 But only stare from out my casement,
 And ask, "for what is such a place meant?" 50
 Then, in my solitary nook,
 Return to scribbling, or a book,

1 ["We have had balls and fêtes given us by all classes here, and it is impossible to convey to you the sensation our success has given rise to"—*Memoirs and Letters of Sir W. Host*, II 82.]

2 [Mrs (Susan) Fraser published, in 1809, "*Camilla de Florian* (the scene is laid in Valetta) and *Other Poems* By an Officer's Wife" Byron was, no doubt, struck by her admiration for Macpherson's *Ossian*, and had read with interest her version of "The Address to the Sun," in *Carthou*, p. 31 (see *Poetical Works*, 1898, I 229). He may, too, have regarded with favour some stanzas in honour of the *Bolero* (p. 82), which begin, "When, my Love, supremely *laying*"]

Or take my physic while I'm able
 (Two spoonfuls hourly, by this label)
 Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,
 And bless my stars I've got a fever

*May 26 1811*¹

[First published 1816]

NEWSTEAD ABBEY

1

In the dome of my Sires as the clear moonbeam falls
 Through Silence and Shade o'er its desolate walls,
 It shines from afar like the glories of old,
 It gilds but it warms not—tis dazzling but cold

2

Let the Sunbeam be bright for the younger of days
 'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays
 When the Stars are on high and the dew on the ground
 And the long shadow lingers the ruin around

3

And the step that o'er echoes the gray floor of stone
 Falls sullenly now for 'tis only my own,
 And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
 And empty the goblet and dreary the hearth

4

And vain was each effort to raise and recall
 The brightness of old to illumine our Hall,
 And vain was the hope to avert our decline
 And the fate of my fathers had faded to mine

¹ [Byron left Malta for England June 13 1811 (See Letter to H Drury July 17 1811 *Letters* 1898 i 318)]

5

And theirs was the wealth and the fulness of Fame,
 And mine to inherit too haughty a name, '
 And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
 And mine to regret, but renew them no more

6

And Ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
 Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall,
 It tells not of Time's or the tempest's decay,"
 But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway

August 26, 1811

[First published in *Memoir* of Rev F Hodgson, 1878, 1 187]

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,¹

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR
 TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO "BANISH CARE"

"OH ! banish care" such ever be
 The motto of *thy* revelry !
 Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
 Renew those riotous delights,
 Wherewith the children of Despair
 Lull the lone heart, and "banish care"
 But not in Morn's reflecting hour,
 When present, past, and future lower,
 When all I loved is changed or gone,
 Mock with such taunts the woes of one,

¹ *And mine was the pride and the worth of a name* —[MS M]

¹¹ *It tells not of time* —[MS M]

Whose every thought—but let them pass—
Thou know st I am not what I was
But above all if thou wouldst hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold
By all the powers that men revere
By all unto thy bosom dear
Thy joys below, thy hopes above
Speak—speak of anything but Love

Twere long to tell and vain to hear
The tale of one who scorns a tear,
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail
But mine has suffered more than well
'Twould suit philosophy to tell
I've seen my bride another's bride —
Have seen her seated by his side —
Have seen the infant which she bore
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore
When she and I in youth have smiled
As fond and faultless as her child —
Have seen her eyes in cold disdain
Ask if I felt no secret pain
And I have acted well my part
And made my cheek belie my heart
Returned the freezing glance she gave
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave —
Have kissed, as if without design
The babe which ought to have been mine
And showed, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less

But let this pass—I'll whine no more
Nor seek again an eastern shore,

The world befits a busy brain,
 I'll hie me to its haunts again.
 But if, in some succeeding year,¹
 When Britain's "May is in the sere,"
 Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
 Suit with the sablest of the times,
 Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
 Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
 One, who in stern Ambition's pride,
 Perchance not blood shall turn aside,
 One ranked in some recording page
 With the worst anarchs of the age,
 Him wilt thou *know*—and *knowing* pause,
 Nor with the *effect* forget the cause

Newstead Abbey, Oct 11, 1811
 [First published, *Life*, 1830]

TO THYRZA^{1 2}

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,³
 And say, what Truth might well have said,⁴

¹ *On the death of Thyrsa* —[MS]

¹¹ *And soothe if such could soothe thy shade* —[MS erased]

¹ [Hodgson stipulated that the last twelve lines should be omitted, but Moore disregarded his wishes, and included the poem as it stands in his *Life*. A marginal note ran thus "N B The poor dear soul meant nothing of this F H"—*Memoir of Rev Francis Hodgson*, 1878, 1 212]

² [The following note on the identity of Thyrsa has been communicated to the Editor —

"The identity of Thyrsa and the question whether the person addressed under this name really existed, or was an imaginary being, have given rise to much speculation and discussion of a more or less futile kind

"This difficulty is now incapable of definite and authoritative

By all, save one, perchance forgot
 Ah ! wherefore art thou lowly laid ?
 By many a shore and many a sea¹
 Divided yet beloved in vain

1 *By many a land* — —[*MS*]

solution and the allusions in the verses in some respects disagree with things said by Lord Byron later. According to the poems, Thyrsa had met him

many a day
 In these to me deserted towers
 (Newstead October 11 1811)

When stretched on fever's sleepless bed
 (At Patras about September 1810)

Death for thee
 Prepared a light and pangless dart
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave
 Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon —
 Alas, it gleamed upon her grave !
 (*One struggle more and I am free*)

Finally in the verses of October 11 1811—

The pledge we wore—I wear it still
 But where is thine?—Ah ! where art thou ?

There can be no doubt that Lord Byron referred to Thyrsa in conversation with Lady Byron and probably also with Mrs Leigh as a young girl who had existed and the date of whose death almost coincided with Lord Byron's landing in England in 1811. On one occasion he showed Lady Byron a beautiful tress of hair which she understood to be Thyrsa's. He said he had never mentioned her name and that now she was gone his breast was the sole depository of that secret. I took the name of Thyrsa from Gesner. She was Abel's wife.

Thyrsa is mentioned in a letter from Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire to Augustus Foster (London May 4 1812). Your little friend Caro William (Lady Caroline Lamb) as usual is doing all sorts of imprudent things for him (Lord Byron) and with him he admires her very much but is supposed by some to admire our Caroline (the Hon Mrs George Lamb) more. He says she is like Thyrsa, and her singing is enchantment to him. From this extract it is obvious that Thyrsa is alluded to in the following lines which with the above quotation may be reproduced by kind permission of Mr Vere Foster from his most interesting book *The Two Duchesses* (1898 pp 362-374)

The Past, the Future fled to thee,
To bid us meet—no ne'er again !

““VERSES ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON IN THE YEAR 1812 TO
THE HON MRS GEORGE LAMB

““The sacred song that on my ear
Yet vibrates from that voice of thine
I heard before from one so dear,
'Tis strange it still appears divine
But oh ! so sweet that *look* and *tone*
To her and thee alike is given ,
It seemed as if for me alone
That *both* had been recalled from Heaven
And though I never can redeem
The vision thus endeared to me,
I scarcely can regret my dream
When realized again by thee ”

(It may be noted that the name Thyrza, or Thyrsa, a variant of Theresa, had been familiar to Byron in his childhood. In the Preface to *Cain* he writes, “Gesner’s *Death of Abel*! I have never read since I was eight years of age at Aberdeen. The general impression of my recollection is delight, but of the contents I remember only that Cain’s wife was called Mahala, and Abel’s Thyrza.” Another and more immediate suggestion of the name may be traced to the following translation of Meleager’s Epitaphium *In Heliodorum*, which one of the “associate bards,” Bland, or Menzies, or Hodgson, contributed to their *Translations chiefly from the Greek Anthology*, 1806, p. 4, a work which Byron singles out for commendation in *English Bards, etc* (lines 881-890) —

“Tears o’er my parted Thyrza’s grave I shed,
Affection’s fondest tribute to the dead

Break, break my heart, o’ercharged with bursting woe
An empty offering to the shades below !
Ah, plant regretted ! Death’s remorseless power,
With dust unfruitful checked thy full-blown flower
Take, earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
And soft embosomed let my Thyrza rest ”

The MSS. of “To Thyrza,” “Away, away, ye notes of Woe !” “One struggle more, and I am free,” and, “And thou art dead, as young and fur,” which belonged originally to Mrs Leigh, are now in the possession of Sir Theodore Martin, K C B —EDITOR]

3 [For the substitution in the present issue of continuous lines for “verses, Byron’s own authority and mandate may be quoted. “In reprinting the 4th vol. I perceive that piece 12 (“Without a Stone”) is made nonsense of (that is, greater nonsense than usual) by dividing it into stanzas 1, 2, etc.”—Letter to John Murray, Aug. 26, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii 215]

Could this have been—a word, a look
 That softly said "We part in peace
 Had taught my bosom how to brook
 With fainter sighs thy soul's release
 And didst thou not since Death for thee
 Prepared a light and pangless dart
 Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see
 Who held, and holds thee in his heart?
 Oh! who like him had watched thee here?
 Or sadly marked thy glazing eye
 In that dread hour ere Death appear
 When silent Sorrow fears to sigh
 Till all was past? But when no more
 'Twas thine to reckon of human woe
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er
 Had flowed as fast—as now they flow
 Shall they not flow when many a day
 In these to me deserted towers
 Ere called but for a time away
 Affection's mingling tears were ours?
 Ours too the glance none saw beside,
 The smile none else might understand
 The whispered thought of hearts allied¹
 The pressure of the thrilling hand,
 The kiss so guiltless and refined
 That Love each warmer wish forbore
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind
 Even Passion blushed to plead for more¹

¹ *And shall they not — — [MS]*

¹¹ *— the w lk aside — [MS]*

¹¹¹ (a) *The kiss t/ at left no stin^o behind
 So guiltless Passion t/ us forbore
 Those eyes bespoke so pure a mind
 That Love forgot to {plead
 ask} for more*

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
 The song, celestial from thy voice,
 But sweet to me from none but thine,
 The pledge we wore *I* wear it still,
 But where is thine? Ah! where art thou?
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
 But never bent beneath till now!
 Well hast thou left in Life's best bloomⁱ
 The cup of Woe for me to drainⁱⁱ
 If rest alone be in the tomb,
 I would not wish thee here again
 But if in worlds more blest than this
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,
 To wean me from mine anguish here
 Teach me too early taught by thee!
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven
 On earth thy love was such to me,
 It fain would form my hope in Heaven!ⁱⁱⁱ

October 11, 1811

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to)]

- (b) *The kiss that left no sting behind,
 So guiltless Love each wish forebore,
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
 That Passion blushed to smile for more —*
 [Pencilled alternative stanzas]
- ⁱ *Well hast thou fled* —[MS erased]
- ⁱⁱ *If judging from my present pain
 That rest alone* —[MS erased]
If rest alone is in the tomb —[MS]
- ⁱⁱⁱ *So let it be my hope in Heaven* —[MS erased]

AWAY, AWAY YE NOTES OF WOE!¹

I

AWAY away, ye notes of Woe!
 Be silent thou once soothing Strain,
 Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!
 I dare not trust those sounds again!
 To me they speak of brighter days—
 But lull the chords for now alas!ⁱⁱⁱ
 I must not think I may not gaze!
 On what I *am*—on what I *was*

2

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
 Is hushed and all their charms are fled
 And now their softest notes repeat
 A dirge an anthem o'er the dead!
 Yes, Thyrsa! yes they breathe of thee
 Belovéd dust! since dust thou art
 And all that once was Harmony
 Is worse than discord to my heart!

3

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear!
 The well remembered Echoes thrill
 I hear a voice I would not hear
 A voice that now might well be still

ⁱ *Stand as* —[*MS* Editions 1812-1832]

ⁱⁱ *I dare not hear* — —[*MS* erased]

ⁱⁱⁱ *But hush the chords* — —[*MS* erased]

^v — *I dare not gaze* —[*MS* erased]

^v *The voice that made that song more sweet* —[*MS*]

^{vi} *'Tis silent now* — —[*MS*]

¹ [I wrote it a day or two ago on hearing a song of former days —Letter to Hodgson December 8 1811 *Letters* 1898 ii 82]

Yet oft my doubting Soul 'twill shake ,
 Ev'n Slumber owns its gentle tone,
 Till Consciousness will vainly wake
 To listen, though the dream be flown

4

Sweet Thyrsa ¹ waking as in sleep,
 Thou art but now a lovely dream ,
 A Star that trembled o'er the deep,
 Then turned from earth its tender beam
 But he who through Life's dreary way
 Must pass, when Heaven is veiled in wrath,
 Will long lament the vanished ray
 That scattered gladness o'er his path

December 8, 1811

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to)]

ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE¹

I

ONE struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain ,¹¹
 One last long sigh to Love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again
 It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleased before ¹¹¹
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more ?¹⁴

¹ *To Thyrsa* —[*Editions* 1812-1831]

¹¹ *From pangs that tear* —[*MS*]
Such pangs that tear —[*MS* *erased*]

¹¹¹ *With things that moved me not before* —[*MS* *erased*]

¹⁴ *What sorrow cannot* —[*MS*]

2

Then bring me wine the banquet bring
 Man was not formed to live alone
 I'll be that light unmeaning thing
 That smiles with all and weeps with none
 It was not thus in days more dear
 It never would have been but thou¹
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here
 Thou art nothing—all are nothing now

3

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe
 The smile that Sorrow fain would wear
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill
 Though Pleasure fires the maddening soul
 The Heart—the Heart is lonely still¹

4

On many a lone and lovely night
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky,
 For then I deemed the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave
 ' Now Thyra gazes on that moon —
 Alas it gleamed upon her grave!

5

When stretched on Fever's sleepless bed
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins

¹ *It would not be so hadst not thou*
Withdrawn so — — [MS. erased]

" 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,¹
 " That 'Thyrza cannot know my pains " "
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave " "
 A boon 'tis idle then to give
 Relenting Nature vainly gave¹
 My life, when Thyrza ceased to live !

6

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,"
 When Love and Life alike were new !
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze !
 How tinged by time with Sorrow's hue !
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent ah, were mine as still !
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill

7

Thou bitter pledge ! thou mournful token !
 Though painful, welcome to my breast !
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt pressed
 Time tempests Love, but not removes,
 More hallowed when its Hope is fled
 Oh ! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead ?

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to)]

- ¹ *how oft I said* —[*MS* erased]
¹¹ *Like freedom to the worn-out slave* —[*MS*]
But Health and life returned and gave,
A boon 'twas idle then to give,
Relenting Health in mocking gave —[*MS B M* erased]
¹¹¹ *Dear simple gift* —[*MS* erased]

¹ [Compare *My Epitaph* "Youth, Nature and relenting Joy
 —Letter to Hodgson, October 3, 1810, *Letters*, 1898, i 298]

EUTHANASIA

1

WHEN Time or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead
Oblivion¹ may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed !

2

No band of friends or heirs be there¹
To weep or wish the coming blow
No maiden with dishevelled hair
To feel or feign decorous woe

3

But silent let me sink to Earth
With no officious mourners near
I would not mar one hour of mirth
Nor startle Friendship with a fear

4

Yet Love if Love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives, and him who dies

5

Twere sweet, my Psyche¹ to the last
Thy features still serene to see

1 [Compare *A Wish* by Matthew Arnold stanza 3 etc —

Spare me the whispering crowded room
The friends who come and gape and go etc]

Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee

6.

But vain the wish for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath,
And Woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death

7

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan,
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown

8

"Aye but to die, and go," alas !
Where all have gone, and all must go !
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe !

9

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition)]

AND THOU ART DEAD AS YOUNG AND
FAIR¹

Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse !¹

I

AND thou art dead as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth,
And form so soft and charms so rare
Too soon returned to Earth!¹¹
Though Earth received them in her bed
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread!¹¹
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look

¹ *Stan as* —[Editions 1812-1831]

¹¹ *Are mingled with the Earth* —[MS]
Were never meant for Earth —[MS erased]

¹¹¹ *Unhonour'd with th vulgar dr ad* —[MS erased]

I [The Lovers Walk is terminated with an ornamental urn inscribed to Miss Dolman a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr Shenstone's who died of the small pox about twenty one years of age in the following words on one side —

Peramabili consobrinæ
M D

On the other side—

Ah ! Maria !
pyellarym elegantissima !
ali Flore venustatis abrepta
vale !
heu quanto minus est
cum reliquis versari
quam tui
m m n e

(From a *Description of the Leasowes* by A Dodsley *Poetical Works* of William Shenstone [1798] p xxix)]

2

I will not ask where thou liest low,ⁱ
 Nor gaze upon the spot,
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
 So I behold them notⁱⁱ
 It is enough for me to prove
 That what I loved, and long must love,
 Like common earth can rot,ⁱⁱⁱ
 To me there needs no stone to tell,
 'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.^{iv}

3

Yet did I love thee to the last
 As fervently as thou,^v
 Who didst not change through all the past.
 And canst not alter now
 The love where Death has set his seal,
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,^{vi}
 Nor falsehood disavow^{vii}
 And, what were worse, thou canst not see^{viii}
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.^{ix}

4

The better days of life were ours,
 The worst can be but mine

- i *I will not ask where thou art laid,*
Not look upon the name —[MS erased]
- ii *So I shall know it not* —[MS erased]
- iii *Like common dust can rot* —[MS]
- iv *I would not wish to see nor touch* —[MS erased]
- v *As well as warm as thou* —[MS erased]
- vi MS transposes lines 5 and 6 of stanza 3
- vii *Not frailty disavow* —[MS]
- viii *Nor canst thou fair and faultless see* —[MS erased]
- ix *Nor wrong, nor change, nor fault in me* —[MS]

The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers
 Shall never more be thine
 The silence of that dreamless sleep
 I envy now too much to weep
 Nor need I to repine
 That all those charms have passed away
 I might have watched through long decay

5

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
 Must fall the earliest prey
 Though by no hand untimely snatched
 The leaves must drop away
 And yet it were a greater grief
 To watch it withering leaf by leaf
 Than see it plucked to day
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear
 To trace the change to foul from fair

6

I know not if I could have borne¹
 To see thy beauties fade,
 The night that followed such a morn
 Had worn a deeper shade
 Thy day without a cloud hath passed
 And thou wert lovely to the last
 Extinguished not decayed

- ¹ *The cloud that cheers — — [MS]*
¹¹ *The sweetness of that silent deep — [MS]*
¹² *The flower in beauty's bloom unmatched*
 Is still the earliest prey — [MS]
 The rose by some rude fingers snatched
 Is earliest doomed to fade — [MS erased]
¹³ *I do not deem I could have borne — [MS]*
^v *But night and day of thine are passed*
 And thou wert lovely to the last
 Destroyed — — [MS erased]

As stars that shoot along the sky¹
Shine brightest as they fall from high

7

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed,
To gaze, how fondly¹ on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head.
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again

8

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,"
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee¹
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternityⁱⁱⁱ
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years

February, 1812

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition)]

¹ *As stars that seem to quit the sky* —[MS]

ⁱⁱ *O how much less it were to gain,
All beautiful though they be* —[MS]

ⁱⁱⁱ *Through dark and dull Eternity* —[MS]



W. R. H. The Prince and Princess of Wales

LINES TO A LADY WEeping^{1 2}

WEEp daughter of a royal line
 A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay
 Ah! happy if each tear of thine
 Could wash a Father's fault away!

¹ *Sympathetic Address to a Young Lady —*
 [*Morning Chronicle* March 7 1812]

² [The scene which begat these memorable stanzas was enacted at a banquet at Carlton House February 22 1812 On March 6 the following quatrain entitled *Impromptu on a Recent Incident* appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* —

Blest omens of a happy reign
 In swift succession hourly rise
 Forsaken friends' vows made in vain—
 A daughter's tears a nation's sighs

Byron's lines headed *Sympathetic Address to a Young Lady* were published anonymously in the *Morning Chronicle* of March 7 but it was not till March 10 that the *Courier* ventured to insert a report of *The Fracas at Carlton House on the 22nd ult* which had already been communicated to the *Caledonian Mercury*

The party consisted of the Princess Charlotte the Duchess of York the Dukes of York and Cambridge Lords Moira Erskine Lauderdale Messrs Adams and Sheridan

The Prince Regent expressed his surprise and mortification at the conduct of Lords Grey and Grenville [who had replied unfavourably to a letter addressed by the P.R. to the Duke of York suggesting an united administration] Lord Lauderdale thereupon with a freedom unusual in courts asserted that the reply did not express the opinions of Lord Grey and Grenville only but of every political friend of that way of thinking and that he had been present at and assisted in the drawing up and that every sentence had his cordial assent The Prince was suddenly and deeply affected by Lord Lauderdale's reply so much so that the Princess observing his agitation dropt her head and burst into tears—upon which the Prince turned round and begged the female part of the company to withdraw

In the following June at a ball at Miss Johnson's Byron was presented by order to our gracious Regent who honoured me with some conversation and for a time he ignored and perhaps regretted his anonymous *jeu d'esprit* But early in 1814 either out

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears
 Auspicious to these suffering Isles,
 And be each drop in future years
 Repaid thee by thy People's smiles !

March, 1812

[*MS M.* First published, *Morning Chronicle*, March 7, 1812
 (*Corsair*, 1814, Second Edition)]

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN

I

If sometimes in the haunts of men
 Thine image from my breast may fade,
 The lonely hour presents again
 The semblance of thy gentle shade
 And now that sad and silent hour
 Thus much of thee can still restore,
 And sorrow unobserved may pour
 The plaint she dare not speak before

1 Stanzas —[1812]

of mere bravado or in an access of political rancour, he determined to republish the stanzas under his own name. The first edition of the *Corsair* was printed, if not published, but in accordance with a peremptory direction (January 22, 1814), "eight lines on the lit. Royalty weeping in 1812," were included among the poems printed at the end of the second edition.

The "newspapers were in hysterics and town in an uproar at the avowal and republication" of the stanzas (*Diary*, February 1) and during Byron's absence from town "Murray omitted the Ten in several of the copies"—that is, in the Third Edition—but yielded to *force majeure*, replaced them in a Fourth Edition, which was issued early in February. (See Letters of July 6, 1812, January 2, February 2, and February 10, 1814 (*Letters*, 1898, II 134, etc.) and for "Newspaper Attacks upon Byron," see *Letters*, 1898, Appendix VII pp 463-492.)

Oh pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee
And self condemned, appear to smile
Unfaithful to thy memory
Nor deem that memory less dear
That then I seem not to repine,
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*

3

If not the Goblet pass unquaffed
It is not drained to banish care,
The cup must hold a deadlier draught
That brings a Lethe for despair
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drowned a single thought of thee

4

For wert thou vanished from my mind
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandoned Urn?
No no—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil,
Though all the world forget beside
Tis meet that I remember still

5

For well I know that such had been
Thy gentle care for him who now

Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,
 Where none regarded him, but thou
 And, oh ! I feel in *that* was given
 A blessing never meant for me ,
 Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
 For earthly Love to merit thee

March 14, 1812

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition)]

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN ¹

I

ILL-FATED Heart ! and can it be,
 That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain ?
 Have years of care for thine and thee
 Alike been all employed in vain ?

2.

Yet precious seems each shattered part,
 And every fragment dearer grown,
 Since he who wears thee feels thou art
 A fitter emblem of *his own*

March 16, 1812

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition)]

¹ [For allusion to the "Cornelian" see "The Cornelian," ["Pignus Amoris"], and "The Adieu," stanza 7, *Poetical Works*, 1898, 1 66, 231, 240 See, too, *Letters*, 1898, 1 130, note 3]

THE CHAIN I GAVL

FROM THE TURKISH

I

THE chain I gave was fair to view
The lute I added sweet in sound
The heart that offered both was true
And ill deserved the fate it found

2

These gifts were charmed by secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine
And they have done their duty well —
Alas! they could not teach thee thine

3

That chain was firm in every link
But not to bear a stranger's touch
That lute was sweet—till thou couldst think
In other hands its notes were such

4

Let him who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shivered in his grasp
Who saw that lute refuse to sound
Restring the chords renew the clasp

5

When thou wert changed they altered too
The chain is broke the music mute
Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
False heart frail chain and silent lute

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF
*THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY*¹

1

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
 My friend, what magic spells belong¹
 As all can tell, who share, like me,
 In turn thy converse,¹ and thy song

2

But when the dreaded hour shall come
 By Friendship ever deemed too nigh,
 And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb²
 Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

3

How fondly will she then repay
 Thy homage offered at her shrine,
 And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with *thine*!

April 19, 1812

[First published, *Poems*, 1816]

1 *To Samuel Rogers, Esq* — [*Poems*, 1816]

1 ["Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe When he does talk, he talks well, and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry If you enter his house—his drawing-room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor"—*Diary*, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, II 331]

2 [Compare Collins' *Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson*—

"In yonder grave a Druid lies"]

That only waste their odours o'er the tomb
 Such Drury claimed and claims—nor you refuse
 One tribute to revive his slumbering muse
 With garlands deck your own Menander's head 40
 Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead !
 Dear are the days which made our annals bright
 Ere Garrick fled or Brinsley¹ ceased to write "
 Heirs to their labours like all high born heirs
 Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*
 While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass
 And we the mirror hold where imaged shine
 Immortal names emblazoned on our line,
 Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn 50
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them !

Friends of the stage ! to whom both Players and
 Plays
 Must sue alike for pardon or for praise

- 1 *Far be from him that hour which asks in vain
 Tears such as flow for Garrick in his strains*
 or *Far be it that hour that vainly asks in turn
 Sad verse for him as {crowned his} Garrick's urn —*
{sept o'er}
 [Letter to Lord Holland Sept 30 1812]
 11 *Such are the names that here your plaudits sought
 When Garrick acted and when Brinsley wrote —[MS]* *

1 [Originally Ere Garrick died etc By the by one of
 my corrections in the fair copy sent yesterday has dived into the
 bathos some sixty fathom—

When Garrick died and Brinsley ceased to write

Ceasing to live is a much more serious concern and ought not to be
 first therefore I will let the old couplet stand with its half rhymes
 sought and wrote [*vide supra variant 11*] Second thoughts
 in every thing are best but in rhyme third and fourth don't come
 amis I always scrawl in this way and smooth as much as I
 can but never sufficiently —Letter to Lord Holland September 26
 1812 *Letters* 1898 11 150]

Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
 The boundless power to cherish or reject,
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
 And made us blush that you forbore to blame—
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
 To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend
 All past reproach may present scenes refute,
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!¹
 Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause,
 So Pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
 And Reason's voice be echoed back by ours!

This greeting o'er—the ancient rule obeyed,²
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid

1 [The following lines were omitted by the Committee —

*“Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores
 That late she deigned to crawl upon all-fours
 When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,
 If you command, the steed must come in course
 If you decree, the Stage must condescend
 To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend
 Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce,
 And gratify you more by showing less
 Oh, since your Fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause,
 That public praise be ne'er again disgrac'd,
 From { brutes to man recall } a nation's taste,
 { babes and brutes redeem }
 Then pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
 When Reason's voice is echoed back with ours”*

The last couplet but one was altered in a later copy, thus—

*“The past reproach let present scenes refute,
 Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute”*

“Is Whitbread,” wrote Lord Byron, “determined to castrate all my cavalry lines?” I do implore, for my own gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds—“a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!”—*Letter to Lord Holland*, September 28, 1812, *Letters*, 1898, II 156 For “animal performers,” *vide ibid*, note 1]

² [Lines 66-69 were added on September 24, in a letter to Lord Holland]

Receive *our welcome* too—whose every tone
 Springs from our hearts and fain would win your own
 The curtain rises—may our stage unfold 70
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old !
 Britons our judges Nature for our guide
 Still may *we* please—long long may *you* preside

[First published *Morning Chronicle* Oct 12 1812]

PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS¹

BY DR PLAGIARY

Half stolen with acknowledgments to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master — at the opening of the next new theatre [Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation—thus —]

WHEN energising objects men pursue
 Then Lord knows what is wnt by Lord knows who

1 [The original of Dr Busby's address entitled Monologue submitted to the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre which was published in the *Morning Chronicle* October 17 1812 will be found in the *Gen me Rejected Addresses* as well as parodied in *Rejected Addresses* (Architectural Atoms) On October 14 young Busby forced his way on to the stage of Drury Lane attempted to recite his father's address and was taken into custody On the next night Dr Busby speaking from one of the boxes obtained a hearing for his son who could not however make his voice heard in the theatre To the failure of the younger Busby (himself a competitor and the author of an Unanalogue) to make himself heard Byron alludes in the stage direction to be spoken in an inarticulate voice (See *Letters* 1898 ii 176 and for Dr Busby see *Poetical Works* 1898 i 481 485) Busby's Address ran as follows —

When energising objects men pursue
 What are the prodigies they cannot do?
 A magic edifice you here survey
 Shot from the ruins of the other day !
 As Harlequin had smote the slumberous heap
 And bade the rubbish to a fabric leap

A modest Monologue you here survey,
Hissed from the theatre the "other day,"

Yet at that speed you'd never be amazed
Knew you the *zeal* with which the pile was raised ,
Nor even here your smiles would be repress,
Knew you the rival flame that fires our breast, 10
Flame ' fire and flame ' sad heart-appalling sounds,
Dread metaphors that ope our healing wounds—
A sleeping pang awakes—and But why
With all reflections that would cloud the day
That this triumphant, brilliant prospect brings,
Where Hope reviving re-expands her wings ,
Where generous joy exults, where dutious ardour springs }

If mighty things with small we may compare }
This spirit drives Britannia's conquering car, }
Burns in her ranks and kindles every tar }
Nelson displayed its power upon the main,
And Wellington exhibits it in Spain ,
Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story,
And with its lustr, blends his hundred glory 40

In Arms and Science long our Isle hath shone,
And SHAKESPEARE—wondrous SHAKESPEARE—reared a throne
For British Poesy—whose powers inspire
The British pencil, and the British lyre—
Her we invoke—her Sister Arts implore
Their smiles beseech whose charms yourselves adore,
These if we win, the Graces too we gain—
Their dear, beloved, inseparable train ,
THREE who their witching arts from Cupid stole
And three acknowledged sovereigns of the soul 50
Harmonious throng ' with nature blending art ' }
Divine SESTETTO ' warbling to the heart }
For Poesy shall here sustain the upper part }
Thus lifted gloriously we'll sweep along,
Shine in our music, scenery and song ,
Shine in our farce, masque, opera and play,
And prove old DRURY has not had her day
Nay more—so stretch the wing the world shall cry,
Old DRURY never, never soared so high
' But hold,' you'll say, ' this self-complacent boast , 60
Easy to reckon thus without your host '
True, true—that lowers at once our mounting pride ,
'Tis yours alone our merit to decide ,
'Tis ours to look to you, you hold the prize
That bids our great, our best ambitions rise
A double blessing *you* rewards impart,
Each good provide and elevate the heart

As if Sir Fretful wrote "the slumberous verse
 And gave his son ' the rubbish to rehearse
 Yet at the thing you d never be amazed
 Knew you the rumpus which the Author raised
 Nor even here your smiles would be repress,
 Knew you these lines—the badness of the best 10
 ' Flame! fire! and flame! (words borrowed from
 Lucretius ¹)
 Dread metaphors which open wounds like issues!
 And sleeping pangs awake—and But away —
 (Confound me if I know what next to say)
 Lo "Hope reviving re expands her wings
 And Master G— recites what Dr Busby sings!—
 If mighty things with small we may compare
 (Translated from the Grammar for the fair!)
 Dramatic ' spirit drives a conquering car
 And burn'd poor Moscow like a tub of tar 0
 This spirit "Wellington has shown in Spain
 To furnish Melodramas for Drury Lane
 Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story
 And George and I will dramatise it for ye

In Arts and Sciences our Isle hath shone
 (This deep discovery is mine alone)

Our twofold feeling owns its twofold cause
 Your bounty's *comfort*—*rapture* your applause
 When in your fosterin^g beam you bid us live 70
 You give the means of life and gild the means you give
Morning Chronicle October 17 1811]

1 [Busby's translation of Lucretius (*The Nature of Things* a Didactic Poem) was published in 1813 Byron was a subscriber and is mentioned in the preface as one of the most distinguished poets of the age The passage in question is perhaps taken from the Second Book lines 880 881 which Busby renders—

Just as she quickens fuel into fire
 And bids it flaming to the skies aspire]

Oh "British poesy, whose powers inspire"
 My verse—or I'm a fool—and Fame's a liar.
 "Thee we invoke, your Sister Arts implore"
 With "smiles," and "lyres," and "pencils," and much
 more 30

These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain
Disgraces, too! "inseparable train!"
 "Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid"
 (You all know what I mean, unless you're stupid)
 "Harmonious throng" that I have kept *in petto*
 Now to produce in a "divine *sestetto*"!!
 "While Poesy," with these delightful doves,
 "Sustains her part" in all the "upper" boxes!
 "Thus lifted gloriously, you'll sweep along,"
 Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's song, 40
 "Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play"
 (For this last line George had a holiday)
 "Old Drury never, never soar'd so high,"
 So says the Manager, and so say I.
 "But hold," you say, "this self-complacent boast."
 Is this the Poem which the public lost?
 "True—true that lowers at once our mounting pride,"
 But lo, the Papers print what you deride
 "'Tis ours to look on *you—you* hold the prize,"
 'Tis *twenty guineas*, as they advertise! 50
 "A *double* blessing your rewards impart"—
 I wish I had them, then, with all my heart
 "Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,"
 Why son and I both beg for your applause
 "When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"
 My next subscription list shall say how much you give!

[First published, *Morning Chronicle*, October 23, 1812]

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER HOUSE AT
HALESOWEN¹

WHEN Dryden's fool, "unknowing what he sought,
His hours in whistling spent "for want of thought"²
This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense
Supplied and amply too by innocence
Did modern swains possessed of Cymon's powers
In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours
Th' offended guests would not, with blushing see
These fair green walks disgraced by infamy
Severe the fate of modern fools alas!
When vice and folly mark them as they pass
Like noxious reptiles o'er the whitened wall
The filth they leave still points out where they crawl

[First published 1831 vol xvii]

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!¹³

I

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream

1 [The Leasowes the residence of the poet Shenstone 1 near the village of Halesowen in Shropshire]

2 [See Dryden's *Cymon and Iphigenia* lines 84-85]

3 [The sequel of a temporary *liaison* formed by Lord Byron during his career in London occasioned this impromptu. On the cessation of the connection the fair one (Lady C. Lamb see *Letters* 1898 ii 451) called one morning at her quondam lover's apartments. His Lordship was from home but finding *Vathek* on the table the lady wrote in the first page of the volume the words "Remember me!" Byron immediately wrote under the ominous warning these two stanzas—*Conversations of Lord Byron* by Thomas Medwin 1824 pp 329-330]

In Medwin's work the euphemisms *false* and *fend* are represented by asterisks.]

Remorse and Shame shall cling to thee,
And haunt thee like a feverish dream !

2

Remember thee ! Aye, doubt it not
Thy husband too shall think of thee
By neither shalt thou be forgot,
Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me !¹

[First published, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, 1824]

TO TIME.

TIME ! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die
Hail thou ! who on my birth bestowed
Those boons to all that know thee known,
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone
I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given,
And pardon thee since thou couldst spare
All that I loved, to peace or Heaven.

1 [“To Bd , Feb 22, 1813

“ ‘Remember thee,’ nay—doubt it not—
Thy Husband too may ‘*think*’ of thee !
By neither canst thou be forgot,
Thou false to him—thou fiend to me !

“ ‘Remember thee’ ? Yes—yes—till Fate
In Lethe quench the guilty dream
Yet then—e’en then—Remorse and *Hate*
Shall vainly quaff the vanquished stream ”

From a MS (in the possession of Mr Hallam
Murray) not in Byron’s handwriting]

To them be joy or rest—on me
 Thy future ills shall press in vain ,
 I nothing owe but years to thee,
 A debt already paid in pain
 Yet even that pain was some relief ,
 It felt but still forgot thy power ¹
 The active agony of grief
 Retards, but never counts the hour ¹¹
 In joy I've sighed to think thy flight
 Would soon subside from swift to slow
 Thy cloud could overcast the light
 But could not add a night to Woe ,
 For then, however drear and dark,
 My soul was suited to thy sky
 One star alone shot forth a spark
 To prove thee—not Eternity
 That beam hath sunk—and now thou art
 A blank—a thing to count and curse
 Through each dull tedious trifling part
 Which all regret yet all rehearse
 One scene even thou canst not deform—
 The limit of thy sloth or speed
 When future wanderers bear the storm
 Which we shall sleep too sound to heed
 And I can smile to think how weak
 Thine efforts shortly shall be shown
 When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
 Must fall upon—a nameless stone

[MS M First published *Childe Harold* 1814 (Seventh Edition)]

1 — not confessed thy power —[MS M erased]

11 — it *it* forgets the hour —[MS M erased]

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART
FICKLE.¹ ¹

I

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought,
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grieve'st,
Too well thou lov'st *too soon* thou leavest

2.

The wholly false the *heart* despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit,
But she who not a thought disguises,"
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,
When *she* can change who loved so truly,
It *feels* what mine has *felt* so newly

3

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doomed to all who love or live,
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our Fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

4

What must they feel whom no false vision
But truest, tenderest Passion warmed?

¹ *Song* —[*Childe Harold*, 1814]

¹¹ *But her who not* —[*MS M*]

¹ ["I send you some lines which may as well be called 'A Song' as anything else, and will do for your new edition"—B —(*MS M*)]

Sincere but swift in sad transition
 As if a dream alone had charmed?
 Ah! sure such *grief* is *Fancy's* scheming
 And all thy *Change* can be but *dreaming*!

MS M First published *Childe Harold* 1814 (Seventh Edition)]

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE ORIGIN OF LOVE¹

THE Origin of Love! —Ah why
 That cruel question ask of me
 When thou mayst read in many an eye
 He starts to life on seeing thee?
 And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know
 My heart forebodes my fears foresee
 He'll linger long in silent woe
 But live until—I cease to be
 [First published *Childe Harold* 1814 (Seventh Edition)]

ON THE QUOTATION

And my true faith can alter never
 Though thou art gone perhaps for ever

I

AND thy true faith can alter never? —
 Indeed it lasted for a—week!¹
 I know the length of Love's forever
 And just expected such a freak
 In peace we met in peace we parted
 In peace we vowed to meet again
 And though I find thee fickle hearted
 No pang of mine shall make thee vain

¹ *To Janthe* —[*MS M* Compare The Dedication
 to *Childe Harold*]

2

One gone 'twas time to seek a second,
 In sooth 'twere hard to blame thy haste
 And whatsoe'er thy love be reckoned,
 At least thou hast improved in taste
 Though one was young, the next was younger,
 His love was new, mine too well known
 And what might make the chain still stronger,
 The youth was present, I was flown

3

Seven days and nights of single sorrow !
 Too much for human constancy !
 A fortnight past, why then to-morrow,
 His turn is come to follow me
 And if each week you change a lover,
 And so have acted heretofore,
 Before a year or two is over
 We'll form a very pretty *coups*

4

Adieu, fair thing ! without upbraiding
 I fain would take a decent leave,
 Thy beauty still survives unfading,
 And undeceived may long deceive
 With him unto thy bosom dearest
 Enjoy the moments as they flee,
 I only wish his love sincerer
 Than thy young heart has been to me

1812

[From a MS in the possession of Mr Murray,
 now for the first time printed]

REMEMBER HIM WHOM PASSION'S POWER¹

I

REMEMBER him whom Passion's power
 Severely—deeply—vainly proved
 Remember thou that dangerous hour
 When neither fell though both were loved

2

That yielding breast that melting eye
 Too much invited to be blessed
 That gentle prayer that pleading sigh
 The wilder wish reproved repressed

3

Oh! let me feel that all I lost¹
 But saved thee all that Conscience fears,
 And blush for every pang it cost
 To spare the vain remorse of years

4

Yet think of this when many a tongue
 Whose busy accents whisper blame
 Would do the heart that loved thee wrong
 And brand a nearly blighted name

¹ *To him who loves a girl her who loved* —[MS M]

¹¹ *That trembling form* — —[MS M]

¹¹¹ *Restoring thee alas! I I st*

Joys bought to dear if bright with tears

Yet ne'er regret the pang it cost —[MS M era ed]

^{1V} *And crush* — —[MS M]

¹ [It is possible that these lines as well as the Sonnets To Geneva were addressed to Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster —See *Letters* 1898 i 7 note 1 and *Letters* 1899 iii 8 note 1]

5

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
 Hast seen each selfish thought subdued
 I bless thy purer soul even now,
 Even now, in midnight solitude.

6.

Oh, God ! that we had met in time,
 Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free ,
 When thou hadst loved without a crime,
 And I been less unworthy thee !¹

7

Far may thy days, as heretofore,"
 From this our gaudy world be past !
 And that too bitter moment o'er,
 Oh ! may such trial be thy last

8

This heart, alas ! perverted long,
 Itself destroyed might there destroy ,
 To meet thee in the glittering throng,
 Would wake Presumption's hope of joy¹¹¹

9.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
 Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
 That world resign—such scenes forego,
 Where those who feel must surely fall

10

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness
 Thy soul from long seclusion pure ,

¹ *And I been not unworthy thee* —[MS M]

¹¹ *Long may thy days* —[MS M]

¹¹¹ *Might make my hope of guilty joy* —[MS]

From what even here hath passed may guess
What there thy hosom must endure

11

Oh! pardon that imploring tear
Since not by Virtue shed in vain
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear
For me they shall not weep again

12

Though long and mournful must it be
The thought that we no more may meet
Yet I deserve the stern decree
And almost deem the sentence sweet

13

Still—had I loved thee less—my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine,
It felt not half so much to part
As if its guilt had made thee mine

1813,

[MS M First published *Childe Harold* 1814 (Seventh Edition)]

IMPROMPTU IN REPLY TO A FRIEND¹

WHEN from the heart where Sorrow sits
Her dusky shadow mounts too high

¹ [Byron forwarded these lines to Moore in a postscript to a letter dated September 27 1813. Here s he writes an impromptu for you by a person of quality written last week on being reproached for low spirits —*Letters* 1898 ii 268. They were written at Aston Hall Rotherham where he stayed a week and behaved very well—though the lady of the house [Lady F Wedderburn Webster] is young and religious and pretty and the master is my particular friend —*Letters* 1898 ii 267.]

And o'er the changing aspect flits,
 And clouds the brow, or fills the eye,
 Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink
 My Thoughts their dungeon know too well,
 Back to my breast the Wanderers shrink,
 And *droop* within their silent cell¹

Sept. 17, 1813

[MS M First published, *Childs Herald*, 1814 (Seventh Edition)]

SONNET

10 GENLVRA

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
 And the waim lustre of thy features—caught
 From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
 Seems Sorrow's softness charmed from its despair—
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
 That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
 With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought—
 I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
 When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
 The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn
 Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent¹
 With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn

December 17, 1813¹

[MS M First published, *Corsari*, 1814 (Second Edition)]

1 *And bleed* —[MS M]

1 [“Redde some Italian, and wrote two Sonnets I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise—and I will never write another They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions”—*Diana*, December 18, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, II 379]

SONNET

TO GENEVRA

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe
 And yet so lovely that if Mirth could flush
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but oh !
 While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush
 Soft as the last drops round Heaven's airy bow
 For through thy long dark lashes low depending
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness
 Gleams like a Seraph from the sky descending
 Above all pain yet pitying all distress,
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending
 I worship more, but cannot love thee less

December 17 1813

[MS M First published *Corsaire* 1814 (Second Edition)]

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

"TU MI CHAMAS

I

IN moments to delight devoted ¹
 My Life ! with tenderest tone you cry

¹ — *Hope whispers not from you* — [MS M]

I [In moments to delight devoted
 My Life ! is still the name you give
 Dear words ! on which my heart had doted
 Had Man an endless term to live
 But ah ! so swift the seasons roll
 That name must be repeated never

Dear words I on which my heart had doted,
If Youth could neither fade nor die

2

To Death even hours like these must roll,
Ah ! then repeat those accents never,
Or change " my Life ! " into " my Soul ! "
Which, like my Love, exists for ever

[MS M]

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *Life* — Oh ! change the word—
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh
Say rather I'm your Soul , more just that name,
For, like the soul, my Love can never die.

[Stanzas 1, 2 first published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition)
"Another Version," first published, 1832]

For 'Life' in future say, 'My Soul,'
Which like my love exists for ever "

Byron wrote these lines in 1815, in Lady Lansdowne's album, at Bowood —Note by Mr Richard Edgecombe, *Notes and Queries*, Sixth Series, vii 46]

THE GIAOUR

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE

One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring
For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting

MOORE

[As a beam o'er the face etc —*Irish Melodies*]

INTRODUCTION TO *THE GIAOUR*

IN a letter to Murray dated Pisa December 1 1811 (*Life* p 545) Byron avows that the *Giaour* Story had actually some foundation on facts. Soon after the poem appeared (June 5 1813) a story was circulated by some gentle women a little too close to the text (*Letters to Moore* September 1 1813 *Letters* 1898 II 58) and in order to put himself right with his friends or posterity Byron wrote to his friend Lord Sligo who in July 1810 was anchored off Athens in a twelve gun brig with a crew of fifty men (see *Letters* 1898 I 89 note 1) requesting him to put on paper not so much the narrative of an actual event but 'what he had heard at Athens about the affair of that girl who was so near being put an end to while you were there. According to the letter which Moore published (*Life* p 178) and which is reprinted in the present issue (*Letters* 1898 II 57) Byron interposed on behalf of a girl who in compliance with the strict letter of the Mohammedan law had been sewn in a sack and was about to be thrown into the sea. I was told adds Lord Sligo that you then conveyed her in safety to the convent and despatched her off at night to Thebes. The letter which Byron characterizes as curious is by no means conclusive and to judge from the designedly mysterious references in the *Journal* dated November 16 and December 5 and in the second postscript to a letter to Professor Clarke dated December 15 1811 (*Letters* 1898 II 31 361 311) the circumstances which were the groundwork are not before us. 'An event says John Wright (ed 183 ix 145) in which Lord Byron was personally concerned undoubtedly supplied the groundwork of this tale but for the

story so circumstantially set forth (see Medwin's *Conversations*, 1824, pp 121, 124) of his having been the lover of this female slave, there is no foundation. The girl whose life the poet saved at Athens was not, we are assured by Sir John Hobhouse (*Westminster Review*, January, 1825, iii 27), an object of his Lordship's attachment, but of that of his Turkish servant. Nevertheless, whatever Byron may have told Hobhouse (who had returned to England), and he distinctly says (*Letters*, 1898, ii 393) that he did not tell him everything, he avowed to Clarke that he had been led "to the water's edge," and confided to his diary that to "describe the feelings of that situation was impossible—it is icy even to recollect them."

For the allusive and fragmentary style of the *Giaour*, *The Voyage of Columbus*, which Rogers published in 1812, is in part responsible. "It is sudden in its transitions," wrote the author, in the Preface to the first edition, "leaving much to be imagined by the reader." The story or a part of it is told by a fellow-seaman of Columbus, who had turned "eremite" in his old age, and though the narrative itself is in heroic verse, the prologue and epilogue, as they may be termed, are in "the romance or ballad-measure of the Spanish." The resemblance between the two poems is certainly more than accidental. On the other hand, a vivid and impassioned description of Oriental scenery and customs was, as Gifford observed, new and original, and though, by his own admission, Byron was indebted to *Vathek* (or rather S Henley's notes to *Vathek*) and to D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale* for allusions and details, the "atmosphere" could only have been reproduced by the creative fancy of an observant and enthusiastic traveller who had lived under Eastern skies, and had come within ken of Eastern life and sentiment.

In spite, however, of his love for the subject-matter of his poem, and the facility, surprising even to himself, with which he spun his rhymes, Byron could not persuade himself that a succession of fragments would sort themselves and grow into a complete and connected whole. If his thrice-repeated depreciation of the *Giaour* is not entirely genuine, it is plain that he misdoubted himself. Writing to Murray (August 26,

1813) he says I have but with some difficulty *not* added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month to Moore (September 1)

The *Giaour* I have added to a good deal but still in foolish fragments and again to Moore (September 8) By the coach I send you a copy of that awful pamphlet the *Giaour*

But while the author doubted and apologized or deprecated his loves excess In words of wroog and bitterness' the public read, and edition followed edition with bewildering speed

The *Giaour* was reviewed by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly* (No xxxi January 1813 [published February 11, 1813]) and in the *Edinburgh Review* by Jeffrey (No 54 January 1813 [published February 24 1813])

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON *THE GIAOUR*

THE bibliography of the *Giaour* is beset with difficulties, and it is doubtful if more than approximate accuracy can be secured. The composition of the entire poem in its present shape was accomplished within six months, May—November, 1813, but during that period it was expanded by successive accretions from a first draft of 407 lines (extant in MS) to a seventh edition of 1334 lines. A proof is extant of an edition of 28 pages containing 460 lines, itself an enlargement on the MS, but whether (as a note in the handwriting of the late Mr Murray affirms) this was or was not published is uncertain. A portion of a second proof of 38 pages has been preserved, but of the publication of the poem in this state there is no record. On June 5 a first edition of 41 pages, containing 685 lines, was issued, and of this numerous copies are extant. At the end of June, or the beginning of July, 1813, a second edition, entitled, a "New Edition with some Additions," appeared. This consisted of 47 pages, and numbered 816 lines. Among the accretions is to be found the famous passage beginning, "He that hath bent him o'er the dead." Two MS. copies of this *pannus vere purpureus* are in Mr Murray's possession. At the end of July, and during the first half of August, two or more issues of a third edition were set up in type. The first issue amounted to 53 pages, containing 950 lines, was certainly published in this form, and possibly a second issue of 56 pages, containing 1004 lines, may have followed at a brief interval. A revise of this second issue, dated August 13, is extant. In the last fortnight of August a fourth edition of 58 pages, containing 1048 lines, undoubtedly saw the light. Scarcely more than a few days can have elapsed before the fifth edition of 66 pages,

containing 1215 lines was ready to supplant the fourth edition. A sixth edition a reproduction of the fifth may have appeared in October. A seventh edition of 75 pages containing 1,334 lines which presented the poem in its final shape was issued subsequently to November 27 1813 (a seventh edition was advertised in the *Morning Chronicle* December 27 1813) the date of the last revise or of an advance copy of the issue. The ninth tenth eleventh and twelfth editions belong to 1814 while a fourteenth edition is known to have been issued in 1815. In that year and hence forward the *Giaour* was included in the various collected editions of Byron's works. The subjoined table assigns to their several editions the successive accretions in their order as now published —

L	Gour	Edt	of—
1— 6	<i>MS First edition of 28 pages</i>		
7— 70	Second edition	[47 pages 816 lines]	
			Approximate date June 24, 1813
21— 45	Third edition	[53 pages, 930 lines]	
			July 30 1813
46—107	Second edition		
103—167	Fifth edition	[66 pages 115 lines]	
			August 25, 1813
168—199	<i>MS First edition of 28 pages</i>		
200—250	Third edition		
251—252	Seventh edition	[75 pages 1334 lines]	
			November 7, 1813
253— 76	Third edition		
77—287	<i>MS First edition of 8 pages</i>		
288—351	Third edition (Second issue?)	August 11, 1813	
		[56 pages 1004 ? 1014 lines]	
352—503	<i>MS First edition of 8 pages</i>		
504—518	Third edition		
519—619	<i>MS First edition of 8 pages</i>		
620—634	Second edition		
635—688	<i>MS First edition of 28 pages</i>		
689—72	Fourth edition	[58 pages 1048 lines]	August 19
723—737	<i>MS First edition of 28 pages</i>	733 4 not in the	
		MS but in First edition of 28 pages	

Lines	Giaour	Edition of
738— 745	<i>First edition of 41 pages</i>	June 5, 1813
746— 786	First edition of 28 pages	Not in the MS
787— 831	<i>MS First edition of 28 pages</i>	
832— 915	Seventh edition	
916— 998	<i>First edition of 41 pages</i>	937-970 no MS
999—1023	Second edition	
1024—1028	Seventh edition	
1029—1079	<i>First edition of 41 pages</i>	
1080— 1098	Third edition	
1099—1125	<i>First edition of 41 pages</i>	
1126—1130	Seventh edition	
1131—1191	Fifth edition	
1192—1217	Seventh edition	
1218—1256	Fifth edition	
1257—1318	<i>First edition of 41 pages</i>	
1319— 1334	<i>MS First edition of 28 pages</i>	

NOTE

The first edition is advertised in the *Morning Chronicle*, June 5, a third edition on August 11, 13, 16, 31, a fifth edition, with considerable additions, on September 11, on November 29 a "new edition," and on December 27, 1813, a seventh edition, together with a repeated notice of the *Bride of Abydos*. These dates do not exactly correspond with Murray's contemporary memoranda of the dates of the successive issues.

TO
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN
OF ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER
AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP
THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED
BY HIS OBLIGED
AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT

BYRON

LONDON *May* 1813

ADVERTISEMENT

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the 'olden time or because the Christians have better fortune or less enterprise. The story, when entire contained the adventures of a female slave who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner into the sea for infidelity and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes on being refused the plunder of Misitra led to the abandonment of that enterprise and to the desolation of the Morea during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

THE GIAOUR

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave
That tomb¹ which gleaming o'er the cliff
First greets the homeward veering skiff
High o'er the land he saved in vain
When shall such Hero live again?

* * * * *

1 A tomb above the rocks on the promontory by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles

[There are says Cumberland in his *Observer* a few lines by Plato upon the tomb of Themistocles which have a turn of elegant and pathetic simplicity in them that deserves a better translation than I can give—

By the sea's margin on the watery strand
Thy monument Themistocles shall stand
By this directed to thy native shore
The merchant shall convey his freighted store
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight

Note to Edition 1832

The traditional site of the tomb of Themistocles a rock hewn grave on the very margin of the sea generally covered with water adjoins the lighthouse which stands on the westernmost promontory of the Piræus some three quarters of a mile from the entrance to the harbour Plutarch in his *Themistocles* (cap xxxi) is at pains to describe the exact site of the altar like tomb and quotes the passage from Plato (the comic poet B C 428-389) which Cumberland paraphrases Byron and Hobhouse made the complete circuit of the peninsula of Munychia January 18 1810—*Travels in Albania* 1858 : 317 318]

Fair clime¹ where every season smiles¹
 Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
 Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
 Make glad the heart that hails the sight, 10
 And lend to loneliness delight
 There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
 Reflects the tints of many a peak
 Caught by the laughing tides that lave
 These Edens of the eastern wave
 And if at times a transient breeze
 Break the blue crystal of the seas,
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
 How welcome is each gentle air
 That wakes and wafts the odours there¹ 20
 For there the Rose, o'er crag or vale,
 Sultana of the Nightingale,¹

- 1 *Fair clime¹ where ceaseless summer smiles*
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight
There shine the bright abodes ye seek,
Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek,
So smiling round the waters lave
These Edens of the Eastern wave
Or if, at times, the transient breeze
Break the smooth crystal of the seas,
Or brush one blossom from the trees,
How grateful is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the fragrance there —[MS]
the fragrance there —[Second Edition]

1 The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the "Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations.

[Thus Meshi, as translated by Sir William Jones—

"Come, charming maid¹ and hear thy poet sing,
 Thyself the rose and he the bird of spring
 Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd
 Be gay too soon the flowers of spring will fade"

"The full style and title of the Persian nightingale (*Pycnonotus*

The maid for whom his melody
 His thousand songs are heard on high
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale
 His queen the garden queen his Rose
 Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows
 Far from the winters of the west,
 By every breeze and season blest,
 Returns the sweets by Nature given 30
 In softest incense back to Heaven
 And grateful yields that smiling sky
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh
 And many a summer flower is there
 And many a shade that Love might share
 And many a grotto meant for rest
 That holds the pirate for a guest
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow
 Till the gay mariner's guitar¹ 40
 Is heard, and seen the Evening Star

hamorrhous) is Bulbul i haz r-dastân usually shortened to Harar (bird of a thousand tales = the thousand) generally called Anda lib (See *Arabian Nights* by Richard F. Burton 1887 *Suppl. mental & gl's* iii 506) For the nightingale's attachment to the rose compare Moore's *Lalla Rookh*—

Oh sooner shall the rose of May
 Take her own sweet nightingale etc
 (Ed. Chandos Classics, p 43)

and Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam (stanza vi)—

And David's lips are locket but in divine
 High piping Pehlevi with Wine! Wine! Wine!
 Red Wine! —the Nightingale cries to the Rose
 That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine

Rubaiyat etc 1899 p 9 and note p 6

Byron was indebted for his information to a note on a passage in *Vathek* by S. Henley (*Vathek* 1893 p 217)

¹ The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night with a steady fair wind and during a calm it is accompanied always by the voice and often by dancing

Then stealing with the muffled oar,
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,
 Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
 And turn to groans his roundelay.
 Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
 As if for Gods, a dwelling place,
 And every charm and grace hath mixed
 Within the Paradise she fixed,
 There man, enamoured of distress, 50
 Should mar it into wilderness,¹
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
 That tasks not one laborious hour,
 Nor claims the culture of his hand
 To bloom along the fairy land,
 But springs as to preclude his care,
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare¹
 Strange that where all is Peace beside,
 There Passion riots in her pride,
 And Lust and Rapine wildly reign 60
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the Fiends prevailed
 Against the Seraphs they assailed,
 And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of Hell,
 So soft the scene, so foimed for joy,
 So cuist the tyrants that destroy¹

He who hath bent him o'er the dead¹¹
 Ere the first day of Death is fled,

¹ *Should wanton in a wilderness* —[MS]

¹¹ The first draft of this celebrated passage differs in many

¹ [Compare "Beyond Milan the country wore the aspect of a wider devastation, and though everything seemed more quiet, the repose was like that of death spread over features which retain the

The first dark day of Nothingness
 The last of Danger and Distress
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers)
 And marked the mild angelic air
 The rapture of Repose that's there
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not wins not weeps not now
 And but for that chill changeless brow

80

particulars from the Fair Copy which with the exception of the passages marked as *vars* 1 (p 59) and i (p 90) is the same as the text. It ran as follows —

*He who hat' bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled—
 The first dark day of Nothingness
 The last of doom and of distress—
 Before Corruption's cankered fingers
 Hath tinged the hue where Beauty lingers
 And marked the soft and settled air
 That dwells with all but Spirit there
 The fixed yet tender lines that speak
 Of Peace along the placid cheek
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye
 That fires not—pleads not—accepts not—now—
 And but for that pale chilling brow
 Whose touch tells of Mortality
 And curdles to the Gazer's heart
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he only looks upon—
 Yes but for these and these alone
 A moment—yet—a little hour
 We still must doubt the Tyrant's power*

The eleven lines following (88-98) were not emended in the Fair Copy and are included in the text. The Fair Copy is the sole MS authority for the four concluding lines of the paragraph

1 *And marked the almost dreamy air
 Which speaks the sweet repose that's there —*
 [MS of Fair Copy]

impression of the last convulsions — *My stories of Udolpho* by Mrs Ann Radcliffe 1794 ii 29]

Where cold Obstruction's apathy ¹
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,¹
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ,
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the Tyrant's power ,
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by Death revealed ^{1 2}
 Such is the aspect of this shore , 90
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more ^{1 3}
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for Soul is wanting there
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ,

¹ *Whose touch thrills with mortality,
 And curls to the gazer's heart* —[*MS of Fair Copy*]

¹ "Aye, but to die, and go we know not where,
 To lie in cold obstruction?"

Measure for Measure, act III sc 1, lines 115, 116

[Compare, too, *Childe Harold*, Canto II stanza iv line 5]

² I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after "the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character, but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last [According to Medwin (1824, 4to, p 223), an absurd charge, based on the details of this note, was brought against Byron, that he had been guilty of murder, and spoke from experience]

³ [In Dallaway's *Constantinople* (p 2) [Rev James Dallaway (1763-1834) published *Constantinople Ancient and Modern, etc*, in 1797], a book which Lord Byron is not unlikely to have consulted, I find a passage quoted from Gillies' *History of Greece* (vol 1 p 335), which contains, perhaps, the first seed of the thought thus expanded into full perfection by genius "The present state of Greece, compared to the ancient, is the silent obscurity of the grave contrasted with the vivid lustre of active life"—Moore, *Note to reposed* 1832]

But beauty with that fearful bloom
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded Halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away ! 100
 Spark of that flame perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its chenshed earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !¹
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be¹¹
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach thou craven crouching slave
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?¹²
 These waters blue that round you lave — 110
 Oh servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce what sea what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown
 Arise and make again your own,
 Snatch from the ashes of your Sires
 The embers of their former fires,

¹ *Fountain of Wisdom I can it be — [MS erased]*

¹¹ *Why is not this Thermopylæ
 These waters blue that round you lave
 Degenerate offspring of the free—
 How name ye them that shore is it is !
 The wave the rock of Salamis ! — [MS]*

¹ [From hence to the conclusion of the paragraph the MS is written in a hurried and almost illegible hand as if these splendid lines had been poured forth in one continuous burst of poetic feeling which would hardly allow time for the pen to follow the imagination — (Note to Edition: 1837 The lines were added to the Second Edition)]

[Compare—

Son of the Morning rise I approach you here !

Childe Harold Canto II stanza 111 line 1]

And he who in the strife expires¹
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyianny shall quake to hear, 120
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,"
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page¹
 Attest it many a deathless age^{1'''}
 While Kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy Heroes, though the general doom 130
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land¹
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye^{1''}
 The graves of those that cannot die¹
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from Splendour to Disgrace,
 Enough no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell,
 Yet¹ Self-abasement paved the way 140
 To villain-bonds and despot sway

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
 No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the Muse might soar
 High as thine own in days of yore,

1 *And he who in the cause expires,
 Will add a name and fate to them
 Well worthy of his noble stem* —[MS]

11 *Commenced by Sire—renewed by Son* —[MS]

111 *Attest it many a former age
 While kings in dark oblivion hid* —[MS]

14 *There let the Muse direct thine eye* —[MS]

When man was worthy of thy clime
 The hearts within thy valleys bred¹
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime
 Now crawl from cradle to the Grave 150
 Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a Slave¹
 And callous save to crime
 Stained with each evil that pollutes
 Mankind, where least above the brutes
 Without even savage virtue blest,
 Without one free or valiant breast
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft¹¹
 Proverbial wiles and ancient craft
 In this the subtle Greek is found
 For this, and this alone renowned 160
 In vain might Liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke
 No more her sorrows I bewail
 Yet this will be a mournful tale
 And they who listen may believe
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve

* * *

Far dark along the blue sea glancing
 The shadows of the rocks advancing

¹ *The hearts amid thy mountains bred* —[MS.]

¹¹ *Now to the neighbouring shores they waft
 Their ancient and proverbial craft* —[MS. erased]

¹ Athens is the property of the Kızlar Aga [kızlar ağası] (the slave of the Seraglio and guardian of the women) who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite yet true appellations—now governs the governor of Athens!

[Hobhouse maintains that this subordination of the waywodes (or vaivodes = the Slavonic *β βόδα*) (Turkish governors of Athens) to a higher Turkish official was on the whole favourable to the liberties and well being of the Athenians —*Travels in Albania* 1858 : 46]

Start on the fisher's eye like boat 170
 Of island-pirate or Mainote,
 And fearful for his light caïque,
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek¹
 Though worn and weary with his toil,
 And cumbered with his scaly spoil,
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
 Till Port Leone's safer shore
 Receives him by the lovely light
 That best becomes an Eastern night

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,¹ 180
 With slackened bit and hoof of speed?
 Beneath the clattering non's sound
 The caverned Echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound.
 The foam that streaks the courser's side
 Seems gathered from the Ocean-tide
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast,
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!² 190

¹ *He silent shuns the doubtful creek* —[MS]

¹ [The reciter of the tale is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat on the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem — Note by George Agar Ellis, 1797-1833.]

² [In Dr Clarke's *Travels* (Edward Daniel Clarke, 1769-1822, published *Travels in Europe, Asia, Africa*, 1810-24), this word, which means *infiavel*, is always written according to its English pronunciation, *Djou*. Byron adopted the Italian spelling usual among the Franks of the Levant — *Note to Edition* 1832.]

The pronunciation of the word depends on its origin. If it is

I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
 But in thy lineaments I trace
 What Time shall strengthen not efface
 Though young and pale that sallow front
 Is scathed by fiery Passion's brunt,
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye¹
 As meteor like thou glidest by
 Right well I view and deem thee one
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun

On—on he hastened and he drew 00
 My gaze of wonder as he flew¹¹
 Though like a Demon of the night
 He passed and vanished from my sight
 His aspect and his air impressed
 A troubled memory on my breast
 And long upon my startled ear
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear
 He spurs his steed, he nears the steep
 That jutting, shadows o'er the deep
 He winds around, he hurries by 10
 The rock relieves him from mine eye
 For well I ween unwelcome he
 Whose glance is fixed on those that flee
 And not a star but shines too bright

¹ *Though scarcely marked — — [MS]*

¹¹ *With him my wonder as he flew — [MS]*

With him my ro used and wondering sea — [MS erased]

associated with the Arabic *jawr* a deviating or erring the initial consonant would be soft but if with the Persian *gawr* or *guebre* a fire worshipper the word should be pronounced *Gow-er*—as Gower Street has come to be pronounced. It is to be remarked that to the present day the Nestorians of Urumiah are contemned as *Gy ours* (the *G* hard) by their Mohammedan country men — (From information kindly supplied by Mr A G Ellis of the Oriental Printed Books and MSS Department British Museum.)

On him who takes such timeless flight.¹
 He wound along, but ere he passed
 One glance he snatched, as if his last,
 A moment checked his wheeling steed,¹
 A moment breathed him from his speed,
 A moment on his stirrup stood 220
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood? "
 The Crescent glimmers on the hill,
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still
 Though too remote for sound to wake
 In echoes of the far tophaike,²
 The flashes of each joyous peal
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal
 To-night, set Rhamazan's sun,
 To-night, the Baram feast's begun,
 To-night but who and what art thou 230
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow?
 And what are these to thine or thee,
 That thou shouldst either pause or flee?

He stood some dread was on his face,
 Soon Hatred settled in its place
 It rose not with the reddening flush

¹ For him who takes so fast a flight —[MS crased]

¹¹ And looked along the olive wood —[MS]

I [Compare

"A moment now he slack'd his speed,
 A moment breathed his panting steed"

Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto I stanza xxxii lines 1, 2]

2 "Tophaike," musket The Baram is announced by the cannon at sunset the illumination of the mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaimed during the night
 [The Baram, the Moslem Easter, a festival of three days, succeeded the Ramazan]

For the illumination of the mosques during the fast of the Ramazan, see *Childe Harold*, Canto II stanza iv line 5, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 134, note 2]

Of transient Anger's hasty blush ¹
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom
 His brow was bent his eye was glazed 240
 He raised his arm and fiercely raised
 And sternly shook his hand on high
 As doubting to return or fly,¹
 Impatient of his flight delayed
 Here loud his raven charger neighed—
 Down glanced that hand and grasped his blade
 That sound had burst his waking dream
 As Slumber starts at owl's scream
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides
 Away—away—for life he ndes 50
 Swift as the hurled on high jerrced
 Springs to the touch his startled steed
 The rock is doubled and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more,
 The crag is won no more is seen

1 *Of transient Anger's Darkening blush* —[MS]

11 *As doubting if to stay or fly—
 Then turned it swiftly to his blade
 As loud his raven charger neighed—
 That sound had spelled his waking dream
 As sleepers start at owl's scream* —[MS]

1 [For hasty all the editions till the twelfth read *darkening* blush On the back of a copy of the eleventh Lord Byron has written Why did not the printer attend to the solitary correction so repeatedly made I have no copy of this and desire to have none till my request is complied with —*Notes to Editions* 1837 1837]

2 Jerrced or Djerrid [Jarid] a blunted Turkish javelin which is darted from horseback with great force and precision It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans but I know not if it can be called a *military* one since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople I think next to these a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation

[Lines 250 251 together with the note were inserted in the Thirteenth Edition]

His Christian crest and haughty mien
 'Twas but an instant he restrained
 That fiery barb so sternly reined,
 'Twas but a moment that he stood,
 Then sped as if by Death pursued, 260
 But in that instant o'er his soul
 Winters of Memory seemed to roll,
 And gather in that drop of time
 A life of pain, an age of crime
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
 Such moment pours the grief of years "
 What felt *he* then, at once opprest
 By all that most distracts the breast?
 That pause, which pondered o'er his fate,
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date¹ 270
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,
 It was Eternity to Thought¹
 For infinite as boundless space
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,
 Which in itself can comprehend
 Woe without name, or hope, or end²

¹ *'Twas but an instant, though so long*

When thus dilated in my song

'Twas but an instant —[MS]

¹¹ *Such moment holds a thousand years*

or, *Such moment proves the grief of years* —[MS]

¹ ["Lord Byron told Mr Murray that he took this idea from one of the Arabian tales—that in which the Sultan puts his head into a butt of water, and, though it remains there for only two or three minutes, he imagines that he lives many years during that time. The story had been quoted by Addison in the *Spectator*"] [No 94, June 18, 1711] —*Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i 219, note]

² [Lines 271–276 were added in the Third Edition. The MS. proceeds with a direction (dated July 31, 1813) to the printer—

"And alter

" 'A life of *woe*—an age of crime—'

to

" 'A life of *pain*—an age of crime,'

The hour is past the Giaour is gone
 And did he fly or fall alone ?
 Woe to that hour he came or went !
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent 80
 To turn a palace to a tomb
 He came he went like the Simoom,¹
 That harbinger of Fate and gloom
 Beneath whose widely wasting breath
 The very cypress droops to death—
 Dark tree still sad when others grief is fled
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead !

The steed is vanished from the stall
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall
 The lonely Spider's thin gray pall " 90
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall

¹ *But neither fled nor fell alone* —[MS]

¹ There are two MS versions of lines 90-298 (A) a rough copy and (B) a fair copy—

(A) *And wide the Spider's thin grey pall
 Is curtained on the splendid wall—*

Alter also the lines

On him who loves or hates or fears
 Such moment holds a thousand years

to

O'er him who loves or hates or fears
 Such moment pours the grief of years]

¹ The blast of the desert fatal to everything living and often alluded to in Eastern poetry

[James Bruce 1730-1794 (nicknamed Abyssinian Bruce) gives a remarkable description of the simoom I saw from the south east a haze come in colour like the purple part of the rainbow but not so compressed or thick It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth and was about twelve feet high from the ground It was a kind of bluish upon the air and it moved very rapidly We all lay flat on the ground till it was blown over The meteor o purple haze which I saw was indeed passed but the light air which still blew was of a heat to threaten suffocation. He goes on to say that he did not recover the effect of the sandblast on his chest for nearly two years (Bruce *Life and Travels* ed 1830 p 470)
 —*Note to Edit on 1832*]

The Bat builds in his Haram bower,¹
 And in the fortress of his power
 The Owl usurps the beacon-tower,
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
 With baffled thirst, and famine, grim,
 For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread
 'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
 And chase the sultriness of day, 300
 As springing high the silver dew
 In whirls fantastically flew,

*The Bat hath built in his mother's bower,
 And in the fortress of his power
 The Owl hath fixed her beacon tower,
 The wild dogs howl on the fountain's brim
 With baffled thirst and famine grim,
 For the stream is shrunk from its marble bed
 Where Desolation's dust is spread —[MS]*

B ["August 5, 1813, in last of 3rd or first of 4th ed"]

*The lonely Spider's thin grey pall
 Is curtained o'er the splendid wall—
 The Bat builds in his mother's bower,
 And in the fortress of his power
 The Owl hath fixed her beacon-tower,
 The wild dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
 But vainly lolls his tongue to drink —[MS]*

- 1 *The silver dew of coldness sprinkling
 In drops fantastically twinkling
 As from the spring the silver dew
 In whirls fantastically flew
 And dashed luxurious coolness round
 The air—and verdure on the ground —[MS]*

1 [Compare "The walls of Balclutha were desolated The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls The fox looked out from the windows" (Ossian's *Balclutha*) "The dreary night-owl screams in the solitary retreat of his mouldering ivy-covered tower" (*Lairnui, or the Song of Despair Poems of Ossian*, discovered by the Baron de Haroold, 1787, p 172) Compare, too, the well-known lines, "The spider holds the veil in the palace of Cæsar, the owl stands sentinel on the watch-tower of Afrasyab" (*A Grammar of the Persian Language*, by Sir W Jones, 1809, p 106)]

And flung luxurious coolness round
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground
 'Twas sweet when cloudless stars were bright
 To view the wave of watery light,
 And hear its melody by night
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood played
 Around the verge of that cascade,
 And oft upon his mother's breast 310
 That sound had harmonized his rest
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along
 Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song
 And softer seemed each melting tone
 Of Music mingled with its own
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
 Along the brink at Twilight's close
 The stream that filled that font is fled—
 The blood that warmed his heart is shed!¹
 And here no more shall human voice 320
 Be heard to rage regret rejoice
 The last sad note that swelled the gale
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail
 That quenched in silence all is still
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill
 Though raves the gust, and floods the rain
 No hand shall close its clasp again
 On desert sands 'twere joy to scan
 The rudest steps of fellow man
 So here the very voice of Grief 330
 Might wake an Echo like relief—
 At least 'twould say All are not gone,

¹ *F r th rst, F x and fa kal gau t*
May vainly for its waters pa t —[MS]
 or *The famished f x the w ld doo gau t*
May vainly for its waters pa t —[MS]
¹¹ *Might strike a i echo — —[MS]*

There lingers Life, though but in one"
 For many a gilded chamber's there,
 Which Solitude might well forbear,¹
 Within that dome as yet Decay
 Hath slowly worked her cankering way
 But gloom is gathered o'er the gate,
 Nor there the Fakir's self will wait,
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
 For Bounty cheers not his delay,
 Nor there will weary stranger halt
 To bless the sacred "bread and salt" -

1,
 ed,
 spread.

300

1 *And welcome Life though but in one
 For many a gilded chamber's there
 Unmeet for Solitude to share*—[MS]

11 *To share the Master's "bread and salt"*—[MS]

1 ["I have just recollected an alteration you may make in proof Among the lines on Hassan's Serai, is this—'Unmeet for Solitude to share' Now, to share implies more than one, and Solitude is a single gentlewoman it must be thus—

"For many a gilded chamber's there,
 Which Solitude might well forbear,'

and so on Will you adopt this correction? and pray accept a cheese from me for your trouble"—Letter to John Murray, Stilton, October 3, 1813, *Litlers*, 1898, II 274]

2 [To partake of food—to break bread and taste salt with your host, ensures the safety of the guest even though an enemy, his person from that moment becomes sacred—(Note appended to Letter of October 3, 1813)]

"I leave this (*vid. supra*, note 1) to your discretion if anybody thinks the old line a good one or the cheese a bad one, don't accept either But in that case the word *share* is repeated soon after in the line—

"To share the master's bread and salt,'
 and must be altered to—

"To break the master's bread and salt'

This is not so well, though—confound it!"

"If the old line ['Unmeet for Solitude to share'] stands, let the other run thus—

"Nor there will weary traveller halt,
 To bless the sacred bread and salt'

(P S to Murray, October 3, 1813)

Alike must Wealth and Poverty
 Pass heedless and unheeded by
 For Courtesy and Pity died
 With Hassan on the mountain side
 His roof that refuge unto men
 Is Desolation's hungry den
 The guest flies the hall and the vassal from labour 350
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre ¹ ²

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet
 But not a voice mine ear to greet
 More near—each turban I can scan
 And silver sheathed ataghan,
 The foremost of the band is seen
 An Emir by his garb of green ³

- 1 *And cold Hospitality shrinks from the labour*
The slave fled his halter and the serf left his labour —[MS]
 or *Ah! there Hospitality light is thy labour*
 or *Ah! who for the traveller's solace will labour?* —[MS]

The emendation of line 335 made that of line 343 unnecessary but both emendations were accepted

(Moore says (*Life* p 191 *note*) that the directions are written on a separate slip of paper from the letter to Murray of October 3 1813)

1 I need hardly observe that Chanty and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet and to say truth very generally practised by his disciples The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty the next on his valour
 { Serve God and show kindness unto parents and relations and orphans, and the poor and your neighbour who is of kin to you and the traveller and the captives etc —*Kordn* cap iv
 Lines 350 351 were inserted in the Fifth Edition]

2 The ataghan a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt in a metal scabbard generally of silver and among the wealthier gilt or of gold

3 Green is the privileged colour of the prophet numerous pretended descendants with them as here faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works they are the worst of a very indifferent brood

“Ho ! who art thou ?” “This low salam¹
 Replies of Moslem faith I am¹
 The burthen ye so gently bear, 360
 Seems one that claims your utmost care,
 And, doubtless, holds some precious freight
 My humble bark would gladly wait ”²

“Thou speakest sooth thy skiff unmoor
 And waft us from the silent shore ,
 Nay, leave the sail still furled, and ply
 The nearest oar that’s scattered by,
 And midway to those rocks where sleep
 The channelled waters dark and deep
 Rest from your task—so—bravely done, 370
 Our course has been right swiftly run
 Yet ’tis the longest voyage, I trow,
 That one of²

”

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank
 The calm wave rippled to the bank ,
 I watched it as it sank, methought

¹ *Take ye and give ye that salam,
 That says of Moslem faith I am* —[MS]

¹¹ *Which one of yonder barks may wait* —[MS]

¹ “Salam aleikoum ! aleikoum salam !” peace be with you, be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful—to a Christian, “Urlarula !” a good journey, or “sabrū hiresem, sbran scrula,” good morn, good even, and sometimes, “may your end be happy !” are the usual salutes

[“After both sets of prayers, Farz and Sunnah, the Moslem looks over his right shoulder, and says, ‘The Peace (of Allah) be upon you and the ruth of Allah,’ and repeats the words over the left shoulder. The salutation is addressed to the Guardian Angels, or to the bystanders (Moslem), who, however, do not return it”—*Arabian Nights*, by Richard F Burton, 1887 *Supplemental Nights*, 1 14, note]

² [In the MS and the first five editions the broken line (373) consisted of two words only, “That one”]

Some motion from the current caught
 Bestirred it more — twas but the beam
 That checkered o'er the living stream
 I gazed till vanishing from view 380
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew
 Still less and less, a speck of white
 That gemmed the tide then mocked the sight,
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,
 Known but to Genu of the deep
 Which trembling in their coral caves
 They dare not whisper to the waves

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen ¹ of Eastern spring
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer 390
 Invites the young pursuer near
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high
 With panting heart and tearful eye
 So Beauty lures the full-grown chud,
 With hue as bright and wing as wild
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears
 If won, to equal ills betrayed ¹ 400
 Woe waits the insect and the maid

1 *If caught to fate alike betrayed* —[MS]

1 The blue winged butterfly of Kashmeer the most rare and beautiful of the species

(The same insects (butterflies of Cachemir) are celebrated in an unpublished poem of Mesih Sir Anthony Shirley relates that it was customary in Persia to hawk after butterflies with sparrows made to that use —Note by S. Henley to *Vathek* ed 1893 p 222

Byron in his Journal December 1 1813 speaks of Lady Charles Montagu that blue winged Kashmirian butterfly of book learning]

A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that wooed its stay
 Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast, 410
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bow?
 No gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim 420
 Except an erring Sister's shame

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
 In circle narrowing as it glows,
 The flames around their captive close,
 Till only searched by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows
 The sting she nourished for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain, 430
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
 And darts into her desperate brain

1 The gathering flames around her close —[MISS raised]

So do the dark in soul expire
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire ¹
 So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven
 Unfit for earth undoomed for heaven
 Darkness above despair beneath
 Around it flame within it death !

* * * *

Black Hassan from the Haram flies
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes 440
 The unwonted chase each hour employs
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
 When Leila dwelt in his Serai
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell ?
 That tale can only Hassan tell
 Strange rumours in our city say
 Upon that eve she fled away
 When Rhamazan's ² last sun was set
 And flashing from each Minaret 450

1 *So writhes the mind by Conscience riven* —[MS]

1 Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting when turned towards the head is merely a convulsive movement but others have actually brought in the verdict *Felo de se*. The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question as if once fairly established as insect *Catos* they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

[Byron assured Dallas that the simile of the scorpion was imagined in his sleep —*Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron* by P. C. Dallas p. 264]

Probably in some instances the poor scorpion has been burnt to death and the well known habit of these creatures to raise the tail over the back and recurve it so that the extremity touches the fore part of the cephalo thorax has led to the idea that it was stinging itself —*Encycl Brit* art. *Arachnida* by Rev O. P. Cambridge ii. 281.]

2 The cannon at sunset close the Rhimn [Compare *Childe Harold* Canto II stanza iv line 5 *Poetical Works* 1899 ii. 134 note 2.]

Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast
 Of Bairam through the boundless East
 'Twas then she went as to the bath,
 Which Hassan vainly searched in wiath,
 For she was flown her master's rage
 In likeness of a Georgian page,
 And far beyond the Moslem's power
 Had wronged him with the faithless Giaour
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deemed,
 But still so fond, so fair she seemed, 460
 Too well he trusted to the slave
 Whose treachery deserved a grave
 And on that eve had gone to Mosque,
 And thence to feast in his Kiosk
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
 Who did not watch their charge too well,
 But others say, that on that night,
 By pale Phingari's ¹ trembling light,
 The Giaour upon his jet-black steed
 Was seen, but seen alone to speed 470
 With bloody spur along the shore,
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore

* * * *

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
 It will assist thy fancy well,
 As large, as languishingly dark,
 But Soul beamed forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath the lid,
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid ²

1 Phingari, the moon [Φεγγάρι is derived from φεγγάριον, dim of φέγγος]

2 The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar, from its splendour, named Schebgerag [Schab-churāgh], "the torch of night," also "the cup of the sun," etc In

Yea *Soul* and should our prophet say 480
 That form was nought but breathing clay
 By Alla ! I would answer nay
 Though on Al Sirat s¹ arch I stood
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,

the First Edition Giamschid was written as a word of three syllables so D Herbelot has it but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable and writes Jamshid I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other

[The MS and First Edition read Bright as the gem of Giamschid Byron's first intention was to change the line into Bright as the ruby of Giamschid but to this Moore objected that as the comparison of his heroine's eye to a ruby might unluckily call up the idea of its being bloodshot he had better change the line to Bright as the jewel etc

For the original of Byron's note see S Henley note *Vathek* 1893 p 30 See too D Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale* 1781 iii 7

Sir Richard Burton (*Arabian Nights* S A iii 440) gives the following résumé of the conflicting legends Jam i jamshid is a well known commonplace in Moslem folk lore but commentators cannot agree whether Jam be a mirror or a cup In the latter sense it would represent the Uzbomantic cup of the Patriarch Joseph and the symbolic bowl of Nestor Jamshid may be translated either Jam the bright or the Cup of the Sun this ancient king is the Solomon of the grand old Guebres

Fitzgerald in a very composite quatrain (stanza v) which can not be claimed as a translation at all (see the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyam by Edward Heron Allen 1893) embodies a late version of the myth—

Iram is gone and all his Rose
 And Jamshyd's seven ringed Cup where no one knows]

r Al Sirat the bridge of breadth narrower than the thread of a famished spider and sharper than the edge of a sword over which the Mussulmans must skate into Paradise to which it is the only entrance but this is not the worst the river beneath being bell itself into which as may be expected the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a facilis descensus Averni not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians

[Byron is again indebted to *Vathek* and S Henley on *Vathek* p 237 for his information The authority for the legend of the Bridge of Paradise is not the Koran but the Book of Mawakef quoted by Edward Pococke in his Commentary (*Notæ Miscellaneæ*) on the *Porta Mosis* of Moses Maimonides (Oxford 1654 p 288)—

Stretched across the back of Hell it is narrower than a javelin sharper than the edge of a sword But all must eschew the passage

With Paradise within my view,
 And all his Houris beckoning through
 Oh ! who young Leila's glance could read
 And keep that portion of his creed
 Which saith that woman is but dust,
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust ? ¹ 490
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye the Immortal shone ,
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue
 The young pomegranate's ² blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new ,
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow,³

believers as well as infidels, and it baffles the understanding to imagine in what manner they keep their foothold "

The legend, or rather allegory, to which there would seem to be some allusion in the words of Scripture, "Strait is the gate," etc , is of Zoroastrian origin Compare the *Zend-Avesta*, Yasna vi 6 (*Sacred Books of the East*, edited by F Max Muller, 1887, xxi 261), "With even threefold (safety and with speed) I will bring his soul over the Bridge of Kinvat," etc]

1 A vulgar error the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women , but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Hours

[Sale, in his *Preliminary Discourse* ("Chandos Classics," p 80), in dealing with this question, notes "that there are several passages in the Korân which affirm that women, in the next life, will not only be punished for their evil actions, but will also receive the rewards of their good deeds, as well as the men, and that in this case God will make no distinction of sexes" A single quotation will suffice "God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein for aye , and goodly places in the garden of Eden"—*The Qur'ân*, translated by E H Palmer, 1880, vi 183]

2 An Oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie "

[Gulnâr (the heroine of the *Corsair* is named Gulnare) is Persian for a pomegranate flower]

3 Hyacinthine, in Arabic "Sunbul," as common a thought in the Eastern poets as it was among the Greeks

[S Henley (*Vathek*, 1893, p 208) quotes two lines from the *Solima* (lines 5, 6) of Sir W Jones—

When left to roll its folds below
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all
 Hath swept the marble where her feet 500
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
 It fell and caught one stain of earth
 The cygnet nobly walks the water
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
 The loveliest bird of Franguestan!¹
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan

And spurns the wave with wings of pride
 When pass the steps of stranger man
 Along the banks that bound her tide 510
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck —
 Thus armed with beauty would she check
 Intrusion's glance till Folly's gaze
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise
 Thus high and graceful was her gait
 Her heart as tender to her mate,
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
 Alas! that name was not for thee!²

* * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
 With twenty vassals in his train 520
 Each armed as best becomes a man
 With arquebuss and ataghan

The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair
 That wanton with the laughing summer air

and refers Milton's Hyacinthine locks (*Paradise Lost* iv 301)
 to Lucian's *Pro Imaginibus* cap v.]

¹ Franguestan Circassia [Or Europe generally—the land
 of the Frank]

² [Lines 504-518 were inserted in the second revise of the Third
 Edition July 31 181]

The chief before, as decked for war,
 Bears in his belt the scimitar
 Stained with the best of Arnaut blood,
 When in the pass the rebels stood,
 And few returned to tell the tale
 Of what befell in Parne's vale
 The pistols which his girdle bore
 Were those that once a Pasha wore, 530
 Which still, though gemmed and bossed with gold,
 Even robbers tremble to behold
 'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
 More true than her who left his side,
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,
 And worse than faithless—for a Giaour !

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,
 Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer 540
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek
 Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
 In cities lodged too near his lord,
 And trembling for his secret hoard
 Here may he rest where none can see,
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free,
 And with forbidden wine may stain
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain

The foremost Tartar's in the gap
 Conspicuous by his yellow cap, 550
 The rest in lengthening line the while
 Wind slowly through the long defile :

Above, the mountain rears a peak,
 Where vultures whet the thirsty beak
 And theirs may be a feast to night
 Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light
 Beneath a river's wintry stream
 Has shrunk before the summer beam
 And left a channel bleak and bare
 Save shrubs that spring to perish there 560
 Each side the midway path there lay
 Small broken crags of granite gray
 By time, or mountain lightning, riven
 From summits clad in mists of heaven,
 For where is he that hath beheld
 The peak of Liakura¹ unveiled?

* * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last
 Bismillah¹ now the peril's past
 For yonder view the opening plain
 And there we'll prick our steeds amain 570
 The Chiaus spake and as he said
 A bullet whistled o'er his head
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground!
 Scarce had they time to check the rein

1 [Parnassus.]

2 In the name of God the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one [the ninth] and of prayer and thanksgiving

[Bismillah (in full *Bismillahi rrahmani rrahim* i.e. In the name of Allah the God of Mercy the Merciful) is often used as a deprecatory formula Sir R. Burton (*Arabia: Its History* i. 40) cites as an equivalent the remembering Iddio e Santio of Boccaccio's *Decameron* viii. 9

The MS reads 'Thank Alla! now the peril's past']

3 [A Turkish messenger sergeant or hector. The proper sixteen-seventeenth century pronunciation would have been *chaush* but apparently the nearest approach to this was *chaus* whence *chouse* and *choush* and the vulgar form *chiaus* (*N. Eng. Dict.* art. Chiaus). The speculations of a certain *chiaus* in the year A.D. 1000 are said to have been the origin of the word to chouse.]

Swift from their steeds the riders bound ,
 But three shall never mount again
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
 The dying ask revenge in vain
 With steel unsheathed, and carbine bent,
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant, 580
 Half sheltered by the steed ,
 Some fly beneath the nearest rock,
 And there await the coming shock,
 Nor tamely stand to bleed
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen
 Stern Hassan only from his horse
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course.
 Till fiery flashes in the van
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan 590
 Have well secured the only way
 Could now avail the promised prey ,
 Then curled his very beard ¹ with ire,
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire ,
 "Though far and near the bullets hiss,
 I've scaped a bloodier hour than this "
 And now the foe their covert quit,
 And call his vassals to submit ,
 But Hassan's frown and furious word
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword, 600
 Nor of his little band a man
 Resigned carbine or ataghan,

1 A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman In 1809 the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans, the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs

Nor raised the craven cry Amaun!¹
 In fuller sight more near and near
 The lately ambushed foes appear
 And issuing from the grove advance
 Some who on battle-charger prance
 Who leads them on with foreign brand
 Far flashing in his red right hand?

'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now 610
 I know him by his pallid brow
 I know him by the evil eye²
 That aids his envious treachery
 I know him by his jet black barb
 Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb,
 Apostate from his own vile faith
 It shall not save him from the death
 'Tis he! well met in any hour
 Lost Leila's love—accursed Giaour!

As rolls the river into Ocean³ 620
 In sable torrent wildly streaming
 As the sea tide's opposing motion
 In azure column proudly gleaming
 Beats back the current many a rood
 In curling foam and mingling flood
 While eddying whirl and breaking wave
 Roused by the blast of winter rave
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash
 The lightnings of the waters flash

¹ Amaun quarter pardon

[Line 603 was inserted in a proof of the Second Edition dated July 24 1813 Nor raised the *coward* cry Amaun!]

² The evil eye a common superstition in the Levant and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected

³ [Compare As with a thousand waves to the rocks so Swaran's host came on —*Fingal* bk 1 Ossian *Works* 1807 : 19]

In awful whiteness o'er the shore, 630
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar,
 Thus—as the stream and Ocean greet,
 With waves that madden as they meet
 Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
 And fate, and fury, drive along
 The bickering sabres' shivering jar,
 And pealing wide or ringing near
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
 The deathshot hissing from afar,
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war, 640
 Reverberate along that vale,
 More suited to the shepherd's tale
 'Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
 That neither spares nor speaks for life !'
 Ah ! fondly youthful hearts can press,
 To seize and share the dear caress
 But Love itself could never pant
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant
 With half the fervour Hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes, 650
 When grappling in the fight they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold
 Friends meet to part, Love laughs at faith,
 True foes, once met, are joined till death !

* * * * *

With sabre shivered to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt,
 Yet strained within the severed hand
 Which quivers round that faithless brand,
 His turban far behind him rolled, *
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold, 660

1 *That neither gives nor asks for life* —[MS]

His flowing robe by falchion torn
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That streaked with dusky red portend
 The day shall have a stormy end
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore ¹
 His breast with wounds unnumbered riven
 His back to earth his face to Heaven
 Fallen Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that sealed his fate
 Surviving left his quenchless hate
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below

670

* * *

Yes Leila sleeps beneath the wave
 But his shall be a redder grave
 Her spint pointed well the steel
 Which taught that felon heart to feel
 He called the Prophet but his power
 Was vain against the vengeful Giaour
 He called on Aïla—but the word
 Arose unheeded or unheard
 Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer
 Be passed and thine accorded there?
 I watched my time I leagued with these
 The traitor in his turn to seize
 My wrath is wreaked the deed is done
 And now I go—but go alone

680

* * * * *

* * * * *

1 The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank

2 [Compare Catilina vero longè a sui inter hostium cadavera
 repertus est paululum etiam spirans ferociamque animi quam habue-
 rat vivus in vultu retinens —*Catiline* cap 61 *Opera* 1801:124]

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling ¹
 His mother looked from her lattice high ¹ 690
 She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
 The pasture green beneath her eye,
 She saw the planets faintly twinkling
 "'Tis twilight sure his train is nigh"
 She could not rest in the garden-bower,
 But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower
 "Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
 Nor shrink they from the summer heat,
 Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift?
 Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift? 700
 Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now
 Has gained our nearest mountain's brow,
 And warily the steep descends,

1 *His mother look'd from the lattice high,
 With throbbing heart and eager eye,
 The browsing camel bells are tinkling,
 And the last beam of twilight twinkling
 'Tis eve, his train should now be nigh
 She could not rest in her garden bower,
 And gazed through the loop of her steepest tower
 "Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
 And well are they train'd to the summer's heat"—[MS]*

Another copy began—

*The browsing camel bells are tinkling,
 And the first beam of evening twinkling,
 His mother looked from her lattice high,
 With throbbing breast and eager eye—
 "'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh"—[MS Aug 11, 1813]*

*The browsing camel's bells are tinkling
 The dews of eve the pasture sprinkling
 And rising planets feebly twinkling
 His mother looked from the lattice high
 With throbbing heart and eager eye —[Fourth Edition]*

[These lines were erased, and lines 689-692 were substituted
 They appeared first in the Fifth Edition]

1 ["The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried
 through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why
 tarry the wheels of his chariot?"—*Judges* v 28]

And now within the valley bends ¹
 And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—
 How could I deem his courser slow ?
 Right well my largess shall repay
 His welcome speed and weary way

The Tartar lighted at the gate
 But scarce upheld his fainting weight ¹ 710
 His swarthy visage spake distress
 But this might be from weariness,
 His garb with sanguine spots was dyed
 But these might be from his courser's side
 He drew the token from his vest—
 Angel of Death ¹ 'tis Hassan's cloven crest ¹
 His calpac ¹ rent—his caftan red—
 Lady a fearful bride thy Son hath wed
 Me not from mercy did they spare
 But this empurpled pledge to bear 70
 Peace to the brave ¹ whose blood is spilt
 Woe to the Giaour ! for his the guilt

* * * * *

A Turban carved in coarsest stone
 A Pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown

- ¹ *And now his courser's pace amends — [MS erased]*
¹¹ *I could not deem my son was slow — [MS erased]*
¹¹¹ *The Tartar sped beneath the gate*
And flung to earth his fainting weight — [MS]

¹ The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress the shawl is wound round it and forms the turban

— The turban pillar and inscriptive verse decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies whether in the cemetery or the wilderness In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion plunder or revenge

[The following is a Koran verse Every one that is upon it (the earth) perisheth but the person of thy Lord abideth the possessor of glory and honour (Sur lv 26 27) (See Kufic

Whereon can now be scarcely read
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell
 A victim in that lonely dell
 There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
 As e'er at Mecca bent the knee 730
 As ever scorned forbidden wine,
 Or prayed with face towards the shrine,
 In orisons resumed anew
 At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"¹
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
 And stranger in his native land,
 Yet died he as in arms he stood,
 And unavenged, at least in blood
 But him the maids of Paradise
 Impatient to their halls invite, 740
 And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes
 On him shall glance for ever bright,
 They come their kerchiefs green they wave,²
 And welcome with a kiss the brave!
 Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
 Is worthiest an immortal bower

Tombstones in the British Museum," by Professor Wright, *Proceedings of the Biblical Archaeological Society*, 1887, iv 337, sq.]

1 "Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom. [Valid, the son of Abdalmalek, was the first who erected a minaret or turret, and this he placed on the grand mosque at Damascus, for the muezzin or crier to announce from it the hour of prayer. (See D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*, 1783, vi 473, art "Valid." See, too, *Childe Harold*, Canto II stanza lix. line 9, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 136, note 1.)]

2 The following is part of a battle-song of the Turks — "I see — I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green, and cries aloud, 'Come, kiss me, for I love thee,' " etc

But thou false Infidel I shall writhe
 Beneath avenging Monkir's¹ scythe
 And from its torments scape alone
 To wander round lost Eblis's² throne, 750
 And fire unquenched unquenchable
 Around within, thy heart shall dwell
 Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
 The tortures of that inward hell!
 But first on earth as Vampire's³ sent,

1 Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noticiate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure there are but two and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder their hands are always full—See *Relig Ceremon* v 90 vii 59 68 118 and Sale's *Preliminary Discourse to the Koran* p 101

[Byron is again indebted to S. Henley (see *Lathet* 1893 p 236) According to Pococke (*Porta Moses* 1654 *Notes Miscellaneæ* p 241) the angels Monkar and Nakir are black ghastly and of fearsome aspect. Their function is to hold inquisition on the corpse. If his replies are orthodox (*de Mohammed*) he is bidden to sleep sweetly and soundly in his tomb but if his views are lax and unsound he is cudgelled between the ears with iron rods. Loud are his groans and audible to the whole wide world save to those deaf animal men and genui. Finally the earth is enjoined to press him tight and keep him close till the crack of doom.]

2 Eblis the Oriental Prince of Darkness

3 The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournesfort [*Relat on d'un Voyage du Levant* par Joseph Pitton de Tournesfort 1, 17 1 131] tells a long story which Mr Southey in the notes on *Talaba* [book viii notes ed 1838 iv 297-300] quotes about these Vroucolochas [Vroucolo casses] as he calls them. The Romain term is Vardoulacha. I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that Broucolokas is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who according to the Greeks was after his death animated by the Devil. The moderns however use the word I mention.

[Βο ρκόλα or βρ κόλ κ s (= the Bohemian and Slovak *Vrholak*) is modern Greek for a ghost or vampire. George Bentotes in his *Α ξ κόν Τρϋλωσσον* published in Vienna in 1790 (see *Childe Harold*

Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
 And suck the blood of all thy race,
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
 At midnight drain the stream of life, 760
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse
 Thy victims ere they yet expire
 Shall know the demon for their sire,
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
 Thy flowers are withered on the stem
 But one that for thy crime must fall,
 The youngest, most beloved of all,
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame ! 770
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,

Canto II Notes, Papers, etc., No III, *Poetical Works*, 1899, II (197), renders *βρουκόλακας* "lutin," and *βρουκολιασμένος*, "devient un spectre."

Arsenius, Archbishop of Monembasia (circ. 1530), was famous for his scholarship. He prefaced his *Scholia in Septem Euripidis Tragœdias* (Basilæ, 1544) by a dedicatory epistle in Greek to his friend Pope Paul III. "He submitted to the Church of Rome, which made him so odious to the Greek schismatics that the Patriarch of Constantinople excommunicated him, and the Greeks reported that Arsenius, after his death, was *Broukolakas*, that is, that the Devil hovered about his corpse and re-animated him" (Bayle, *Dictionary*, 1724, I 508, art "Arsenius"). Martinus Crusius, in his *Turco-Giaccia*, lib II (Basilæ, 1584, p 151), records the death of Arsenius while under sentence of excommunication, and adds that "his miserable corpse turned black, and swelled to the size of a drum, so that all who beheld it were horror-stricken, and trembled exceedingly." Hence, no doubt, the legend which Bayle takes *verbatim* from Guillet, "*Les Grecs disent qu' Arsenius, apres la mort fust Broukolakas*," etc (*Lacédémone, Ancienne et Nouvelle*, par Le Sieur de la Guilletiere, 1676, II 586. See, too, for "Arsenius," Fabrici *Script Gr Var*, 1808, II 581, and Gesneri *Bibliotheca Univ*, ed 1545, fol 96). Byron, no doubt, got his information from Bayle. By "old legitimate Hellenic" he must mean literary as opposed to klephtic Greek.]

And the last glassy glaucous must view
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue,
 Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear
 The tresses of her yellow hair
 Of which in life a lock when shorn
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn,
 But now is borne away by thee
 Memorial of thine agony ! 780
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip,¹
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave
 Till these in horror shrink away
 From Spectre more accursed than they !

* * * * *

How name ye yon lone Caloyer?²
 His features I have scanned before

¹ The freshness of the face [*The paleness of the face* MS] and the wetness of the lip with blood are the never failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these soul feeders are singular and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

[Vampires were the reanimated corpses of persons newly buried which were supposed to suck the blood and suck out the life of their selected victims. The marks by which a vampire corpse was recognized were the apparent non putrefaction of the body and effusion of blood from the lips. A suspected vampire was exhumed and if the marks were perceived or imagined to be present a stake was driven through the heart and the body was burned. This if Southey's authorities (J. B. Boyer Marquis d'Argens in *Lettres Juives*) may be believed laid the vampire and the community might sleep in peace. (See too *Dissertation sur les Apparitions* par Augustine Calmet 1746 p. 395 sq. and *Russian Folk Tales* by W. R. S. Ralston 1873 pp. 318-341)]

² [For Caloyer see *Childe Harold* Canto II stanza xlix line 6 and note 21 *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 130 181. It is a hard matter to piece together the fragments which make up the rest of the poem. Apparently the question 'How name ye?' is put by the fisherman the narrator of the first part of the *Faumont* and answered by a monk of the fraternity with whom the Chaour has been pleased to abide during the past six years under conditions and after a fashion of which the monk disapproves. Hereupon

In mine own land 'tis many a year,
 Since, dashing by the lonely shore, 790
 I saw him urge as fleet a steed
 As ever served a horseman's need
 But once I saw that face, yet then
 It was so marked with inward pain,
 I could not pass it by again,
 It breathes the same dark spirit now,
 As death were stamped upon his brow '

"'Tis twice three years at summer tide
 Since first among our freres he came .
 And here it soothes him to abide 800
 For some dark deed he will not name
 But never at our Vesper prayer,
 Nor e'er before Confession chan
 Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
 Incense or anthem to the skies,
 But broods within his cell alone,
 His faith and race alike unknown
 The sea from Paynim land he crost,
 And here ascended from the coast ,
 Yet seems he not of Othman race, 810
 But only Christian in his face
 I'd judge him some stray renegade,
 Repentant of the change he made,
 Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine
 Great largess to these walls he brought,
 And thus our Abbot's favour bought ,

1 *As Time were wasted on his brow* —[MS]

the fisherman disappears, and a kind of dialogue between the author and the protesting monk ensues. The poem concludes with the Giaour's confession, which is addressed to the monk, or perhaps to the interested and more tolerant Prior of the community.]

But were I Prior not a day
 Should brook such strangers further stay
 Or pent within our penance cell 80
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell
 Much in his visions mutters he
 Of maiden whelmed beneath the sea,
 Of sabres clashing foemen flying
 Wrongs avenged and Moslem dying
 On cliff he hath been known to stand
 And rave as to some bloody hand
 Fresh severed from its parent limb
 Invisible to all but him
 Which beckons onward to his grave 830
 And lures to leap into the wave

*

* *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl
 The flash of that dilating eye
 Reveals too much of times gone by,
 Though varying, indistinct its hue
 Oft with his glance the gazer rue
 For in it lurks that nameless spell
 Which speaks itself unspeakable
 A spirit yet unquelled and high 840
 That claims and keeps ascendancy
 And like the bird whose pinions quake
 But cannot fly the gazing snake
 Will others quail beneath his look
 Nor scape the glance they scarce can brook
 From him the half affrighted Friar
 When met alone would fain retire,

1 *Of fore gn maiden lost at sea* —[MS]

As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferred to others fear and guile
Not oft to smile descendeth he,
And when he doth 'tis sad to see
That he but mocks at Misery.
How that pale lip will curl and quiver !
Then fix once more as if for ever ,
As if his sorrow or disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face
Time hath not yet the features fixed,
But brighter traits with evil mixed ,
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it wad
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ,
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high
Alas ! though both bestowed in vain,
Which Grief could change, and Guilt cou
It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted
The roofless cot, decayed and rent,
Will scarce delay the passer-by ,
The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye

His floating robe around him folding
 Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle
 With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
 The rites that sanctify the pile
 But when the anthem shakes the choir
 And kneel the monks his steps retire
 By yonder lone and wavering torch
 His aspect glares within the porch 890
 There will be pause till all is done—
 And hear the prayer but utter none
 See—by the half illumined wall¹
 His hood fly back his dark hair fall
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round
 As if the Gorgon there had bound
 The sablest of the serpent braid
 That o'er her fearful forehead strayed
 For he declines the convent oath
 And leaves those locks unhallowed growth 900
 But wears our garb in all beside
 And not from piety but pride
 Gives wealth to walls that never heard
 Of his one holy vow nor word
 Lo!—mark ye as the harmony
 Peals louder praises to the sky
 That livid cheek that stony air
 Of mixed defiance and despair!
 Saint Francis keep him from the shrine!

¹ Behold—as turns he from the wall
 His cowl fly back his dark hair fall —[MS]

[A variant of the copy sent for insertion in the Seventh Edition differs alike from the MS and the text—]

Behold a turns him from the wall—
 His Cowl flies back—his tresses fall—
 That pallid aspect wreathing round

¹¹ Lo! mark him as the harmony —[MS]

¹¹ That heaven—he stands without the shrine —[MS erased]

Else may we dread the wrath divine 910
 Made manifest by awful sign
 If ever evil angel bore
 The form of mortal, such he woie ,
 By all my hope of sins forgiven,
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven ! "

To Love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can ne'er be all his own ,
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair ,
 And sterner hearts alone may feel 920
 The wound that Time can never heal
 The rugged metal of the mine
 Must burn before its surface shine, ' 1
 But plunged within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same ,
 Then tempered to thy want, or will,
 'Twill serve thee to defend or kill
 A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed ,
 But if a dagger's form it bear, 930
 Let those who shape its edge, beware !
 Thus Passion's fire, and Woman's art,

1 *Must burn before it smite or shine* —[MS]
Appears unfit to smite or shine —[MS erased]

I [In defence of lines 922-927, which had been attacked by a critic in the *British Review*, October, 1813, vol v p 139, who compared them with some lines in Crabbe's *Resentment* (lines 11-16, *Tales*, 1812, p 309), Byron wrote to Murray, October 12, 1813, "I have read the *British Review* I really think the writer in most points very right The only mortifying thing is the accusation of imitation Crabbe's passage I never saw, and Scott I no further meant to follow than in his *lyric* measure, which is Gray's, Milton's, and any one's who like it " The lines, which Moore quotes (*Life*, p 191), have only a formal and accidental resemblance to the passage in q]

Can turn and tame the sterner heart,
 From these its form and tone are ta'en
 And what they make it, must remain
 But break—before it bend again

* * *
 * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less ¹ 940
 We loathe what none are left to share
 Even bliss—twere woe alone to bear
 The heart once left thus desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay ¹ 950

1 [Compare—

To surfeit on the same [our pleasures]
 And yawn our joys Or thank a misery
 For change though sad ?

Night Thoughts iii by Edward Young Anderson's *British Poets*
 x 72 Compare too *Childe Harold* Canto I stanza vi line 8—

With pleasure drugged he almost longed for woe]

2 [Byron was wont to let his imagination dwell on these details of the charnel house In a letter to Dallas August 12 1811 he writes I am already too familiar with the dead It is strange that I look on the skulls which stand beside me (I have always had four in my study) without emotion but I cannot strip the features of those I have known of their fleshy covering even in idea without a hideous sensation but the worms are less ceremonious See too his Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull *Poetical Works* 1898 i 6]

It is as if the desert bird,¹
 Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
 To still her famished nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferred,
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemployed 960
 Who would be doomed to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar,
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on Fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to drop by dull decay,
 Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock ! 970

i

1

*

"Father ! thy days have passed in peace,
 'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer,
 To bid the sins of others cease,
 Thyself without a crime or care,
 Save transient ills that all must bear,
 Has been thy lot from youth to age,

1 *Than feeling we must feel no more* —[MS]

1 The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood [It has been suggested that the curious bloody secretion ejected from the mouth of the flamingo may have given rise to the belief, through that bird having been mistaken for the "pelican of the wilderness"—*Encycl Brit*, art "Pelican" (by Professor A. Newton), xviii 474]

And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
 Of passions fierce and uncontrolled
 Such as thy penitents unfold
 Whose secret sins and sorrows rest 980
 Witbin thy pure and pitying breast
 My days though few, have passed below
 In much of Joy but more of Woe
 Yet still in hours of love or strife
 I've scaped the weariness of Life
 Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes
 I loathed the languor of repose
 Now nothing left to love or hate
 No more with hope or pride elate
 I'd rather be the thing that crawls 990
 Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls¹
 Than pass my dull, unvarying days
 Condemned to meditate and gaze
 Yet lurks a wish within my breast
 For rest—but not to feel tis rest
 Soon shall my Fate that wish fulfil
 And I shall sleep without the dream
 Of what I was and would be still,
 Dark as to thee my deeds may seem
 My memory now is but the tomb 1000
 Of joys long dead, my hope their doom
 Though better to have died with those
 Than bear a life of lingering woes
 My spirit shrunk not to sustain
 The searching throes of ceaseless pain,

¹ *Thou hast hope I atk long withdrawn her beam* —[MS]

[This line was omitted in the Third and following Editions]

¹ [Compare—

I'd rather be a toad

And live upon the vapours of a dungeon

Othello act iii sc 3 lines 274 275]

Nor sought the self-accorded grave
 Of ancient fool and modern knave
 Yet death I have not feared to meet,
 And in the field it had been sweet,
 Had Danger wooed me on to move 1010
 The slave of Glory, not of Love.
 I've braved it not for Honour's boast,
 I smile at laurels won or lost,
 To such let others carve their way,
 For high renown, or hireling pay
 But place again before my eyes
 Aught that I deem a worthy prize
 The maid I love, the man I hate
 And I will hunt the steps of fate,
 To save or slay, as these require, 1020
 Through rending steel, and rolling fire
 Nor needst thou doubt this speech from one
 Who would but do what he *hath* done.
 Death is but what the haughty brave,
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave,
 Then let life go to Him who gave
 I have not quailed to Danger's brow
 When high and happy—need I *now*?

"I loved her, Friar! nay, adored
 But these are words that all can use 1030
 I proved it more in deed than word,
 There's blood upon that dinted sword,
 A stain its steel can never lose
 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,

1 *Through ranks of steel and tracks of fire,
 And all she threatens in her ire
 And these are but the words of one
 Who thus would do—who thus hath done —[MS erased]*

It warmed the heart of one abhorred
 Nay start not—no—nor bend thy knee
 Nor midst my sin such act record
 Thou wilt absolve me from the deed
 For he was hostile to thy creed '
 The very name of Nazarene 1040
 Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen
 Ungrateful fool ' since but for brands
 Well wielded in some hardy hands
 And wounds by Galileans given—
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven—
 For him his Houris still might wait
 Impatient at the Prophet's gate
 I loved her—Love will find its way
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey
 And if it dares enough 'twere hard 1050
 If Passion met not some reward—
 No matter how or where or why
 I did not vainly seek nor sigh
 Yet sometimes with remorse in vain
 I wish she had not loved again
 She died—I dare not tell thee how
 But look—'tis written on my brow '
 There read of Cain the curse and crime
 In characters unworn by Time
 Still ere thou dost condemn me pause, 1060
 Not mine the act, though I the cause
 Yet did he but what I had done
 Had she been false to more than one
 Faithless to him—he gave the blow,
 But true to me—I laid him low
 How'er deserved her doom might be
 Her treachery was truth to me,
 To me she gave her heart that all

Which Tyranny can ne'er enthiall,
 And I, alas ! too late to save ! 1070
 Yet all I then could give, I gave
 'Twas some relief our foe a grave¹
 His death sits lightly, but her fate
 Has made me what thou well mayst hate
 His doom was sealed he knew it well,
 Warned by the voice of stern Taheer,
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear¹

1 *My hope a tomb, our foe a grave* —[MS]

I This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired "We are in peril," he answered "What peril?" We are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto, there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves—"True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears"—"The shot Not a tophaike has been fired this morning"—"I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice"—"Psha!"—"As you please, Affendi, if it is written, so will it be"—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romac, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "*Palaoastro*" man? "No," said he, "but these pillars will be useful in making a stand," and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *forehearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Munotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto 2nd [*Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 169]. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of his having been in "villanous company" [1 *Henry IV*, act iii sc 3, line 11] and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood.

The deathshot pealed of murder near
 As filed the troop to where they fell¹
 He died too in the battle broil 1080
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,
 One prayer to Alla all he made
 He knew and crossed me in the fray—
 I gazed upon him where he lay
 And watched his spirit ebb away
 Though pierced like pard by hunter's steel
 He felt not half that now I feel
 I searched but vainly searched, to find
 The workings of a wounded mind 1090
 Each feature of that sullen corse
 Betrayed his rage but no remorse¹
 Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
 Despair upon his dying face!
 The late repentance of that hour
 When Penitence hath lost her power
 To tear one terror from the grave¹
 And will not soothe, and cannot save

* * * * *

¹ *Her power to soothe—her skill to save—
 And doubly darken o'er the grave* —[MS.]

Dervish became a soothsayer for life and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired to the great refreshment of the Arnauts of Berat, and his native mountains—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March 1811 a remarkably stout and active Arnaut came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant which was declined.

Well Affendi, quoth he may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow in the winter I return perhaps you will then receive me.—Dervish who was present remarked as a thing of course and of no consequence 'in the mean time he will join the Alephtes' (robbers) which was true to the letter. If not cut off they come down in the winter and pass it unmolested in some town where they are often as well known as their exploits.

¹ [*Vide ante* p 90 line 89 note * In death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity.]

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
 Their love can scarce deserve the name, 1100
 But mine was like the lava flood

That boils in *Ætna's* breast of flame.
 I cannot prate in puling strain
 Of Ladye-love, and Beauty's chain
 If changing cheek, and scorching vein,¹
 Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
 If bursting heart, and maddening brain,
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
 And all that I have felt, and feel,
 Betoken love that love was mine, 1110
 And shown by many a bitter sign
 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
 I knew but to obtain or die
 I die but first I have possessed,
 And come what may, I *have been* blessed
 Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
 No reft of all, yet undismayed"
 But for the thought of Leila slain,
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,
 So would I live and love again. 1120
 I grieve, but not, my holy Guide!
 For him who dies, but her who died
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
 This breaking heart and throbbing head
 Should seek and share her narrow bed
 She was a form of Life and Light,¹

¹ *Of Ladye-love—and dart—and chain—
 And fire that rag'd in every vein* —[MS]

¹¹ *Even now alone, yet undismayed,—
 I know no friend, and ask no aid* —[MS]

1 [Lines 1127–1130 were inserted in the Seventh Edition. They recall the first line of Plato's epitaph, Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐν]

That seen, became a part of sight,
And rose where'er I turned mine eye
The Morning star of Memory !

1130

'Yes Love indeed is light from heaven,¹

A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared by Alla given

To lift from earth our low desire
Devotion wafts the mind above

But Heaven itself descends in Love

A feeling from the Godhead caught

To wean from self each sordid thought

A ray of Him who formed the whole

A Glory circling round the soul !

1140

1 Yes } Love is deed { doth sprang }
If } { descend } from heav'n
 { be born }
A spark of that { immortal }
 { eternal } fire
 { celestial }

To human hearts in mercy given

To lift from earth our low desire

A feeling from the Godhead caught

To wean from self { each } sordid thought
 { our }

Devotion sends the soul above

But Heaven itself descends to love

Yet marvel not if they who love

This present joy this future hope

Which thou hast them with all ill to cope

No more with anxious bravely cope —[MS]

(600 σ 44 : which Byron prefixed to his Epitaph on a Beloved Friend (*Poetical Works* 1898 i 18) and which long afterwards Shelley chose as the motto to his *Adonais*]

1 [The hundred and twenty six lines which follow down to Tell me no more of Fancy's gleam first appeared in the Fifth Edition. In returning the proof to Murray Byron writes August 26 1813 The last lines Hodgson likes—it is not often he does—and when he don't he tells me with great energy and I fret and alter I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel and for a dying man have given him a good deal to say for himself —*Letters* 1898 ii 52]

I grant *my* love imperfect, all
 That mortals by the name miscall,
 Then deem it evil, what thou wilt,
 But say, oh say, *this* was not Guilt!
 She was my Life's unerring Light
 That quenched what beam shall break my night?¹
 Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
 Although to death or deadliest ill!
 Why marvel ye, if they who lose
 This present joy, this future hope, 1150
 No more with Sorrow meekly cope,
 In phrensy then their fate accuse,
 In madness do those fearful deeds
 That seem to add but Guilt to Woe?
 Alas! the breast that only bleeds
 Hath nought to dread from outward blow
 Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
 Cares little into what abyss!²
 Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
 To thee, old man, my deeds appear 1160
 I read abhorrence on thy brow,
 And this too was I born to bear!
 'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
 With havock have I marked my way
 But this was taught me by the dove,
 To die and know no second love
 This lesson yet hath man to learn,
 Taught by the thing he dares to spurn
 The bird that sings within the brake,
 The swan that swims upon the lake, 1170
 One mate, and one alone, will take

¹ *That quenched, I wandered far in night*
 or, *'Tis quenched, and I am lost in night* —[MS]

² *Must plunge into a dark abyss* —[MS]

And let the fool still prone to range,¹
 And sneer on all who cannot change
 Partake his jest with boasting boys
 I envy not his varied joys
 But deem such feeble heartless man
 Less than yon solitary swan,
 Far, far beneath the shallow maid¹¹
 He left believing and betrayed
 Such shame at least was never mine— 1180
 Leila! each thought was only thine!
 My good, my guilt, my weal my woe
 My hope on high—my all below
 Each holds no other like to thee
 Or if it doth in vain for me
 For worlds I dare not view the dame
 Resembling thee yet not the same
 The very crimes that mar my youth
 This bed of death—attest my truth!
 'Tis all too late—thou wert thou art 1190
 The cherished madness of my heart!¹²

And she was lost—and yet I breathed
 But not the breath of human life
 A serpent round my heart was wreathed
 And stung my every thought to strife
 Alike all time, abhorred all place¹
 Shuddering I shrank from Nature's face

¹ *And let the light inconstant fool
That sneers his cockcomb rid cule* —[MS]

¹¹ *Less than the soft and shallow maid* —[MS erased]

¹¹¹ *The joy—the madness of my heart* —[MS]

^{1V} *To me alike all time and place—
Scarce could I gaze on Nature's face
For every hue* —[MS]

or *All was changed on Nature's face
To me alike all time and place* —[MS erased]

Where every hue that charmed before
 The blackness of my bosom wore
 The rest thou dost already know, 1200
 And all my sins, and half my woe
 But talk no more of penitence,
 Thou seest I soon shall part from hence
 And if thy holy tale were true,
 The deed that's done canst *thou* undo?
 'Think me not thankless but this grief
 Looks not to priesthood for relief ¹ ¹
 My soul's estate in secret guess
 But wouldst thou pity more, say less
 When thou canst bid my Leila live, 1210
 Then will I sue thee to forgive,
 Then plead my cause in that high place
 Where purchased masses proffer grace "
 Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
 From forest-cave her shrieking young,
 And calm the lonely lioness
 But soothe not mock not *my* distress !

" In earlier days, and calmer hours,
 When heart with heart delights to blend,
 Where bloom my native valley's bowers," 1220
 I had Ah ! have I now ? a friend ! "

- ¹ *but this grief*
In truth is not for thy relief
My state thy thought can never guess —[MS]
¹¹ *Where thou, it seems, canst offer grace* —[MS *erased*]
¹¹¹ *Where rise my native city's towers* —[MS]
^{1v} *I had, and though but one—a friend !* —[MS]

¹ The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.

To him this pledge I charge thee send ¹
 Memorial of a youthful vow,
 I would remind him of my end
 Though souls absorbed like mine allow
 Brief thought to distant Friendship's claim
 Yet dear to him my blighted name
 'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom
 And I have smiled—I then could smile—
 When Prudence would his voice assume 1230
 And warn—I recked not what—the while
 But now Remembrance whispers o'er
 Those accents scarcely marked before
 Say—that his bodings came to pass
 And he will start to hear their truth
 And wish his words had not been sooth
 Tell him—unheeding as I was
 Through many a busy bitter scene
 Of all our golden youth had been
 In pain my faltering tongue had tried 140
 To bless his memory—ere I died

- ¹ *I hate no heart to love him now
 And 'tis but to declare my end—[MS]*
¹¹ *But now Remembrance murmurs o'er
 Of all our early youth had been—
 In pain I now had turned aside
 To bless his memory ere I died
 But Heaven would make the vain essay
 If Guilt should for the guiltless pray—
 I do not ask him not to blame—
 Too gentle he to wound my name—
 I do not ask him not to mourn
 For such request might sound like scorn—
 As what like Friendship's manly tear
 So well can grace a brother's bier
 But bear this rugged gaze of old
 And tell him—what thou didst behold—
 The withered frame—the ruined mind
 The wreck that Passion leaves behind—
 The shrivelled and discoloured leaf
 Seared by the Autumn blast of Grief—[MS, First Copy]*

And shining in her white symar¹
 As through yon pale gray cloud the star
 Which now I gaze on as on her
 Who looked and looks far lovelier,
 Dimly I view its trembling spark,¹
 To-morrow's night shall be more dark
 And I before its rays appear
 That lifeless thing the living fear 1280
 I wander—father! for my soul
 Is fleeting towards the final goal
 I saw her—fear! and I rose
 Forgetful of our former woes
 And rushing from my couch I dart
 And clasp her to my desperate heart
 I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
 No breathing form within my grasp
 No heart that beats reply to mine—
 Yet Leila! yet the form is thine! 1290
 And art thou dearest changed so much
 As meet my eye yet mock my touch?
 Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold
 I care not—so my arms enfold
 The all they ever wished to hold
 Alas! around a shadow prest
 They shrink upon my lonely breast
 Yet still tis there! In silence stands
 And beckons with heseeching hands!
 With braided hair and bright black eye— 1300
 I knew twas false—she could not die!

1 *Wh ch now I view with trembling spark* —[MS]

1 Symar a shroud [Cymar or smar: a long loose robe worn by women. It is perhaps the same word as the Spanish *samarra* (Arabic *ṣamḍra*) a sheep skin cloak. It is equivalent to shroud only in the primary sense of a covering.]

But *he* is dead ! within the dell
 I saw him buried where he fell ,
 He comes not for he cannot break
 From earth , why then art *thou* awake ?
 They told me wild waves rolled above
 The face I view the form I love ,
 They told me 'twas a hideous tale !
 I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail
 If true, and from thine ocean-cave 1310
 Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,
 Oh ! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
 This brow that then will burn no more ,
 Or place them on my hopeless heart .
 But, Shape or Shade ! whate'er thou art,
 In mercy ne'er again depart !
 Or farther with thee bear my soul
 Than winds can waft or waters roll !

"Such is my name, and such my tale
 Confessor ! to thy secret ear 1320
 I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
 And thank thee for the generous tear
 This glazing eye could never shed.
 Then lay me with the humblest dead,¹
 And, save the cross above my head,
 Be neither name nor emblem spread,
 By prying stranger to be read,
 Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread " 1

1 *Then lay me with the nameless dead* —[MS]

1 The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity, he asked

He passed—nor of his name and race
He left a token or a trace

1330

with whom and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve honest women in Yanina. They were seized fastened up in sacks and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me that not one of the victims uttered a cry or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a wrench from all we know from all we love. The fate of Phrosine the fairest of this sacrifice is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee house story tellers who abound in the Levant and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D Herbelot and partly to that most Eastern and as Mr Weber justly entitle it sublime tale the Caliph Vathek. I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials some of his incidents are to be found in the *Bibliothèque Orientale* but for correctness of costume beauty of description and power of imagination it far surpasses all European imitations and bears such marks of originality that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale even *Rasselas* must how before it his *Happy Valley* will not bear a comparison with the *Hall of Eblis*. [See *Childe Harold* Canto II stanza xxii line 6 *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 37 not 1.]

Mansour Effendi tells the story (*vide supra* line 6) thus. Frosini was niece of the Archbishop of Jo. Mouctar Pasha ordered her to come to his harem and her father advised her to go she did so. Mouctar among other presents gave her a ring of great value which she wished to sell and gave it for that purpose to a merchant who offered it to the wife of Mouctar. That lady recognized the jewel as her own and discovering the intrigue complained to Ali Pasha who the next night seized her himself in his own house and ordered her to be drowned. Mansour Effendi says he had the story from the brother and son of Frosini. This son was a child of six years old and was in bed in his mother's chamber when Ali came to carry away his mother to death. He had a confused recollection of the horrid scene. —*Travels* : *Albania* 1858 i 111 note 6.

The concluding note like the poem was built up sentence by sentence. Lines 1-12 forgotten are in the MS. Line 1 I heard to line 17 original were added in the Second Edition. The next sentence For the contents to Vathek was inserted in the Third and the concluding paragraph I do not know to the end in the Fourth Editions.]

Save what the Father must not say
Who shrived him on his dying day
This broken tale was all we knew '
Of her he loved, or him he slew

- 1 *Nor whether most he mourned none I knew,
For her he loved--or him he slew --[MS]*

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

A TURKISH TALE

' Had we never loved sae kindly
Had we never loved sae blindly
Never met—or never parted
We had ne'er been broken hearted —
BURNS [*Farewell to Nancy*]

INTRODUCTION TO THE *PIIDE OF INDOS*

MANY poets—Wordsworth for instance—have been conscious in their old age that an interest attaches to the circumstances of the composition of their poems and have furnished their friends and admirers with explanatory notes. Byron recorded the *motif* and occasion of the *Pride of Abydos* while the poem was still in the press. It was written he says to divert his mind—to wring his thoughts from reality to imagination—from selfish regrets to vivid recollections (*Diary*, December 5 1813 *Letters* ii 361) to distract his dreams from (*Diary* November 16) for the sake of *employment* (Letter to Moore November 30 1813). He had been staying during part of October and November at Aston Hall Rotherham with his friend James Wedderburn Webster and had fallen in love with his friend's wife Lady Frances. From a brief note to his sister dated November 3 we learn that he was in a scrape but in no immediate peril and from the lines Remember him whom Fission's power (*vide ante* p. 67) we may infer that he had sought safety in flight. The *Pride of Abydos*, or *Zuleika* as it was first entitled was written early in November in four nights (*Diary* November 16) or in a week (Letter to Gifford November 1)—the reckoning goes for little—as a counter-irritant to the pain and distress of *amour interrompu*.

The confession or apology is eminently characteristic. Whilst the *Giaour* was still in process of evolution still

lengthening its rattles another Turkish poem is offered to the public and the natural explanation that the author is in vein and can score another trick is felt to be inadequate.

and dishonouring—"To withdraw *myself* from *myself*," he confides to his *Diary* (November 27), "has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive for scribbling at all."

It is more than probable that in his twenty-sixth year Byron had not attained to perfect self-knowledge, but there is no reason to question his sincerity. That Byron loved to surround himself with mystery, and to dissociate himself from "the general," is true enough, but it does not follow that at all times and under all circumstances he was insincere. "Once a *poseur* always a *poseur*," is a rough-and-ready formula not invariably applicable even to a poet.

But the *Bride of Abydos* was a tonic as well as a styptic. Like the *Giaour*, it embodied a personal experience, and recalled "a country replete with the *darkest* and *brightest*, but always the most *lively* colours of my memory" (*Diary*, December 5, 1813).

In a letter to Galt (December 11, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii 304, reprinted from *Life of Byron*, pp 181, 182) Byron maintains that the first part of the *Bride* was drawn from "observations" of his own, "from existence." He had, it would appear, intended to make the story turn on the guilty love of a brother for a sister, a tragic incident of life in a Harem, which had come under his notice during his travels in the East, but "on second thoughts" had reflected that he lived "two centuries at least too late for the subject," and that not even the authority of the "finest works of the Greeks," or of Schiller (in the *Bride of Messina*), or of Alfieri (in *Mura*), "in modern times," would sanction the intrusion of the *μυστηριον* into English literature. The early drafts and variants of the MS do not afford any evidence of this alteration of the plot which, as Byron thought, was detrimental to the poem as a work of art, but the undoubted fact that the *Bride of Abydos*, as well as the *Giaour*, embody recollections of actual scenes and incidents which had burnt themselves into the memory of an eye-witness, accounts not only for the fervent heat at which these Turkish tales were written, but for the extraordinary glamour which they threw over contemporary readers, to whom the local colouring was new and attractive, and who were not out of conceit with "good Monsieur Melancholy."

Byron was less dissatisfied with his second Turkish tale than he had been with the *Giaour*. He apologizes for the rapidity with which it had been composed—*stans pede in uno*—but he announced to Murray (November 6) that he was doing his best to beat the *Giaour* and (November 9) he appraises the *Bride* as "my first entire composition of any length."

Moreover he records (November 15) with evident gratification the approval of his friend Hodgson—a very sincere and by no means (at times) a flattering critic of mine—and modestly accepts the praise of such masters of letters as

Mr Canningⁿ Hookham Frere Heber Lord Holland and of the traveller Edward Daniel Clarke.

The *Bride of Abydos* was advertised in the *Morning Chronicle* among Books published this day on November 9 1813. It was reviewed by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly Review* of January 1814 (vol. x p. 331) and together with the *Corsair* by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1814 (vol. xxiii p. 198).

NOTE TO THE MSS OF THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

THE MSS of the *Bride of Abydos* are contained in a bound volume and in two packets of loose sheets numbering thirty-two in all of which eighteen represent additions etc. to the First Canto and fourteen additions etc. to the Second Canto.

The bound volume consists of a rough copy and a fair copy of the first draft of the *Bride* the fair copy beginning with the sixth stanza of Canto I.

The additions in the bound volume consist of—

- 1 Stanza xxviii of Canto II—here called 'Conclusion' (fifty-eight lines). And note on Sir Orford's Letters.
- 2 Eight lines beginning 'Eve saw it placed' at the end of stanza xxviii.
- 3 An emendation of six lines to stanza v of Canto II with reference to the comboloio, the Turkish rosary.

4 Forty additional lines to stanza xx of Canto II, beginning, "For thee in those bright isles," and being the first draft of the addition as printed in the Revises of November 13, etc

5 Stanza xxvii of Canto II, twenty-eight lines

6 Ten additional lines to stanza xxvii, "Ah ! happy !"—"depart "

7 Affixed to the rough Copy in stanza xxviii, fifty-eight lines, here called "Continuation " This is the rough Copy of No 1

The eighteen loose sheets of additions to Canto I consist of—

1 The Dedication

2 Two revisions of "Know ye the land "

3 Seven sheets, Canto I stanzas 1-v, being the commencement of the Fair Copy in the bound volume

4 Two sheets of the additional twelve lines to Canto I stanza vi, "Who hath not proved,"—"Soul "

5 Four sheets of notes to Canto I stanza vi, dated November 20, November 22, 1813

6 Two sheets of notes to stanza xvi

7 Sixteen additional lines to stanza xiiii

The fourteen additional sheets to Canto II consist of—

1 Ten lines of stanza iv, and four lines of stanza xvii

2 Two lines and note of stanza v

3 Sheets of additions, etc, to stanza xx (eight sheets)

(a) Eight lines, "Or, since that hope,"—"thy command "

(β) "For thee in those bright isles " (twenty-four lines)

(γ) "For thee," etc (thirty-six lines)

(δ) "Blest as the call " (three variants)

(ε) "For thee in those bright isles " (seven lines)

(ζ) Fourteen lines, "There ev'n thy soul,"—"Zuleika's name," "Ayc let the loud winds,"—"bars escape," additional to stanza xx

4 Two sheets of five variants of "Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look ?" being six additional lines to stanza xxv

5 Thirty-five lines of stanza xxvi

6 Ten lines, "Ah ! happy ! but,"—"depart " And eleven

lines "Woe to thee rash"— hast shed " being a continuous addition to stanza xxvii

1 REVISES

Endorsed—

- i November 13 1813
- ii November 15 1813
- iii November 16 1813
- iv November 18, 1813
- v November 19 1813
- vi November 21 1813
- vii November 23 1813
- viii November 24 1813 A wrong date
- ix. November 25 1813
- x An imperfect revise = Nos i-v

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD HOLLAND
THIS TALE
IS INSCRIBED WITH
EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD
AND RESPECT
BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED
AND SINCERE FRIEND

BYRON

*1 To the Right Hon^{ble}
Henry Richard Vassal
Lord Holland
This Tale
Is inscribed with
Every sentiment of the
Most affectionate respect
by his gratefully obliged serv^t
And sincere Friend
Byron*

[*Proof and Revised* — See *Letters to Murray*
November 13 17 1813]

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS¹

CANTO THE FIRST

I

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture the love of the turtle
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine
Where the flowers ever blossom the beams ever shine
Where the light wings of Zephyr oppressed with perfume
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul³ in her bloom

1 [Murray tells me that Croker asked him why the thing was called the *Bride of Abydos*. It is a cursed awkward question being unanswerable. *She* is not a *bride* only about to become one. I don't wonder at his finding out the *Bull* but the detection is too late to do any good. I was a great fool to make it and am ashamed of not being an Irishman. —*Journal* December 6 1813 *Letters* 1898 ii 365

Byron need not have been dismayed. The term is particularly applied on the day of marriage and during the honeymoon but is frequently used from the proclamation of the banns. In the debate on Prince Leopold's allowance Mr Gladstone being criticised for speaking of the Princess Helena as the bride said he believed that colloquially a lady when engaged was often called a bride. This was met with Hear! Hear! from some and No! No! from others. —*N Engl Dict* art *Bride*]

2 [The opening lines were probably suggested by Goethe's—

Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?]

3 Cul the rose

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ,¹ 10
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye ,
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine
 'Tis the clime of the East 'tis the land of the Sun—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?²
 Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell '
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they
 tell

II "

Begirt with many a gallant slave, 20
 Apparelled as becomes the brave,
 Awaiting each his Lord's behest
 To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
 Old Giaffir sate in his Divan
 Deep thought was in his agéd eye ,
 And though the face of Mussulman
 Not oft betrays to standers by

1 *For wild as the moment of lovers' farewell* —[MS]

11 *Canto 1st The Bride of Abydos Nov 1st 1813* —[MS]

I [“ ‘Where the Citron,’ etc These lines are in the MS , and omitted by the Printer, whom I again request to look over it, and see that no others are omitted —B ” (Revise No 1, November 13, 1813)

“I ought and do apologise to Mr — the Printer for charging him with an omission of the lines which I find was my own—but I also wish *he* would not print such a stupid word as *finest* for *fairest* ” (Revise, November 15, 1813)

The lines, “Where the Citron,” etc , are absent from a fair copy dated November 11, but are inserted as an addition in an earlier draft]

2 “Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
 With whom revenge is virtue ”

YOUNG'S *Revenge*, act v sc 2 (*British Theatre*, 1792, p 84)

The mind within, well skilled to hide
 All but unconquerable pride
 His pensive cheek and pondering brow ¹ 30
 Did more than he was wont avow

III

' Let the chamber be cleared —The train disappeared—
 ' Now call me the chief of the Haram guard —
 With Giaffir is none but his only son
 And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award
 Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
 Are passed beyond the outer gate,
 (Woe to the head whose eye beheld
 My child Zuleika's face unveiled !)
 Hence lead my daughter from her tower— ² 40
 Her fate is fixed this very hour,
 Yet not to her repeat my thought—
 By me alone be duty taught !

' Pacha ! to hear is to obey —
 No more must slave to despot say—
 Then to the tower had ta'en his way
 But here young Selim silence brake
 First lowly rendering reverence meet
 And downcast looked and gently spake
 Still standing at the Pacha's feet 50
 For son of Moslem must expire
 Ere dare to sit before his sire !

1 *The changing cheek and kniting brow* — [MS. 1.]

2 *Hence—did my daughter I then come
 'Tis hour—'tis her fate ere doom—
 Yet not to her these words express
 But lead her from the tower's recess* — [MSS. 1. 11.]

[These lines must have been altered in proof, for all the revises accord with the text.]

"Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide

My sister, or her sable guide

Know—for the fault, if fault there be,

Was mine—then fall thy frowns on me!

So lovely the morning shone,

That—let the old and weary sleep—

I could not, and to view alone

The fairest scenes of land and deep,

60

With none to listen and reply

To thoughts with which my heart beat high

Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,

In sooth I love not solitude,

I on Zuleika's slumber broke,

And, as thou knowest that for me

Soon turns the Haram's grating key,

Before the guardian slaves awoke

We to the cypress groves had flown,

And made earth, main, and heaven our own!

70

There lingered we, beguiled too long

With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song,¹

Till I, who heard the deep tambour²

Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,

To thee, and to my duty true,

Warned by the sound, to greet thee flew

But there Zuleika wanders yet

Nay, Father, rage not nor forget

1 *With many a tale and mutual song*—[MS]

1 Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East Sadi, the moral poet of Persia [For the "story of Leila and Mujnoun," see *The Gulistan, or Rose Garden* of Saadi, translated by Francis Gladwin, Boston, 1865, Tale xi pp 288, 289, and *Gulistan* du Cheikh Sa'di. Traduit par W Smelet, Paris, 1834, Notes on Chapitre V p 304 Sa'di "moralizes" the tale, to the effect that love dwells in the eye of the beholder See, too, Jami's *Mejnoun et Leila*, translated by A L Chezy, Paris, 1807]

2 Tambour Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight [The "tambour" is a kind of mandoline It is the large kettle-drum (*nagârê*) which sounds the hours]

That none can pierce that secret bower
But those who watch the women's tower 80

IV

Son of a slave —the Pacha said—
“ From unbelieving mother bred
Vain were a father's hope to see
Aught that beseems a man in thee
Thou when thine arm should bend the bow
And hurl the dart, and curb the steed
Thou Greek in soul if not in creed
Must pore where babbling waters flow ¹
And watch unfolding roses blow
Would that yon Orb whose matin glow 90
Thy listless eyes so much admire
Would lend thee something of his fire !
Thou who wouldst see this battlement
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent ,
Nay tamely view old Stambol's wall
Before the dogs of Moscow fall
Nor strike one stroke for life and death
Against the curs of Nazareth !
Go—let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff—not the brand 100
But Haroun !—to my daughter speed
And hark—of thine own head take heed—
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string !

V

No sound from Selim's lip was heard
At least that met old Giaffir's ear
But every frown and every word

¹ *Must walk forsooth where waters flow
And pore on every flower below —[MS erased]*

Pierced keener than a Christian's sword

"Son of a slave!¹—reproached with fear!

Those gibes had cost another dear. 110

Son of a slave!¹—and *who* my Sire?"

Thus held his thoughts their dark career,
And glances ev'n of more than ire¹

Flash forth, then faintly disappear
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son

And started, for within his eye
He read how much his wrath had done,
He saw rebellion there begun.

"Come hither, boy what, no reply?
I mark thee and I know thee too; 120
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:
But if thy beard had manlier length,
And if thy hand had skill and strength,
I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
Albeit against my own perchance"
As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed.

That eye returned him glance for glance,
And proudly to his Sire's was raised,¹¹

Till Giaffir's quailed and shrunk askance 130
And why he felt, but durst not tell
"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
Will one day work me more annoy
I never loved him from his birth,
And but his arm is little worth,
And scarcely in the chase could cope
With timid fawn or antelope,
Far less would venture into strife
Where man contends for fame and life

¹ *For looks of peace and hearts of ire*—[MS]

¹¹ *And calmly to his Sire's was raised*—[MS]

I would not trust that look or tone
 No—nor the blood so near my own¹ 140
 That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
 I'll watch him closer than before
 He is an Arab² to my sight,
 Or Christian crouching in the fight—³
 But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice

Like Houris hymn it meets mine ear
 She is the offspring of my choice

Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear
 With all to hope and nought to fear— 150
 My Pen! ever welcome here!⁴

Sweet as the desert fountain's wave
 To lips just cooled in time to save—

Such to my longing sight art thou,
 Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
 More thanks for life than I for thine,
 Who blest thy birth and bless thee now¹

VI

Fair as the first that fell of womankind

When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling
 Whose Image then was stamped upon her mind— 160

But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling
 Dazzling as that oh! too transcendent vision

To Sorrow's phantom peopled slumber given
 When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian

And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven
 Soft as the memory of buried love,

1 No—nor the blood I call my own —[MS]

2 Or Christian flying from the fight —[MS]

3 Zuleika! ever welcome here —[MS]

4 Who never was more blest than I now —[MS]

1 The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundredfold) even more than they hate the Christians

Pure, as the prayer* which Childhood wafts above;
 Was she the daughter of that rude old Chief,
 Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay ¹ 170
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight ¹
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
 The might the majesty of Loveliness?
 Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmarked by her alone
 The light of Love, the purity of Grace,"
 The mind, the Music ² breathing from her face,

¹ *Who hath not felt his very power of sight
 Faint with the languid dimness of delight?*—[MS]

¹¹ *The light of life—the purity of grace
 The mind of Music breathing in her face
 or, Mind on her lip and music in her face
 A heart where softness harmonized the whole
 And oh! her eye was in itself a Soul!*—[MS]

¹ [Lines 170–181 were added in the course of printing. They were received by the publisher on November 22, 1813.]

² This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not Music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful, and, if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any, age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. iii cap. 10, *DE L'ALLIANCE*. And is not this connection still stronger with the original than the copy? with the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described, still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose sparkling harmony suggested the idea, for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory,¹¹ that mirror

¹¹¹ *In this line I have not drawn from fiction but memory—that mirror of regret memory—the too faithful mirror of affliction the long vista through which we gaze. Someone has said that the perfection of Architecture is frozen music—the perfection of Beauty to my mind always presented the idea of living Music*—[MS erased]

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole, 180
And oh ! that eye was in itself a Soul !

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently budding breast,
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and caress
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel 190
Affection chained her to that heart
Ambition tore the links apart

VII

‘ Zuleika ! child of Gentleness !
How dear this very day must tell
When I forget my own distress
In losing what I love so well

which Affliction dashes to the earth and looking down upon the fragments only beholds the reflection multiplied !

[For the simile of the broken mirror compare *Childe Harold* Canto III stanza xxxiii line 1 (*Poetical Works* ii 236 note 2) and for the expression music breathing from her face compare Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* Part II sect ix *Works* 1835 ii 106 And sure there is musick even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes far sweeter than the sound of any instrument and Lovelace's Song *Orpheus to Elysium*—

Oh could you view the melody
Of ev'ry grace
And music of her face !

The effect of the appeal to Madame de Stael is thus recorded in Byron's *Journal* of December 7 1813 (*Letters* 1898 ii 369)

This morning a very pretty billet from the Stael (for passage in *De L'Allemagne* Part III chap x., and the billet see *Letters* ii 354, note 1) She has been pleased to be pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to *The Bride*]

To bid thee with another dwell
 Another ¹ and a braver man
 Was never seen in battle's van.
 We Moslem reck not much of blood . 200
 But yet the line of Carasman ¹
 Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
 First of the bold Timariot bands
 That won and well can keep their lands.¹
 Enough that he who comes to woo ¹
 Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou . ²
 His years need scarce a thought employ ,
 I would not have thee wed a boy.
 And thou shalt have a noble dower
 And his and my united power 210
 Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
 Which others tremble but to scan,

¹ *Who won of yore paternal lands* —[MS]

² *Enough if that thy bridesman true* —[MS erased]

¹ Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey, he governs Magnesia those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry

[The "line of Carasman" dates back to Kara Youlouk, the founder of the dynasty of the "White Sheep," at the close of the fourteenth century Hammer-Purgstall (*Hist de l'Emp Ottoman*, iii 151) gives *sang-sue*, "blood-sucker," as the equivalent of Youlouk, which should, however, be interpreted "smooth-face" Of the Magnesian Kara Osman Oglou ("Black Osman-son"), Dillaway (*Constantinople Ancient and Modern*, 1797, p 190) writes, "He is the most powerful and opulent derè bey ('lord of the valley'), or feudal tenant, in the empire, and, though inferior to the pashà's in rank, possesses more wealth and influence, and offers them an example of administration and patriotic government which they have rarely the virtue to follow" For the Timariots, who formed the third class of the feudal cavalry of the Ottoman Empire, see Finlay's *Greece under Othoman Domination*, 1856, pp 50, 51.]

² [The Bey Oglou (= Begzâde) is "the nobleman," "the high-born chief"]

And teach the messenger¹ what fate
 The bearer of such boon may wait
 And now thou know'st thy father's will,
 All that thy sex hath need to know
 'Twas mine to teach obedience still—
 The way to love thy Lord may show

VIII

In silence bowed the virgin's head,
 And if her eye was filled with tears 20
 That stifled feeling dare not shed,
 And changed her cheek from pale to red
 And red to pale as through her ears
 Those wingéd words like arrows sped
 What could such be but maiden fears?
 So bright the tear in Beauty's eye
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry
 So sweet the blush of Bashfulness
 Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot 230
 Or if remembered marked it not,
 Thrice clapped his hands and called his steed
 Resigned his gem adorned chibouque,³

1 When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist the single messenger who is always the first bearer of the order for his death is strangled instead and sometimes five or six one after the other on the same errand by command of the refractory patient if on the contrary he is weak or loyal he bows kisses the Sultan's respectable signature and is bowstrung with great complacency In 1810 several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate among others the head of the Pacha of Bagdat a brave young man cut off by treachery after a desperate resistance

2 Clapping of the hands calls the servants The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice and they have no bells

3 Chibouque the Turkish pipe of which the amber mouth piece and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf is adorned with precious stones if in possession of the wealthier orders

And mounting featly for the mead,
 With Maugrabee¹ and Mamaluke,
 His way amid his Delis took,²
 To witness many an active deed
 With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed
 The Kısar only and his Moors³
 Watch well the Haram's massy doors 240

IX

His head was leant upon his hand,
 His eye looked o'er the dark blue water
 That swiftly glides and gently swells
 Between the winding Dardanelles,
 But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
 Nor even his Pacha's turbaned band
 Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
 Careering cleave the folded felt⁴
 With sabre stroke right sharply dealt,
 Nor marked the javelin-darting crowd, 250
 Nor heard their Ollahs⁵ wild and loud
 He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter¹

1 "Maugrabee" [*Maghribi*, Moors], Moorish mercenaries

2 "Delis," bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action [See *Childe Harold*, Canto II, *Poetical Works*, 1899, II 149, note 1]

3 [The Kızlar aghası was the head of the black eunuchs, kısar, by itself, is Turkish for "girls," "virgins"]

4 A twisted fold of *felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose The jerreed [jarid] is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful

5 "Ollahs," Alla il Allah [La Ilāh illā 'llāh], the "Leihes," as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed [jarid], or in the chase, but mostly in battle Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloios [*vide post*, p 181, note 4], form an amusing contrast

X

No word from Selim's bosom broke
 One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke
 Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
 Pale mute, and mournfully sedate
 To him Zuleika's eye was turned,
 But little from his aspect learned
 Equal her grief yet not the same,
 Her heart confessed a gentler flame ¹ 260
 But yet that heart alarmed or weak
 She knew not why forbade to speak
 Yet speak she must—but when essay?

How strange he thus should turn away!
 Not thus we e'er before have met
 Not thus shall be our parting yet
 Thrice paced she slowly through the room

And watched his eye—it still was fixed
 She snatched the urn wherein was mixed
 The Persian Atar-gul's perfume ¹ 270
 And sprinkled all its odours o'er
 The pictured roof ² and marble floor
 The drops that through his glittering vest ¹¹
 The playful girl's appeal addressed,
 Unheeded o'er his bosom flew
 As if that breast were marble too

What sullen yet? it must not be—
 Oh! gentle Selim this from thee!

¹ *Her heart confessed no cause of shame* —[MS]

¹¹ *The drops that flow & for his vest
 Unheeded fell & for his breast* —[MS]

¹ Atar gul ottar of roses The Persian is the finest

² The ceiling and wainscots or rather walls of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted in great houses with one eternal and highly coloured view of Constantinople wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective below arms scimitars etc are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed

She saw in curious order set

The fairest flowers of Eastern land— 280

“He loved them once, may touch them yet,

If offered by Zuleika’s hand.”

The childish thought was hardly breathed

Before the rose was plucked and wreathed,

The next fond moment saw her seat

Her fairy form at Selim’s feet

“This rose to calm my brother’s cares

A message from the Bulbul¹ bears,

It says to-night he will prolong

For Selim’s ear his sweetest song, 290

And though his note is somewhat sad,

He’ll try for once a strain more glad,

With some faint hope his altered lay

May sing these gloomy thoughts away

XI.

“What¹ not receive my foolish flower?

Nay then I am indeed unblest

On me can thus thy forehead lower?

And know’st thou not who loves thee best?”

1 *Would I had never seen this hour*

What knowest thou not who loves thee best —[MS]

I It has been much doubted whether the notes of this “*Lover of the rose*” are sad or merry, and Mr Fox’s remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the “*errare mallet*,” etc, if Mr Fox was mistaken.

[Fox, writing to Grey (see Lord Holland’s Preface (p. 111) to the *History of James the Second*, by C. J. Fox, London, 1808), remarks, “In defence of my opinion about the nightingale, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a ‘merry note,’” etc. Fox’s contention was attacked and disproved by Martin Davy (1763–1839, physician and Master of Caius College, Cambridge), in an interesting and scholarly pamphlet entitled, *Observations upon Mr Fox’s Letter to Mr Grey*, 1809.]

Oh Selim dear! oh more than dearest!
 Say is it me thou hast or fearest? 300
 Come lay thy head upon my breast
 And I will kiss thee into rest
 Since words of mine and songs must fail,
 Even from my fabled nightingale
 I knew our sire at times was stern
 But this from thee had yet to learn
 Too well I know he loves thee not,
 But is Zuleika's love forgot?
 Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan—
 This kinsman Bey of Carasman 310
 Perhaps may prove some foe of thine
 If so I swear by Mecca's shrine—
 If shrines that ne'er approach allow
 To woman's step admit her vow—
 Without thy free consent—command—
 The Sultan should not have my hand!
 Thinkst thou that I could bear to part
 With thee and learn to halve my heart?
 Ah! were I severed from thy side
 Where were thy friend—and who my guide? 320
 Years have not seen Time shall not see
 The hour that tears my soul from thee¹
 Ev'n Azrael² from his deadly quiver
 When flies that shaft and fly it must³
 That parts all else shall doom for ever
 Our hearts to undivided dust!

¹ *If so by Mecca's hidden shrine —[MS]*

² *The day that teareth thee from me —[MS]*

³ *When comes that hour and come it must —[MS erased]*

I Azrael the angel of death.

XII.

He lived he breathed—he moved he felt,
 He raised the maid from where she knelt,
 His trance was gone, his keen eye shone
 With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt, 330
 With thoughts that burn in rays that melt.
 As the stream late concealed

By the fringe of its willows,
 When it rushes reveal'd

In the light of its billows,
 As the bolt bursts on high

From the black cloud that bound it,
 Flashed the soul of that eye

Through the long lashes round it
 A war-horse at the trumpet's sound, 340

A lion roused by heedless hound,

A tyrant waked to sudden strife

By graze of ill-directed knife,¹

Starts not to more convulsive life

Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,

And all, before repressed, betrayed

"Now thou art mine, for ever mine,

With life to keep, and scarce with life resign,"

Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,

Though sworn by one, hath bound us both 350

Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done,

That vow hath saved more heads than one

But blench not thou—thy simplest tress

Claims more from me than tenderness,

I would not wrong the slenderest hair

¹ *Which thanks to terror and the dark
 Hath missed a trifle of its mark* —[MS]

[The couplet was expunged in a revise dated November 19]

¹¹ *With life to keep but not with life resign* —[MS]

That clusters round thy forehead fair¹
 For all the treasures buried far
 Within the caves of Istakar¹
 This morning clouds upon me lowered
 Reproaches on my head were showered 360
 And Giaffir almost called me coward !
 Now I have motive to be brave
 The son of his neglected slave
 Nay start not 'twas the term he gave
 May show though little apt to vaunt
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt
 His son indeed —yet, thanks to thee
 Perchance I am at least shall be
 But let our plighted secret vow
 Be only known to us 'tis now 370
 I know the wretch who dares demand
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand ,
 More ill got wealth, a meaner soul
 Holds not a Musselim's control
 Was he not bred in Egipto ?³
 A viler race let Israel show !
 But let that pass—to none be told

¹ *That strays along that head so fair* —[MS]
 or *That strays along that neck so fair* —[MS]

¹ The treasures of the Pre Adamite Sultans See D Herbelot [1781 ii 405] article *Istakar* [Estekhar or Istekhar]

Muselim a governor the next in rank after a Pacha a Waywode is the third and then come the Agas

[This table of precedence applies to Ottoman officials in Greece and other dependencies. The Musselim [Mutasellim] is the governor or commander of a city (e.g. Holthouse *Travels in Albania* ii 41 speaks of the Musselim of Smyrna) Aghas i.e. heads of departments in the army or civil service or the Sultan's household here denote mayors of small towns or local magnates]

³ Egipto the Negropont According to the proverb the Turks of Egipto the Jews of Salonica and the Greeks of Athens are the worst of their respective races

[See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* 1855 viii 386]

Our oath, the rest shall time unfold
 To me and mine leave O'mn Boy,
 I've partisans for Peril's day 380
 Think not I am what I appear,
 I've aims—and friend—and vengeance near."

XIII.

"I think not thou art what thou appear'st!
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed
 This morn I saw thee gentlest—dearest—
 But now thou'rt from thyself estranged
 My love thou surely knew'st before,
 It ne'er was less—nor can be more
 To see thee—hear thee—near thee stay—
 And hate the night I know not why, 390
 Save that we meet not but by day;
 With thee to live, with thee to die,
 I dare not to my hope deny
 Thy cheek—thine eyes—thy lips to kiss—
 Like this—and this—no more than this,¹
 For, Allah! sure thy lips are flame
 What fever in thy veins is flushing?
 My own have nearly caught the same,
 At least I feel my cheek, too, blushing
 To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health, 400
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
 Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
 And lighten half thy poverty,
 Do all but close thy dying eye,
 For that I could not live to try,
 To these alone my thoughts aspire
 More can I do? or thou require?"

¹ Like this—and no more than this —[MS.]

But Selim thou must answer why¹
 We need so much of mystery?
 The cause I cannot dream nor tell 410
 But he it since thou say'st tis well
 Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms and friends
 Beyond my weaker sense extends
 I meant that Giaffir should have heard
 The very vow I phighted thee
 His wrath would not revoke my word
 But surely he would leave me free
 Can this fond wish seem strange in me
 To he what I have ever heen?
 What other hath Zuleika seen 420
 From simple childhood's earliest hour?
 What other can she seek to see
 Than thee companion of her hower
 The partner of her infancy?
 These cherished thoughts with life begun
 Say why must I no more avow?
 What change is wrought to make me shun
 The truth—my pride and thine till now?
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
 Our law—our creed—our God denies 430
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
 At such our Prophet's will repine
 No! happier made by that decree
 He left me all in leaving thee
 Deep were my anguish thus compelled²
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld

¹ *But—Sel m why my heart's reply
 Should need so much of mystery
 Is more than I can guess or tell
 But since thou say'st tis so—tis well —[MS]*
 [The fourth line erased]

² *He blest me more in leaving thee
 Much should I suffer thus compelled —[MS]*

This wherefore should I not reveal?
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?¹
 I know the Pacha's haughty mood
 To thee hath never boded good, 440
 And he so often storms at nought,
 Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!¹
 And why I know not, but within
 My heart concealment weighs like sin "
 If then such secrecy be crime,
 And such it feels while lurking here,
 Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear
 Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,¹
 My father leaves the mimic war, 450
 I tremble now to meet his eye
 Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

XIV

"Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat
 Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet
 And now with him I fain must prate
 Of firmans, imposts, levies, state
 There's fearful news from Danube's banks,
 Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks

1 *This now I should no more conceal
 And wherefore should I not reveal?*—[MS]

11 *My breast is consciousness of sin
 But when and where and what the crime
 I almost feel is lurking here*—[MS]

1 "Tchocadar"—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority

[See D'Ohsson's *Tableau Générale, etc.*, 1787, II 159, and *Plates* 87, 88. The Turks seem to have used the Persian word *chawki dār*, an officer of the guard-house, a policeman (whence our slang word "chokey"), for a "valet de pied," or, in the case of the Sultan, for an apparitor. The French spelling points to D'Ohsson as Byron's authority.]

For which the Giaour may give him thanks¹
Our Sultan hath a shorter way 460
Such costly triumph to repay
But, mark me when the twilight drum
Hath warned the troops to food and sleep
Unto thy cell with Selim come,
Then softly from the Haram creep
Where we may wander by the deep
Our garden battlements are steep
Nor these will rash intruder climb
To list our words, or *stunt our time*
And if he doth I want not steel 470
Which some have felt, and more may feel
Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
Than thou hast heard or thought before
Trust me Zuleika—fear not me¹
Thou know'st I hold a Haram key

Fear thee my Selim ! ne'er till now
Did words like this

Delay not thou,
I keep the key—and Haroun's guard
Have *some* and hope of *more* reward
To-night, Zuleika thou shalt hear 480
My tale, my purpose, and my fear
I am not, love ! what I appear

¹ *Be silent thou* —[MS]

CANTO THE SECOND.¹

I.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young the beautiful the brave
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter
 Oh ! when alone along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam, 490
 And shrieking sea-birds warned him home,
 And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear,
 His eye but saw that light of Love,
 The only star it hailed above,
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 "Ye waves, divide not lovers long !"
 That tale is old, but Love anew ¹ 500
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

1 Nov. 9th 1813 —[MS]

1 [Vide Ovid, *Heroides*, Ep xix., and the *De Herone atque Leandro* of Musæus]

II

The winds are high and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 That field with blood bedewed in vain
 The desert of old Priam's pride,
 The tombs sole relics of his reign
 All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle

III

Oh I yet—for there my steps have been, 510
 These feet have pressed the sacred shore
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
 Minstrel I with thee to muse to mourn
 To trace again those fields of yore
 Believing every hillock green
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes
 And that around the undoubted scene
 Thine own broad Hellespont¹ still dashes
 Be long my lot! and cold were he
 Who there could gaze denying thee! 520

¹ The wrangling about this epithet—the broad Hellespont—or the boundless Hellespont—whether it means one or the other or what it means at all has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot—and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy amused myself with swimming across it in the mean time—and probably may again before the point is settled. Indeed the question as to the truth of the tale of Troy divine still continues much of it resting upon the talismanic word *eternity*. Probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time—and when he talks of boundless means half a mile—as the latter by a like figure when she says *eternal* attachment simply specifies three weeks.

[For a defence of the Homeric *ἀνελπον* and for a *résumé* of the wrangling of the topographers Jean Baptiste Le Chevalier (1752-1836) and Jacob Bryant (1715-1804) etc. see *Travels in Albania* 1858 ii 179 185.]

IV

The Night hath closed on Helle's stream,
 Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
 That Moon, which shone on his high theme
 No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
 But conscious shepherds bless it still.
 Their flocks are grazing on the Mound
 Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow
 That mighty heap of gathered ground
 Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,¹
 By nations raised, by monarchs crowned, 530
 Is now a lone and nameless barrow¹
 Within thy dwelling-place how narrow^{1 2}
 Without can only strangers breathe
 The name of him that *was* beneath
 Dust long outlasts the storied stone,
 But Thou—thy very dust is gone¹

V

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
 The swain, and chase the boatman's fear,
 Till then—no beacon on the cliff
 May shape the course of struggling skiff, 540

1 Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, etc. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsyetes and Antiochus: the first is in the centre of the plain.

[Alexander placed a garland on the tomb of Achilles, and "went through the ceremony of anointing himself with oil, and running naked up to it"—Plut *Vita*, "Alexander M.," cap. xv line 25, Lipsiæ, 1814, vi 187. For the tombs of Æsyetes, etc., see *Travels in Albania*, ii 149-151.]

2 [Compare—

"Or narrow if needs must be,
 Outside are the storms and the strangers"
Never the Time, etc., lines 19, 20, by Robert Browning.]

The scattered lights that skirt the bay
 All, one by one have died away
 The only lamp of this lone hour
 Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower
 Yes ! there is light in that lone chamber
 And o'er her silken ottoman
 Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber
 O'er which her fairy fingers ran,¹
 Near these with emerald rays beset,²
 (How could she thus that gem forget ?) 550
 Her mother's sainted amulet³
 Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
 Could smoothe this life and win the next,
 And by her Comholoio⁴ lies

1 When rubbed the amber is susceptible of a perfume which is slight but *not* disagreeable [Letter to Murray December 6 1813 *Letters* 1898 ii 300]

2 [Ceterum castitati hieroglyphicum gemma est —Hoffmann *Lexic Univ* art Smaragdus Compare too *Lalla Rukh* (Chandos Classics p 406) The emerald's virgin blaze]

3 The belief in amulets engraved on gems or enclosed in gold boxes containing scraps from the Koran worn round the neck wrist or arm is still universal in the East The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High and is engraved in this manner and worn by the pious as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences

[The *Hyat ul kursy* or verse of the throne (Sura II Chapter of the Heifer v 257) runs thus God there is no God but He the living and self subsistent Slumber takes Him not nor sleep His is what is in the heavens and what is in the earth Who is it that intercedes with Him save by His permission? He knows what is before them and what behind them and they comprehend not aught of His knowledge but of what He pleases His throne extends over the heavens and the earth and it tires Him not to guard them both for He is high and grand —The *Qur'ân* translated by E H Palmer 1880 Part I *Sacred Books of the East* vi 40]

4 Comholoio —a Turkish rosary The MSS particularly those of the Persians are richly adorned and illuminated The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie Perhaps some of our own *blues* might not be the worse for *blanching*

[The comholoio consists of ninety nine heads Compare *Lalla*

A Koran of illumined dyes ,
 And many a bright emblazoned rhyme
 By Persian scribes redeemed from Time ,
 And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
 Reclines her now neglected lute ,
 And round her lamp of fretted gold 560
 Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould ,
 The richest work of Iran's loom,
 And Sheeraz' ¹ tribute of perfume ,
 All that can eye or sense delight
 Are gathered in that gorgeous room
 But yet it hath an air of gloom.
 She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
 What doth she hence, and on so rude a night ?

VI

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
 Which none save noblest Moslem wear, 570
 To guard from winds of Heaven the breast
 As Heaven itself to Selim dear,
 With cautious steps the thicket threading,
 And starting oft, as through the glade
 The gust its hollow moanings made,
 Till on the smoother pathway treading,
 More free her timid bosom beat,
 The maid pursued her silent guide ,
 And though her terror urged retreat,
 How could she quit her Selim's side ? 580
 How teach her tender lips to chide ?

Rookh ("Chandos Classics," p 420), "Her ruby rosary," etc , and
note on "Le Tespih " *Lord Byron's Combololo* is the title of a
 metrical *jeu d'esprit*, a rhymed catalogue of the *Poetical Works*,
 beginning with *Hours of Idleness*, and ending with *Cain, a Mystery*
 —*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1822, xi 162-165]

¹ [Shiraz, capital of the Persian province of Fars, is celebrated
 for the attar-gûl, or attar of roses]

VII

They reached at length a grotto, hewn
 By nature, but enlarged by art
 Where oft her lute she wont to tune
 And oft her Koran conned apart,
 And oft in youthful reverie
 She dreamed what Paradise might be
 Where Woman's parted soul shall go
 Her Prophet had disdained to show,¹
 But Selim's mansion was secure, 590
 Nor deemed she, could he long endure
 His bower in other worlds of bliss
 Without *her*, most beloved in this !
 Oh ! who so dear with him could dwell ?
 What Houri soothe him half so well ?

VIII

Since last she visited the spot
 Some change seemed wrought within the grot
 It might be only that the night
 Disguised things seen by better light
 That brazen lamp but dimly threw 600
 A ray of no celestial hue,
 But in a nook within the cell
 Her eye on stranger objects fell
 There arms were piled not such as wield
 The turbaned Delis in the field
 But brands of foreign blade and hilt
 And one was red—perchance with guilt !²
 Ah ! how without can blood be spilt ?

¹ *Her Prophet did not clearly show
 But Selim's place was quite secure* —[MS]

² *And one seemed red with recent guilt* —[MS]

¹ [Compare *The Giaour* line 490 note 1 vide ante p 110]

A cup too on the board was set
 That did not seem to hold sherbet. 610
 What may this mean? she turned to see
 Her Selim "Oh! can this be he?"¹

IX

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
 His brow no high-crowned turban bore,
 But in its stead a shawl of red,
 Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore
 That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
 Were worthy of a diadem,
 No longer glittered at his waist,
 Where pistols unadorned were braced, 620
 And from his belt a sabre swung,
 And from his shoulder loosely hung
 The cloak of white, the thin capote
 That decks the wandering Candote,
 Beneath his golden plated vest
 Clung like a cuirass to his breast,
 The greaves below his knee that wound
 With silvery scales were sheathed and bound
 But were it not that high command
 Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand, 630
 All that a careless eye could see
 In him was some young Galiongé¹

1 *Her Selim*—"Alla—is it he?"—[MS]

1 "Galiongé"—or Galiongi [*ɪ* e a Galleon-er], a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor, the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque, and I have seen the Capitan Pacha, more than once, wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea, they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

[Gastouni lies some eight miles S W of Palæopolis, the site of the

X

I said I was not what I seemed ,
 And now thou see st my words were true
 I have a tale thou hast not dreamed,
 If sooth—its truth must others rue
 My story now twere vain to hide
 I must not see thee Osman's bride
 But had not thine own lips declared
 How much of that young heart I shared 640
 I could not must not yet have shown
 The darker secret of my own
 In this I speak not now of love
 That—let Time—Truth—and Peril prove
 But first—Oh ! never wed another—
 Zuleika ! I am not thy brother !

XI

" Oh ! not my brother !—yet unsay—
 God ! am I left alone on earth
 To mourn—I dare not curse—the day¹
 That saw my solitary birth ? 650
 Oh ! thou wilt love me now no more !
 My sinking heart foreboded ill
 But know *me* all I was before
 Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still
 Thou led st me here perchance to kill ,
 If thou hast cause for vengeance see !
 My breast is offered—take thy fill !
 Far better with the dead to be
 Than live thus nothing now to thee

1 *What—have I led to curse the day ?—[MS M]
 To curse—/ I could curse—the day —[MS ed 1892]*

ancient Elus The Pyrgo must be the Castle of Chlemutzi
 (Castel Tornese) built by Geoffrey II of Villehouardin circ A D
 1218]

Perhaps far worse, for now I know 660
 Why Giaffir always seemed thy foe,
 And I, alas ! am Giaffir's child,
 For whom thou wert contemned, reviled
 If not thy sister would'st thou save
 My life—Oh ! bid me be thy slave ! ”

XII.

“ My slave, Zuleika ! nay, I'm thine :
 But, gentle love, this transport calm,
 Thy lot shall yet be linked with mine ,
 I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,¹
 And be that thought thy sorrow's balm 670
 So may the Koran ¹ verse displayed
 Upon its steel direct my blade,
 In danger's hour to guard us both,
 As I preserve that awful oath !
 The name in which thy heart hath prided
 Must change , but, my Zuleika, know,
 That tie is widened, not divided,
 Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe
 My father was to Giaffir all
 That Selim late was deemed to thee , 680

¹ *I swear it by Medina's shrine* —[*MS* erased]

¹ The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction—it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add—he said, in Italian, that he did not know, but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound, and liked it because it was “*piu feroce*” I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

[Compare *Lalla Rookh* (“Chandos Classics,” p. 373)—

“The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry”]

That brother wrought a brother's fall
 But spared at least, my infancy !
 And lulled me with a vain deceit
 That yet a like return may meet
 He reared me not with tender help
 But like the nephew of a Cain ¹
 He watched me like a lion's whelp
 That gnaws and yet may break his chain
 My father's blood in every vein
 Is boiling ! but for thy dear sake 690
 No present vengeance will I take ,
 Though here I must no more remain
 But first, beloved Zuleika ! hear
 How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear

XIII

How first their strife to rancour grew
 If Love or Envy made them foes
 It matters little if I knew

1 It is to be observed that every allusion to any thing or person
 age in the Old Testament such as the Ark or Cain is equally the
 privilege of Mussulman and Jew indeed the former profess to be
 much better acquainted with the lives true and fabulous of the
 patriarchs than is warranted by our own sacred writ and not
 content with Adam they have a biography of Pre Adamites
 Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy and Moses a prophet
 inferior only to Christ and Mahomet Zuleika is the Persian name
 of Potiphar's wife and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of
 the finest poems in their language It is therefore no violation of
 costume to put the names of Cain or Noah into the mouth of a
 Moslem

[A *propos* of this note for the ignorant Byron writes to Murray
 (November 13 1813) Do you suppose that no one but the Galli-
 leans are acquainted with Adam and Eve and Cain and Noah ?
 —Zuleika is the Persian *poetical* name for Potiphar's wife and
 again November 14 I don't care one lump of sugar for my *po try*
 but for my *costume* and my co rectness on these points I will
 combat lustily —*Letters* 1898 n 8 283]

In fiery spirits, slights, though few
 And thoughtless, will disturb repose
 In war Abdallah's aim was strong, 700
 Remembered yet in Bosniac song,¹
 And Paswan's ² rebel hordes attest
 How little love they bore such guest
 His death is all I need relate,
 The stern effect of Giaffir's hate,
 And how my birth disclosed to me,¹
 Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

1. *And how that death made known to me*
Hath made me what thou now shalt see —[MS]

1 [Karajić (Vuk Stefanović, born 1787), secretary to Kara George, published *Narodne Srpske Pjesme*, at Vienna, 1814, 1815. See, too, *Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations*, by Talvi, New York, 1850, pp 366-382, *Volksheder der Serben*, von Talvi, Leipzig, 1835, ii 245, etc, and *Chants Populaires des Servies*, Recueillis par Wuk Stephanowitsch, et Traduits d'après Talvi, par Madame Elise Voiart, Paris, 1834, ii 183, etc.]

2 Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widdin, who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance

[Passwan Oglou (1758-1807) [Passewend's, or the Watchman's son, according to Hobhouse] was born and died at Widdin. He first came into notice in 1788, in alliance with certain disbanded Turkish levies, named *Krdschalies*. "It was their pride to ride along on stately horses, with trappings of gold and silver, and bearing costly arms. In their train were female slaves, Gjuvendi, in male attire, who not only served to amuse them in their hours of ease with singing and dancing, but also followed them to battle (as Kaled followed Lara, see *Lara*, Canto II. stanza xv, etc), for the purpose of holding their horses when they fought." On one occasion he is reported to have addressed these "rebel hordes" much in the spirit of the "Corsair," "The booty be yours, and mine the glory." "After having for some time suffered a Pacha to be associated with him, he at length expelled his superior, and demanded 'the three horse-tails' for himself." In 1798 the Porte despatched another army, but Passwan was completely victorious, and "at length the Porte resolved to make peace, and actually sent him the 'three horse-tails'" (i.e. made him commander-in-chief of the Janissaries at Widdin). (See *History of Servia*, by Leopold von Ranke, Bohn, 1853, pp 68-71. See, too, *Voyage dans l'Empire Ottoman*, par G. A. Olivier, an 9 (1801), i 108-125, and Madame Voiart's "Abrégé de l'histoire du royaume de Servie," prefixed to *Chants Populaires*, etc, Paris, 1834.)]

XIV

' When Paswan after years of strife
 At last for power but first for life
 In Widdin's walls too proudly sate 710
 Our Pachas rallied round the state
 Not last nor least in high command
 Each brother led a separate band,
 They gave their Horse tails¹ to the wind
 And mustering in Sophia's plain
 Their tents were pitched, their post assigned
 To one alas! assigned in vain!
 What need of words? the deadly bowl,
 By Giaffir's order drugged and given
 With venom subtle as his soul!² 720
 Dismissed Abdallah's hence to heaven
 Reclined and feverish in the bath
 He when the hunter's sport was up
 But little deemed a brother's wrath
 To quench his thirst had such a cup
 The bowl a bribed attendant bore,
 He drank one draught,³ nor needed more!
 If thou my tale Zuleika doubt
 Call Haroun—he can tell it out

XV

The deed once done and Paswan's feud 730
 In part suppressed, though ne'er subdued

1 *With venom blacker than his soul* —[MS.]

2 Horse tail —the standard of a Pacha.

3 Giaffir Pacha of Argyro Castro or Scutari. I am not sure which was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha while I was in the country married the daughter of his victim some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee which is presented before the sherbet by the bath keeper after dressing.

Abdallah's Pachalick was gained .
 Thou know'st not what in our Divan
 Can wealth procure for worse than man

Abdallah's honours were obtained
 By him a brother's murder stained ,
 'Tis true, the purchase nearly drained
 His ill-got treasure, soon replaced
 Would'st question whence? Survey the waste,
 And ask the squalid peasant how 740
 His gains repay his broiling brow !
 Why me the stern Usurper spared,
 Why thus with me his palace shared,
 I know not Shame regret remorse
 And little fear from infant's force
 Besides, adoption as a son
 By him whom Heaven accorded none,
 Or some unknown cabal, caprice,
 Preserved me thus but not in peace
 He cannot curb his haughty mood,¹ 750
 Nor I forgive a father's blood

XVI.

“ Within thy Father's house are foes ,
 Not all who break his bread are true
 To these should I my birth disclose,
 His days his very hours were few
 They only want a heart to lead,
 A hand to point them to the deed
 But Haroun only knows, or knew
 This tale, whose close is almost nigh

¹ *Nor, if his sullen spirit could,
 Can I forgive a parent's blood —[MS]*

He in Abdallah's palace grew 760
 And held that post in his Serai
 Which holds he here—he saw him die,
 But what could single slavery do?
 Avenge his lord? alas I too late,
 Or save his son from such a fate?
 He chose the last, and when elate
 With foes subdued or friends betrayed
 Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate
 He led me helpless to his gate
 And not in vain it seems essayed 770
 To save the life for which he prayed
 The knowledge of my birth secured
 From all and each but most from me,
 Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured
 Removed he too from Roumelie
 To this our Asiatic side
 Far from our seats by Danube's tide
 With none but Haroun who retains
 Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels
 A Tyrant's secrets are but chains 780
 From which the captive gladly steals
 And this and more to me reveals
 Such still to guilt just Allah sends—
 Slaves, tools accomplices—no friends!

XVII

'All this Zuleika harshly sounds,
 But harsher still my tale must be
 However my tongue thy softness wounds
 Yet I must prove all truth to thee¹
 I saw thee start this garb to see,

¹ Yet I must be all truth to thee —[MS]

Yet is it one I oft have worn, 790
 And long must wear · this Galiongée,
 To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,
 Is leader of those pirate hordes,
 Whose laws and lives are on their swords,
 To hear whose desolating tale
 Would make thy waning cheek more pale
 Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,
 The hands that wield are not remote,
 This cup too for the rugged knaves
 Is filled once quaffed, they ne'er repine. 800
 Our Prophet might forgive the slaves,
 They're only infidels in wine.

XVIII.

"What could I be? Proscribed at home,
 And taunted to a wish to roam,
 And listless left for Giaffir's fear
 Denied the courser and the spear
 Though oft Oh, Mahomet! how oft!
 In full Divan the despot scoffed,
 As if *my* weak unwilling hand
 Refused the bridle or the brand. 810
 He ever went to war alone,
 And pent me here untried—unknown,
 To Haroun's care with women left,¹
 By hope unblest, of fame bereft,
 While thou whose softness long endeared,
 Though it unmanned me, still had cheered
 To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
 Awaited'st there the field's event

1 *To Haroun's care in idlesse left,
 In spirit bound, of fame bereft* — [MS. erased]

Haroun who saw my spirit pining¹
 Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke 80
 His captive though with dread resigning
 My thralldom for a season broke
 On promise to return before
 The day when Giafir's charge was o'er
 'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart¹¹
 My almost drunkenness of heart¹
 When first this liberated eye
 Surveyed Earth—Ocean—Sun—and Sky—
 As if my Spirit pierced them through
 And all their inmost wonders knew ! 830
 One word alone can paint to thee
 That more than feeling—I was Free !
 Even for thy presence ceased to pine
 The World—nay Heaven itself was mine !

XIV

The shallop of a trusty Moor
 Conveyed me from this idle shore
 I longed to see the isles that gem
 Old Ocean's purple diadem
 I sought by turns and saw them all,²
 But when and where I joined the crew 840

1 *That slave who saw my spirit pining*
Beneath Inaction's heavy yoke
Compassionate his charge resigning—[MS]

11 *Oh could my tongue to thee impart*
That liberation of my heart—[MS erased]

1 I must here shelter my elf with the Palmist—is it not David that makes the Earth reel to and fro like a Drunkard—If the Globe can be thus lively on seeing its Creator a liberated captive can hardly feel less on a first view of his work—[*Like MS erased*]

The Turkish notions of almost all island are confined to the Archipelago the sea alluded to

With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,
 When all that we design to do
 Is done, 'twill then be time more meet
 To tell thee, when the tale's complete

xx.

" 'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood,
 And every creed, and every race,
 With them hath found—may find a place
 But open speech, and ready hand,
 Obedience to their Chief's command, 850
 A soul for every enterprise,
 That never sees with Terror's eyes,
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,
 And vengeance vowed for those who fall,
 Have made them fitting instruments
 For more than e'en my own intents
 And some—and I have studied all
 Distinguished from the vulgar rank,
 But chiefly to my council call
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank 860
 And some to higher thoughts aspire.
 The last of Lambro's ¹ patriots there
 Anticipated freedom share,
 And oft around the cavern fire
 On visionary schemes debate,

¹ Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts, in 1789-90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

[For Lambros Katzones (Hobhouse, *Travels in Albania*, II 5, calls him Canzani), see Finlay's *Greece under Othoman Domination*, 1856, pp. 330-334. Finlay dwells on his piracies rather than his patriotism.]

To snatch the Rayahs ¹ from their fate
 So let them ease their hearts with prate
 Of equal rights which man ne'er knew
 I have a love for freedom too
 Aye! let me like the ocean Patriarch ² roam 870
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home! ³
 My tent on shore my galley on the sea
 Are more than cities and Serais to me ⁴
 Borne by my steed or wafted by my sail
 Across the desert or before the gale
 Bound where thou wilt my barb! or glide my prow!
 But be the Star that guides the wanderer, Thou!
 Thou my Zuleika share and bless my bark
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark! ⁵
 Or since that hope denied in worlds of strife 880
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray! ⁶

1 Rayahs—all who pay the capitation tax called the Haratch

[This tax was levied on the whole male unbelieving population except children under ten old men Christian and Jewish priests—Finlay *Greece under Othoman* Dominat on 1836 p 26 See too the *Qur'dn* cap 12. The Declaration of Immunity]

2 This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance

3 The wandering life of the Arabs Tartars and Turkomans will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself cannot be denied A young French renegade confessed to Chateaubriand that he never found himself alone galloping in the desert without a sensation approaching to rapture which was indescribable

4 [Inns caravanserais From *sariy* a palace or inn]

5 [The remaining seventy lines of stanza xx were not included in the original MS but were sent to the publisher in successive instalments while the poem was passing through the press]

6 [In the first draft of a supplementary fragment line 883 ran thus—

And tints tomorrow with { a fancied } ray
an a ry

A note was appended—

Mr M' Choose which of the 2 epithets fancied or airy

Blest as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call,
 Soft as the melody of youthful days,
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise,
 Dear as his native song to Exile's ears,¹

¹ Of lines 886-889, two, if not three, variants were sent to the publisher—

(1) *Dear as the Melody of better days
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise—
 Sweet as his native song to Exile's ears
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears—*
 [December 2, 1813]

(2) { *Dear* } as the melody of { *better* } days
 { *Soft* } { *youthful* }
 That steals { *a silent* } tear of speechless praise—
 { *the trembling* }

may be best—or if neither will do—tell me and I will dream another—

“Yours,
 “B.”

The epithet (“prophetic”) which stands in the text was inserted in a revise dated December 3, 1813. Two other versions were also sent, that Gifford might select that which was “best, or rather *not worst*”—

“And { *gilds* } the hope of morning with its ray”
 { *hints* }

“And gilds to-morrow's hope with heavenly ray”

(*Letters*, 1898, II 282)

On the same date, December 3rd, two additional lines were affixed to the quatrain (lines 886-889)—

“Soft as the Mecca Muezzin's strains invite
 Him who hath journeyed far to join the rite”

And in a later revise, as “a last alteration”—

“Blest as the call which from Medina's dome
 Invites devotion to her Prophet's tomb”

An erased version of this “last alteration” ran thus—

“Blest as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's dome
 Which welcomes Faith to view her Prophet's tomb” †]

† [It is probable that Byron, who did not trouble himself to distinguish between “lie” and “lay,” and who, as the MS. of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (see line 732, *Poetical Works*, 1898, I 355) reveals, pronounced “petit maître” *anglicé* in four syllables, regarded “dome” (*vide supra*) as a true and exact rhyme to “tomb,” but, with his wonted compliance, was persuaded to make yet another alteration]

Shall sound each tone thy long loved voice endears
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower 890
 Blooming as Aden¹ in its earliest hour
 A thousand swords with Selim's heart and hand
 Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command !
 Girt by my band Zuleika at my side,
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride
 The Haram's languid years of listless ease
 Are well resigned for cares—for joys like these
 Not blind to Fate I see where'er I rove
 Unnumbered perils—but one only love !
 Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay, 900
 Though Fortune frown or falser friends betray
 How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill
 Should all be changed to find thee faithful still !
 Be but thy soul like Selim's firmly shown,
 To thee be Selim's tender as thine own,
 To soothe each sorrow share in each delight¹¹
 Blend every thought do all—but disunite !
 Once free 'tis mine our horde again to guide
 Friends to each other foes to aught beside¹²
 Yet there we follow but the bent assigned 910
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind¹

¹ *Wa t o : tly voice at d bow at thy command —[MS]*

¹¹ *Ol turn and mix gle every thought with his
And all our future days unite : th s —[MS]*

¹¹ *Man I may lead but trust not—I may fall
By those now friends to me y t f es to all—
I th s they follow but the bent assigned
By fatal Nature to our warring kind —[MS]*

¹ Jannat al Aden the perpetual abode the Mussulman paradise [See Sale's *Koran* Preliminary Discourse sect 1 and *Journal* November 17 1813 *Letters* 1898 ii 3 6]

² [You wanted some reflections and I send you *per Selim* eighteen lines in decent couplets of a pen ive if not an *ethi al* tendency Mr Cn g's approbation (f he d d app ove) I need not say makes me proud —Letter to Murray November 23 1813, *Letters* 1898 ii 286]

Mark ¹ where his carnage and his conquests cease ¹
 He makes a solitude, and calls it peace ^{1 1 1}
 I like the rest must use my skill or strength,
 But ask no land beyond my sabre's length
 Power sways but by division—her resource ¹¹
 The blest alternative of fraud or force ¹
 Ours be the last, in time Deceit may come
 When cities cage us in a social home
 There ev'n thy soul might err how oft the heart 920
 Corruption shakes which Peril could not part ¹
 And Woman, more than Man, when Death or Woe,
 Or even Disgrace, would lay her lover low,
 Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame
 Away suspicion ¹ not Zuleika's name ¹
 But life is hazard at the best, and here
 No more remains to win, and much to fear
 Yes, fear ¹ the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree
 That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale, 930
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail ¹¹¹
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms,
 Earth sea alike—our world within our aims ¹

¹ *Behold a wilderness and call it peace* —[MS *erased*]

Look round our earth and lo ¹ where battles cease,

"Behold a Solitude and call it" peace —[MS]

or, *Man even where Conquest's deeds of carnage cease*

She makes a solitude and calls it peace —[November 21, 1813]

[For the final alteration to the present text, see letter to Murray of November 24, 1813]

¹¹ *Power sways but by distrust—her sole source* —[MS *erased*]

¹¹¹ *Which Love to-night hath lent by swelling sail* —[MS]

¹ [Compare Tacitus, *Agricola*, cap 30—

"solitudinem faciunt—pacem appellant"

See letter to Murray, November 24, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, II 287]

Aye—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck ¹
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be,²
 No sigh for safety but a prayer for thee ¹
 The war of elements no fears impart 940
 To Love whose deadliest bane is human Art
There lie the only rocks our course can check
Here moments menace—*there* are years of wreck !
 But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape !
 This hour bestows or ever bars escape ¹¹
 Few words remain of mine my tale to close
 Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes
 Yea—foes—to me will Giasfir's hate decline ?
 And is not Osman who would part us thine ?

XXI

' His head and faith from doubt and death 950
 Returned in time my guard to save
 Few heard none told that o'er the wave
 From isle to isle I roved the while
 And since though parted from my band
 Too seldom now I leave the land,

¹ *Then if my lip once murmurs it must be —[MS]*

¹¹ *This hour decides my doom or thy escape —[MS]*

1 [Compare—

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem

Et dominam tenero det nusse sinu

Tibullus *Eleg* Lib I : 45 46]

2 [The omission of lines 938 939 drew from Byron an admission (Letter to Murray November 9 1813) that the passage is an imitation altogether from Medea in Ovid (*Metamorph* vii 66 69)—

My love possess in Jason's bosom laid

Let seas swell high —I cannot be dismay'd

While I unfold my husband in my arms

Or should I fear I should but fear his harms

Englished by Sandys 163 1

No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
 Ere I have heard and doomed it too
 I form the plan—decree the spoil
 'Tis fit I oftener share the toil
 But now too long I've held thine ear , 960
 Time presses floats my bark and here
 We leave behind but hate and fear
 To-morrow Osman with his train
 Arrives—to-night must break thy chain
 And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,
 Perchance *his* life who gave thee thine,
 With me this hour away away !
 But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
 Would'st thou recall thy willing vow, 970
 Appalled by truths imparted now,
 Here rest I not to see thee wed
 But be that peril on *my* head ! ”

XXII

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
 Stood like that Statue of Distress,
 When, her last hope for ever gone,
 The Mother hardened into stone ,
 All in the maid that eye could see
 Was but a younger Niobé
 But ere her lip, or even her eye,
 Essayed to speak, or look reply, 980
 Beneath the garden's wicket porch
 Far flashed on high a blazing torch !
 Another—and another and another ¹

1 [Compare—

“That thought has more of hell than had the former
 Another, and another, and another ! ”

The Revenge, by Edward Young, act iv
 (*Modern British Drama*, 1811, ii 17)]

'Oh ! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother !
 Far, wide through every thicket spread
 The fearful lights are gleaming red,
 Nor these alone—for each right hand
 Is ready with a sheathless brand
 They part—pursue—return and wheel
 With searching flambeau, shining steel
 And last of all, his sabre waving
 Stern Giaffir in his fury raving
 And now almost they touch the cave—
 Oh ! must that grot be Selim's grave ?

990

XXIII

Dauntless he stood—'Tis come—soon past—
 One kiss Zuleika—tis my last

But yet my band not far from shore
 May hear this signal see the flash
 Yet now too few—the attempt were rash

No matter—yet one effort more
 Forth to the cavern mouth he stept ,

1000

His pistol's echo rang on high
 Zuleika started not nor wept

Despair benumbed her breast and eye !—

They hear me not, or if they ply

Their oars tis but to see me die

That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh

Then forth my father's scimitar

Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war !

Farewell Zuleika !—Sweet ! retire

1010

Yet stay within—here linger safe

At thee his rage will only chafe

Stir not—lest even to thee perchance

Some erring blade or ball should glance

Fear'st thou for him? may I expire
 If in this strife I seek thy sire!¹
 No—though by him that poison poured,
 No—though again he call me coward!¹
 But tamely shall I meet their steel?
 No as each crest save *his* may feel!" 1020

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gained the sand
 Already at his feet hath sunk
 The foremost of the prying band,
 A gasping head, a quivering trunk
 Another falls but round him close
 A swarming circle of his foes,
 From right to left his path he cleft,
 And almost met the meeting wave.
 His boat appears not five oars' length
 His comrades strain with desperate strength 1030
 Oh! are they yet in time to save?
 His feet the foremost breakers lave,
 His band are plunging in the bay,
 Their sabres glitter through the spray,
 Wet wild unwearied to the strand
 They struggle now they touch the land!
 They come 'tis but to add to slaughter—
 His heart's best blood is on the water

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharmed by steel,
 Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,¹ 1040
 Had Selim won, betrayed, beset,
 To where the strand and billows met,

¹ *Or grazed by wounds he scorned to feel* —[MS]

There as his last step left the land
And the last death blow dealt his hand—
Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look ¹

For her his eye but sought in vain ?
That pause that fatal gaze he took

Hath doomed his death or fixed his chain

Sad proof in peril and in pain,

How late will Lover's hope remain ! 1050

His back was to the dashing spray
Behind but close his comrades lay
When at the instant hissed the ball—

So may the foes of Giaffir fall !
Whose voice is heard ? whose carbine rang ?
Whose bullet through the night air sang
Too nearly deadly aimed to err ?
Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer !

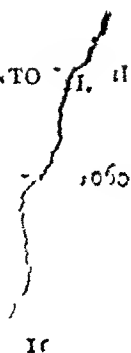
1 Three MS variants of these lines were rejected in turn before the text was finally adopted—

- (1) { *Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look*
I know not why he turned to look
Since fatal was the gaze he took ?
So far escaped from death or chain
To search for her a vain search in vain
Sad proof in peril and in pain
How late will Lover's hope remain
- () *Thus far escaped from death or chain*
Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look ?
For her his eye must seek in vain
Since fatal was the gaze he took
Sad proof etc —
- (3) *Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look*
So far escaped from death or chain ?
Since fatal was the gaze he took
For her his eye but sought in vain
Sad proof etc —

A fourth variant of lines 1046 1047 was inserted in a revise dated November 16—

That glance he paused to send again
To her for whom he dies in vain

The father slowly rued thy hate,
 The son hath found a quicker fate
 Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
 The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling
 If aught his lips essayed to groan,
 The rushing billows choked the tone !



XXVI

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away ,
 Few trophies of the fight are there .
 The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
 Are silent , but some signs of fray
 That strand of strife may bear,
 And fragments of each shivered brand ,
 Steps stamped , and dashed into the sand
 The print of many a struggling hand
 May there be marked , nor far remote
 A broken torch, an oarless boat ,
 And tangled on the weeds that heap
 The beach where shelving to the deep
 There lies a white capote !
 'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
 The wave yet ripples o'er in vain
 But where is he who wore ?
 Ye ! who would o'er his relics weep,
 Go, seek them where the surges sweep
 Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
 And cast on Lemnos' shore
 The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
 O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
 As shaken on his restless pillow,
 His head heaves with the heaving billow .

10 70

1080

That hand whose motion is not life¹
 Yet feebly seems to menace strife 1090
 Flung by the tossing tide on high
 Then levelled with the wave—¹
 What reck's it though that corse shall lie
 Within a living grave ?
 The bird that tears that prostrate form
 Hath only robbed the meaner worm,
 The only heart the only eye
 Had bled or wept to see him die
 Had seen those scattered limbs composed
 And mourned above his turban stone² 1100
 That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
 Yea—closed before his own³

XXVII

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail !
 And Woman's eye is wet—Man's cheek is pale
 Zuleika ! last of Giaffir's race
 Thy destined lord is come too late
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face !
 Can he not hear
 The loud Wul wulleh³ warn his distant ear ?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate, 1110

¹ *And that charged hand whose only life
 Is motion—seems to menace strife—[MS]*

¹ [While the *Salsette* lay off the Dardanelles Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been executed by being cast into the sea, floating on the stream moving to and fro with the tumbling of the water which gave to his arms the effect of scaring away several sea fowl that were hovering to devour. This incident he has strikingly depicted in the *Bride of Abydos*—*Life of Lord Byron* by John Galt 1830 p 144]

² A turban is carved in stone above the graves of men only

³ The death song of the Turkish women. The silent slaves are the men whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in public

The Koran-chanters of the Hymn of Fate,¹
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale!
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill
 He was thy hope—thy joy thy love—thine all,
 And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
 Sufficed to kill,
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still
 Peace to thy broken heart and virgin grave!
 Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!
 That grief though deep though fatal was thy first!
 Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
 Of absence shame pride—hate revenge—remorse!
 And, oh! that pang where more than Madness lies
 The Worm that will not sleep and never dies,
 Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
 That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light, 1130
 That winds around, and tears the quivering heart!
 Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!

1 *The Koran-chapter chaunts thy fate* —[MS]

1 [At a Turkish funeral, after the interment has taken place, the Imâm "assis sur les genoux à côté de la tombe," offers the prayer *Telkin*, and at the conclusion of the prayer recites the *Fathiah*, or "opening chapter" of the Korân ("In the name of the merciful and compassionate God Praise belongs to God, the Lord of the worlds, the Merciful, the Compassionate, the Ruler of the day of judgment Thee we serve, and Thee we ask for aid Guide us in the right path, the path of those Thou art gracious to, not of those Thou art wroth with, nor of those who err"—*The Qur'ân*, p. 1, translated by E. H. Palmer, Oxford, 1880) *Tableau Générale de l'Empire Ottoman*, par Mouradja D'Ohsson, Paris, 1787, 1 235-248 Writing to Murray, November 14, 1813, Byron instances the funeral (in the *Bride of Abydos*) as proof of his correctness with regard to local colouring —*Letters*, 1898, 11 283]

Woe to thee rash and unrelenting Chief¹

Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,

Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread¹

By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled.

Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief

Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed

She whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed¹

Thy Daughter's dead¹

1140

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam

The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream

What quenched its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed¹

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair

Where is my child? —an Echo answers— 'Where?'³

XXVIII

Within the place of thousand tombs

That shine beneath while dark above

The sad but living cypress glooms¹

And withers not though branch and leaf

Are stamped with an eternal grief

1150

Like early unrequited love

¹ *She whom thy Sultan had been fain to wed* —[MS]

¹¹ *There the sad cypress ever glooms* —[MS]

¹ } 1 one evening witnessed a funeral in the vast cemetery of Scutari. An old man with a venerable beard threw himself by the side of the narrow grave and strewing the earth on his head cried aloud: 'He was my son! my only son.' —*Constantinople in 1858* by Charles Macfarlane 1829 p. 233 note.]

² [The body of a Moslem is ordered to be carried to the grave in haste with hurried steps —*Ibid.* p. 233 note.]

³ I came to the place of my birth, and cried: 'The friends of my Youth where are they?' and an Echo answered: 'Where are they?' —*From an Arabic MS.* The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader: it is given in the second annotation p. 67 of *The Pleasures of Memory* [note to Part I line 103] a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous: but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur [*Poem* by Samuel Rogers 1852 1. 48].

One spot exists, which ever blooms,
 Ev'n in that deadly grove—
A single rose is shedding there
 Its lonely lustre, meek and pale
It looks as planted by Despair—
 So white—so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high,
 And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky 1160
 May wring it from the stem—in vain—
 To-morrow sees it bloom again !
The stalk some Spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears,
 For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unsheltered by a bower,
Nor droops, though Spring refuse her shower,
 Nor woos the Summer beam 1170
To it the livelong night there sings
 A Bird unseen—but not remote
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Hours strings
 His long entrancing note !
It were the Bulbul, but his throat,
 Though mournful, pours not such a strain
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve,
 As if they loved in vain ! 1180
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
 That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,

He sings so wild and well !
 But when the day blush bursts from high ¹
 Expires that magic melody
 And some have been who could believe ²
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive 1190
 Yet harsh be they that blame)
 That note so piercing and profound
 Will shape and syllable ¹ its sound
 Into Zuleika's name
 'Tis from her cypress summit heard
 That melts in air the liquid word
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
 That white rose takes its tender birth

1 But with the day blush of the sky —[MS]

2 And some there be who could believe —[MS]

I And airy tongues that syllable men's names
 MILTON *Camus* line 08

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story the belief of the Duchess of Kendal that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see *Orford's Reminiscences* Lord Orford's Works 1798 iv 283) and many other instances bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady who believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind and as she was rich and a benefactress in beautifying the church no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote see *Orford's Letter*.

[But here (at Gloucester) is a modernity which beats all antiquities for curiosity. Just by the high altar is a small pew hung with green damask with curtains of the same a small corner-cupboard painted carved and gilt for books in one corner and two troughs of a bird-cage with seeds and water. If any mayoress on earth was small enough to enclose herself in this tabernacle or abstemious enough to feed on rape and canary I should have sworn that it was the shrine of the queen of the aldermen. It belongs to a Mrs Cotton who having lost a favourite daughter is convinced her soul is transmigrated into a robin redbreast for which reason she passes her life in making an aviary of the cathedral of Gloucester. —Letter to Richard Bentley September 1753 (*Lord Orford's Works* 1798 v 279)]

There late was laid a marble stone ,
 Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone ¹ 1200
 It was no mortal arm that bore
 That deep fixed pillar to the shore ,
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell ,
 Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave
 And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
 Is seen a ghastly turbaned head ¹
 And hence extended by the billow,
 'Tis named the " Pirate-phantom's pillow " 1210
 Where first it lay that mourning flower
 Hath flourished, flourisheth this hour,
 Alone and dewy—coldly pure and pale ,
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale ^{1 2}

- 1 *And in its stead that mourning flower
 Hath flourished—flourisheth this hour,
 Alone and coldly pure and pale
 As the young cheek that saddens to the tale
 And withers not, though branch and leaf
 Are stamped with an eternal grief —[MS]*

An earlier version of the final text reads—

As weeping Childhood's cheek at Sorrow's tale ¹

1 [According to J B Le Chevalier (*Voyage de La Propontide, etc* , an VIII (1800), p 17), the Turkish name for a small bay which formed the ancient port of Sestos, is *Ak-Bachi-Liman* (Port de la Tête blanche)]

2 [" *The Bride*, such as it is, is my first *entire* composition of any length (except the Satire, and be damned to it), for *The Giaour* is but a string of passages, and *Childe Harold* is, and I rather think always will be, unconcluded" (Letter to Murray, November 29, 1813) It (the *Bride*) "was published on Thursday the second of December, but how it is liked or disliked, I know not Whether it succeeds or not is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most partial reader, as it wrung my thoughts from reality to imagination—from selfish regrets to vivid recollections—and recalled me to a country replete with the *brightest* and *darkest*, but always most *lively* colours of my memory" (*Journal*, December 5, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, II 291, 361)]

NOTE TO THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

CANTO II STANZA XV

AFTER the completion of the fair copy of the MS of the *Bride of Abydos* seventy lines were added to stanza xx. of Canto II. In both MSS the rough and fair copies the stanza ends with the line 'The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark.'¹

Seven MS sheets are extant which make up the greater portion of these additional lines.

The *First Addition* amounts to eight lines and takes the narrative from line 880 to line 893, 'Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command.'

Lines 884-889 do not appear in the first MS Fragment but are given in three variants on separate sheets. Two of these are dated December and December 3 1813.

The *Second Fragment* begins with line 890. 'For thee in those bright isles is built a bower' and numbering twenty two lines ends with a variant of line 907. 'Blend every thought do all—but disunite.' Two lines of this addition 'With thee all toils are sweet find a place in the text as lines 934, 935.

The *Third Fragment* amounts to thirty six lines and may be taken as the first draft of the whole additions—lines 880-949.

Lines 908-9, and 936-945 of the text are still later additions but a fourth MS fragment supplies lines 90-975 and lines 936-945. (A fair copy of this fragment gives text for Revise of November 13.) Between November 13 and November 25 no less than ten revises of the *Bride* were

submitted to Lord Byron. In the earliest of these, dated November 13, the thirty-six lines of the Third Fragment have been expanded into forty lines—four lines of the MS being omitted, and twelve lines, 908-919, "Once free,"—"social home," being inserted. The text passed through five revises and remained unaltered till November 21, when eighteen lines were added to the forty, viz (4) "Mark! where his carnage,"—"sabre's length," (6) "There ev'n thy soul,"—"Zuleika's name," and (8) "Aye—let the loud winds,"—"bars escape." Of these the two latter additions belong to the *Fourth Fragment*. The text in this state passed through three more revises, but before the first edition was issued two more lines were added—lines 938, 939,

“The deepest murmur of this lip shall be,
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee !”

Even then the six lines, "Blest—as the Muezzins,"—"endears," are wanting in the text, but the four lines, "Soft—as the melody,"—"endears," are inserted in MS in the margin. The text as it stands first appears in the Seventh Edition.

[FIRST DRAFT OF 880, SQ, OF CANTO II STANZA XX
OF THE *BRIDE OF ABYDOS*]

For thee in those bright isles is built a bower

Aden, in its earliest hour

Blooming as Eden guarded like a tower

A thousand swords—thy Selim's soul and hand

Wait on thy voice, and bow to thy command

pair

No Danger daunts—the sc^uls that Love hath blest

steps still roving

With feet long wandering—but with hearts at rest

For thee my blade shall shine my hand shall toil

With thee all toils were sweet—each clime hath charms } = Lines

Earth—sea—alike one World within our arms (934, 935

Girt by my hand—Zuleika at my side—

The Spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride

slumbring

The Haram's sluggish life of listless ease
Is well exchanged for cares and joys like these
Mine be the lot to know where'er I rove
~~A thousand perils wait where'er I rove,~~
Not blind to fate I view where'er I rove
A thousand perils—but one only love—
Yet well my labor shall fond breast repay
When Fortune frowns or falser friends betray
How dear the thought in darkest hours of ill
Should all be changed to find thee faithful still
Be but thy soul like Selim's firmly shown

mine in firmness

~~Firm as my own I deem thy tender heart~~
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own
Exchange or mingle every thought with his
And all our future days unite in this

Nan I may lead—but trust not—I may fall
By those now friends to me—yet foes to all—
In this they follow but the bent assigned
fatal Nature

By ~~savage~~ Nature to our warning kind
But there—oh, far be every thought of fear
Life is but peril at the best—and here
No more remains to win and much to fear
Yes fear—the doubt the dread of losing thee—
That dread must vanish

THE CORSAIR

A TALE

— I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno
TASSO *Gerusalemme Liberata* Canto \ [stanza lxxviii line 8]
•

— —

INTRODUCTION TO *THE CORSAIR*

A SEVENTH edition of the *Giaour* including the final additions and the first edition of the *Bride of Abydos* were published on the twenty ninth of November 1813. In less than three weeks (December 18) Byron began the *Corsair* and completed the fair copy of the first draft by the last day of the year. The *Corsair* in all but its final shape together with the sixth edition of the *Bride of Abydos* the seventh of *Childe Harold* and the ninth of the *Giaour* was issued on the first of February 1814.

A letter from John Murray to Lord Byron dated February 3 1814 (*Memoir of John Murray* 1891 : 223) presents a vivid picture of a great literary triumph—

MY LORD—I have been unwilling to write until I had something to say. I am most happy to tell you that your last poem *is*—what Mr Southey's is *called*—a *Carmen Triumphale*. Never in my recollection has any work excited such a ferment. I sold on the day of publication—a thing perfectly unprecedented—10 000 copies. Mr Moore says it is masterly—a wonderful performance. Mr Hammond Mr Heber D Israel every one who comes declare their unlimited approbation. Mr Ward was here with Mr Gifford yesterday and mingled his admiration with the rest. and Gifford did what I never knew him do before—he repeated several stanzas from memory particularly the closing stanza—

His death yet dubious deeds too widely known

I have the highest encomiums in letters from Croker and Mr Hay but I rest most upon the warm feeling it has created in Gifford's critic heart. You have no notion of

the sensation which the publication has occasioned, and my only regret is that you were not present to witness it"

For some time before and after the poem appeared, Byron was, as he told Leigh Hunt (February 9, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii 27), "snow-bound and thaw-swamped in 'the valley of the shadow' of Newstead Abbey," and it was not till he had returned to town that he resumed his journal, and bethought him of placing on record some dark sayings with regard to the story of the *Corsair* and the personality of Conrad. Under date February 18, 1814, he writes—

"The *Corsair* has been conceived, written, published, etc., since I last took up this journal [?last day but one] They tell me it has great success, it was written *con amore* [*i.e.* during the reign of Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster], and much from *existence*"

And again, *Journal*, March 10 (*Letters*, 1898, ii 399), "He [Hobhouse] told me an odd report,—that *I* am the actual Conrad, the veritable Corsair, and that part of my travels are supposed to have passed in privacy [*sic*, ? piracy] Um! people sometimes hit near the truth, but never the whole truth. I don't know what I was about the year after he left the Levant, nor does any one—nor—nor—nor—however, it is a lie—but, 'I doubt the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth'"

Very little weight can be attached to these "I could and I would" pronouncements, deliberately framed to provoke curiosity, and destined, no doubt, sooner or later to see the light, but the fact remains that Conrad is not a mere presentation of Byron in a fresh disguise, or "The Pirate's Tale" altogether a "painting of the imagination"

That the *Corsair* is founded upon fact is argued at some length by the author (an "English Gentleman in the Greek Military Service") of the *Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times of the R H George Gordon Noel Byron*, which was published in 1825. The point of the story (i 197-201), which need not be repeated at length, is that Byron, on leaving Constantinople and reaching the island of Zea (July, 1810), visited ["strolled about"] the islands of the Archipelago, in company with a Venetian gentleman who had turned buccaneer *malgré lui*, and whose history and adventures,

amatory and piratical prefigured and inspired the gestures of Conrad. The tale must be taken for what it is worth but it is to be remarked that it affords a clue to Byron's mysterious entries in a journal which did not see the light till 1830 five years after the English Gentleman published his volumes of gossiping anecdote. It may too be noted that although in his correspondence of 1810-1811 there is no mention of any tour among the Isles of Greece in a letter to Moore dated February 1815 (*Letters* 1899 iii 176) Byron recalls "the interesting white squalls and short seas of Archipelago memory."

How far Byron may have drawn on personal experience for his picture of a pirate *à la* lui it is impossible to say but during the year 1809-11 when he was travelling in Greece the exploits of Lambros Katzones and other Greek pirates sailing under the Russian flag must have been within the remembrance and on the lips of the islanders and the patriots of the mainland. The "Pirates Island" from which "Ariadne's isle" (line 444) was visible may be intended for Iaros or Anti Páros.

For the inception of Conrad (see Canto I stanza 11) the paradoxical hero an assortment rather than an amalgam of incongruous characteristics Byron may perhaps have been in some measure indebted to the description of Malefort junior in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat* act 1 sc 2 line 69—

I have sat with him in his cabin a day together

Sigh he did often as if inward grief
And melancholy at that instant would
Choke up his vital spirits

When from the maintop
A sail descried, all thoughts that do concern
Himself laid by no lion pinched with hunger
Rouses himself more fiercely from his den
Then he comes on the deck and then how wisely
He gives directions etc.

The *Corsair* together with the *Bride of Abydos* was reviewed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* of April 1814 vol xxiii p 198 and together with *Lara* by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly Review* of July 1814 vol ii p 48

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON *THE CORSAIR*

IN comparison with the *Graou*, the additions made to the *Corsair* whilst it was passing through the press were inconsiderable. The original MS, which numbers 1737 lines, is probably the fair copy of a number of loose sheets which have not been preserved. The crasures are few and far between, and the variations between the copy and the text are neither numerous nor important.

In one of the latest revises stanza λ was added to the First Canto. The last four lines of stanza ν first appeared in the Seventh Edition.

The Second Canto suffered no alteration except the substitution of lines 1131-1133 for two lines which were expunged.

Larger additions were made to the Third Canto. Lines 1299-1375, or stanza v (included in a revise dated January 6, 1814), stanzas λvii and xxiii, numbering respectively 77, 32, and 16 lines, and the two last lines of stanza λ, 127 lines in all, represent the difference between the text as it now stands and the original MS.

In a note to Byron's *Poetical Works*, 1832, ix 257, it is stated that the *Corsair* was begun on the 18th and finished on the 31st of December, 1813. In the Introduction to the *Corsair* prefixed to the Library Edition, the poem is said to have been composed in ten days, "at the rate of 200 lines a day." The first page of the MS is dated "27th of December, 1813," and the last page "December 31, 1813, January 1, 1814." It is probable that the composition of the first draft was begun on the 18th and finished on the 27th of December, and that the work of transcription occupied the last five days.

of the month Stanza 1 of Canto III reached the publisher on the 6th and stanzas xvii and xxiii on the 11th and 1th of January, 1814

The First Edition amounted to 1859 lines (the numeration owing to the inclusion of broken lines, is given as 1863) and falls short of the existing text by the last four lines of stanza xi. It contains the first dedication to Moore and numbers 100 pages. To the Second Edition which numbers 108 pages the following poems were appended —

To a Lady Weeping

From the Turkish

Sonnet to Geneva (Thine eyes blue tenderness etc)

Sonnet to Geneva (Thy cheek is pale with thought etc)

Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog
Farewell

These occasional poems were not appended to the Third Edition which only numbered 100 pages but they reappeared in the Fourth and subsequent editions

The Seventh Edition contained four additional lines (the last four of stanza xi) and a note (unnumbered) to line 6 in defence of the *resemblance* of the *Corsairs* misanthropy. The Ninth Edition numbered 112 pages. The additional matter consists of a long note to the last line of the poem (Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes) on the pirates of Baratania

Twenty five thousand copies of the *Corsair* were sold between January and March, 1814. An Eighth Edition of fifteen hundred copies was printed in March and sold before the end of the year. A Ninth Edition of three thousand copies was printed in the beginning of 1815

TO THOMAS MOORE ESQ

MY DEAR MOORE

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience and your indulgence for some years and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name consecrated by unshaken public principle and the most undoubted and various talents While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree permit one whose only regret since our first acquaintance has been the years he had lost before it commenced to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship to the voice of more than one nation It will at least prove to you that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence It is said among those friends I trust truly that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East none can do those scenes so much justice The wrongs of your own country¹ the magnificent and fiery spirit

1 [This political allusion having been objected to by a friend Byron composed a second dedication which he sent to Moore with a request that he would take his choice Moore chose the original dedication which was accordingly prefixed to the First Edition The alternative ran as follows —

January 7th 1814

MY DEAR MOORE

I had written to you a long letter of dedication which I suppress because though it contained something relating to you

of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found, and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky, but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate, but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further. He award of “Gods, men, nor columns” In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative, though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart, Scott alone,¹ of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse, and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius. In blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not

which every one had been glad to hear, yet there about politics and poesy, and all things whatsoever, a topic on which most men are fluent, and none very self. It might have been re-written, but to what praise could add nothing to your well-earned and firm fame, and with my most hearty admiration of your delight in your conversation, you are already acquainting myself of your friendly permission to inscribe this I can only wish the offering were as worthy your regard is dear to

“Yours, most affectionately and faithfully,

was too much adding with that amusing,—one’s purpose? My mly established ur talents, and tcd In avail s poem to you acceptance, as

“BYRON”]

¹ [After the words, “Scott alone,” Byron had in parenthesis, “He will excuse the ‘Mr’—we do not say Mr Cæsar”]

serted, in a
t say Mr

the most popular measure certainly but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion I shall quit it without further apology and take my chance once more with that versification in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present and will be of my future regret.

With regard to my story and stories in general I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable if possible inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of drawing from self the pictures are probably like since they are unfavourable and if not those who know me are undeceived and those who do not I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining but I cannot help a little surprise and perhaps amusement at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance when I see several bards (far more deserving I allow) in very reputable plight and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes who never theless might be found with little more morality than *The Giaour* and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage and as to his identity those who like it must give him whatever alias they please.¹

1 [It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were tainted. Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair who knew himself a villain than they looked for the hypocrisy of a hero on the shores of the Derwent Water yet even in the features of Conrad those who had looked on Lord Byron will recognise the likeness—

To the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height

Sun burnt his cheek his forehead high and pale
The sable curl in wild profusion veil

Canto I stanza ix

—Sir Walter Scott *Quart Rev* No xxx October 1816]

VOL. III

Q

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly,

And affectionately,

His obedient servant,

BYRON

January 2, 1814

THE CORSAIR¹

CANTO THE FIRST

nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria

DANTE *Inferno* v. 111

I

O ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free
Far as the breeze can bear the billows foam
Survey our empire and behold our home!
These are our realms no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest and joy in every change
Oh who can tell? not thou luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave 10

¹ The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences but the whole of the *Ægean* isles are within a few hours' sail of the continent and the reader must be kind enough to take the word as I have often found it

~ [Compare—

Survey the region and confess her home
Windsor Forest by A. Pope line 256]

II

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle
Around the kindling watch fire ring the while
Such were the sounds that thrilled the rocks along
And unto ears as rugged seemed a song !
In scattered groups upon the golden sand
They game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand
Select the arms—to each his blade assign
And careless eye the blood that dims its shine 50
Repair the boat replace the helm or oar
While others straggling muse along the shore
For the wild bird the busy springes set
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies
With all the thirsting eye of Interpose
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil
No matter where—their chief's allotment this
Theirs to believe no prey nor plan amiss 60
But who that Chief ? his name on every shore
Is famed and feared—they ask and know no more
With these he mingles not but to command
Few are his words but keen his eye and hand
Neer seasons he with mirth their jovial mess
But they forgive his silence for success
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill
That goblet passes him untasted still—
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
Would that in turn have passed untasted too 70
Earth's coarsest bread the garden's homeliest roots
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny

But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
 His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.
 "Steer to that shore!" they sail. "Do this!" 'tis
 done
 "Now form and follow me!" the spoil is won
 Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
 And all obey and few inquire his will, 80
 To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
 Convey reproof, nor further deign reply

III

"A sail!—a sail!" a promised prize to Hope!
 Her nation—flag how speaks the telescope?¹
 No prize, alas! but yet a welcome sail
 The blood-red signal glitters in the gale
 Yes she is ours a home-returning bark—
 Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark
 Already doubled is the cape—our bay
 Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray 90
 How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
 Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
 She walks the waters like a thing of Life,¹
 And seems to dare the elements to strife
 Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,
 To move the monarch of her peopled deck!

IV.

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings
 The sails are furled, and anchoring round she swings,

¹ *Her nation—flag—how tells the telescope* —[MS]

¹ [Compare *The Isle of Palms*, by John Wilson, Canto I (1812,
 p 8)—

"She sailed amid the loveliness
 Like a thing with heart and mind"]

And gathering loiterers on the land discern
 Her boat descending from the latticed stern 100
 'Tis manned—the oars keep concert to the strand
 Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand¹
 Hail to the welcome shout¹—the friendly speech !
 When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach
 The smile the question and the quick reply
 And the Heart's promise of festivity

v

The tidings spread and gathering grows the crowd
 The hum of voices and the laughter loud
 And Woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—
 I nends—husbands—lovers names in each dear word
 Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success— 111
 But shall we see them? will their accents bless?
 From where the battle roars the billows chafe
 They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?
 Here let them haste to gladden and surprise
 And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes !

vi

Where is our Chief? for him we hear report—
 And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short
 Yet thus sincere—is cheering though so brief
 But Juan ! instant guide us to our Chief 120
 Our greeting paid we'll feast on our return
 And all shall hear what each may wish to learn
 Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,
 To where his watch tower beetles o'er the bay,
 By bushy brake the wild flowers blossoming,
 And freshness breathing from each silver spring,
 Whose scattered streams from granite basins burst

¹ Till cracks her keel upon the shallow sand —[MS.]

Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst,
 From crag to cliff they mount Near yonder cave,
 What lonely straggler looks along the wave? 130
 In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
 Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?
 "'Tis he—'tis Conrad here—as wont alone,
 On Juan!—on—and make our purpose known
 The bark he views—and tell him we would greet
 His ear with tidings he must quickly meet
 We dare not yet approach—thou know'st his mood,
 When strange or uninvited steps intrude"

VII

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent,
 He spake not, but a sign expressed assent, 140
 These Juan calls they come—to their salute
 He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute
 "These letters, Chief, are from the Greek the spy,
 Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh
 Whate'er his tidings, we can well report,
 Much that" "Peace, peace!" he cuts their prating
 short

Wondering they turn, abashed, while each to each
 Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech
 They watch his glance with many a stealing look,
 To gather how that eye the tidings took, 150
 But, this as if he guessed, with head aside,
 Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,
 He read the scroll "My tablets, Juan, hark
 Where is Gonsalvo?"

"In the anchored bark"

"There let him stay to him this order bear
 Back to your duty—for my course prepare
 Myself this enterprise to-night will share"

To-night Lord Conrad?

Aye ! at set of sun

The breeze will freshen when the day is done
My corslet—cloak—one hour and we are gone 160
Sling on thy bugle—see that free from rust
My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust
Be the edge sharpened of my boarding brand
And give its guard more room to fit my hand
This let the Armourer with speed dispose
Last time it more fatigued my arm than foes
Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired
To tell us when the hour of stay's expired

VIII

They make obeisance and retire in haste
Too soon to seek again the watery waste 170
Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides
And who dare question aught that he decides ?
That man of loneliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile and seldom heard to sigh
Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallow hue
Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles leads yet chills the vulgar heart
What is that spell that thus his lawless train
Confess and envy—yet oppose in vain ? 180
What should it be that thus their faith can bind ?
The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind !
Linked with success assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to its will
Wields with their hands but still to these unknown
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the Sun
The many still must labour for the one !

Of deeper passions, and to judge their mien,
 He, who would see, must be himself unseen
 Then with the hurried tread, the upward eye,
 The clenched hand, the pause of agony,
 That listens, starting, lest the step too near
 Approach intrusive on that mood of fear
 Then—with each feature working from the heart,
 With feelings, loosed to strengthen—not depart, 240
 That rise—convulse—contend—that free/e or glow,¹
 Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow,
 Then—Stranger! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
 Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot!"
 Mark how that lone and blighted bosom sears
 The scathing thought of execrated years!
 Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
 Man as himself—the secret spirit free?

XI

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent
 To lead the guilty—Guilt's worse instrument 250
 His soul was changed, before his deeds had driven
 Him forth to war with Man and forfeit Heaven
 Warped by the world in Disappointment's school,
 In words too wise in conduct *there* a fool,
 Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
 Doomed by his very virtues for a dupe,
 He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,
 And not the traitors who betrayed him still,
 Nor deemed that gifts bestowed on better men
 Had left him joy, and means to give again 260

1 *Released but to convulse or freeze or glow!*
Fire in the veins, or damps upon the brow —[MS]

11 *Behold his soul once seen not soon forgot!*
All that there burns its hour away—but sears
The scathed Remembrance of long coming years —[MS]

Feared—shunned—belied—ere Youth had lost her force
 He hated Man too much to feel remorse
 And thought the voice of Wrath a sacred call
 To pay the injuries of some on all
 He knew himself a villain—but he deemed
 The rest no better than the thing he seemed
 And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid
 Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did
 He knew himself detested but he knew
 The hearts that loathed him crouched and dreaded too
 Lone wild and strange he stood alike exempt 271
 From all affection and from all contempt
 His name could sadden and his acts surprise
 But they that feared him dared not to despise
 Man spurns the worm but pauses ere he wake
 The slumbering venom of the folded snake
 The first may turn but not avenge the blow
 The last expires but leaves no living foe,
 Fast to the doomed offenders form it clings
 And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings !¹ 80

XII

None are all evil—quickenings round his heart
 One softer feeling would not yet depart
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
 By passions worthy of a fool or child
 Yet gaunt that passion vainly still he strove
 And even in him it asks the name of Love !
 Yes it was love—unchangeable—unchanged
 Felt but for one from whom he never ranged ,

1 [Lines 277- 80 are not in the MS They were inserted on a detached printed sheet with a view to publication in the Seventh Edition]

I.

“ Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
 Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
 Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
 Then trembles into silence as before 350

2

“ There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
 Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen,
 Which not the darkness of Despair can damp,
 Though vain its ray as it had never been

3

“ Remember me—Oh ! pass not thou my grave
 Without one thought whose relics there recline
 The only pang my bosom dare not brave
 Must be to find forgetfulness in thine

4

“ My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear ¹
 Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove, 360
 Then give me all I ever asked—a tear,¹
 The first last—sole reward of so much love ! ”

He passed the portal, crossed the corridor,
 And reached the chamber as the strain gave o'er
 “ My own Medora ! sure thy song is sad ”

“ In Conrad's absence would'st thou have it glad ?
 Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
 Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray

¹ *Yet heed my prayer—my latest accents hear —[MS]*

¹ [Compare—

“ He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend ”
Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard]

Still must each accent to my bosom suit
My heart unhushed—although my lips were mute ' 370
Oh ! many a night on this lone couch reclined
My dreaming fear with storms hath winged the wind
And deemed the breath that faintly fanned thy sail
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale ,
Though soft—it seemed the low prophetic dirge
That mourned thee floating on the savage surge
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire
And many a restless hour outwatched each star
And morning came—and still thou wert afar 380
Oh ! how the chill blast on my bosom blew
And day broke dreary on my troubled view
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow !
At length—twas noon—I hailed and blest the mast
That met my sight—it neared—Alas ! it passed !
Another came—Oh God ! twas thine at last !
Would that those days were over ! wilt thou neer
My Conrad ! learn the joys of peace to share ?
Sure thou hast more than wealth and many a home 390
As bright as this invites us not to roam
Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear
I only tremble when thou art not here
Then not for mine but that far dearer life
Which flies from love and languishes for strife—
How strange that heart to me so tender still
Should war with Nature and its better will !

' Yea strange indeed—that heart hath long been changed
Worm like twas trampled—adder like avenged—
Without one hope on earth beyond thy love 400
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above

Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
My very love to thee is hate to them,
So closely mingling here, that disentwined,
I cease to love thee when I love Mankind
Yet dread not this the proof of all the past
Assures the future that my love will last,
But—Oh, Medora ! nerve thy gentler heart ,
This hour again—but not for long we part ”

“ This hour we part ! my heart foreboded this
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss
This hour it cannot be—this hour away !
Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew ,
My Love ! thou mock'st my weakness , and wouldst s
My breast before the time when it must feel ,
But trifle now no more with my distress,
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness
Be silent, Conrad !—dearest ! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare ,
Light toil ! to cull and dress thy frugal fare !
See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best,
And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I guessec
At such as seemed the fairest , thrice the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill ,
Yes ! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow !
The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers ,
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice
But come, the board is spread , our silver lamp
Is trimmed, and heeds not the Sirocco's damp

Then shall my handmaids while the time along
 And join with me the dance or wake the song
 Or my guitar which still thou lov'st to hear
 Shall soothe or lull—or should it vex thine ear
 We'll turn the tale by Ariosto told
 Of fair Olympia loved and left of old ¹ 440
 Why thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
 To that lost damsel should thou leave me *now*—
 Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile
 When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle
 Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while
 And thus half sportive—half in fear—I said
 Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than dread
 Thus Conrad, too will quit me for the main
 And he deceived me—for—he came again !

Again again—and oft again—my Love ! 450
 If there be life below and hope above
 He will return—but now the moments bring
 The time of parting with redoubled wing
 The why the where—what boots it now to tell ?
 Since all must end in that wild word—Farewell !
 Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
 Fear not—these are no formidable foes !
 And here shall watch a more than wonted guard
 For sudden siege and long defence prepared
 Nor be thou lonely though thy Lord's away 460
 Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay
 And this thy comfort—that when next we meet
 Security shall make repose more sweet
 List !—tis the bugle ! —Juan shrilly blew—
 One kiss—one more—another—Oh ! Adieu !

¹ [For Bireno's desertion of Olympia see] *Orlando F.*
 Canto X [stanzas 1-7]

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
 'Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face
 He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
 Which downcast drooped in tearless agony
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms, 470
 In all the wildness of dishevelled chains,
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
 So full—*that* feeling seem'd almost unfelt !
 Hark peals the thunder of the signal-gun !
 It told 'twas sunset, and he cursed that sun
 Again—again—that form he madly pressed,
 Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed !
 And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
 One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more,
 Felt that for him Earth held but her alone, 480
 Kissed her cold forehead—turned—is Conrad gone ?

XV

“And is he gone?”—on sudden solitude
 How oft that fearful question will intrude !
 “'Twas but an instant past, and here he stood !
 And now ” without the portal's porch she rushed,
 And then at length her tears in freedom gushed,
 Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they fell,
 But still her lips refused to send “Farewell !”
 For in that word—that fatal word how'er
 We promise—hope believe—there breathes Despair
 O'er every feature of that still, pale face, 491
 Had Sorrow fixed what Time can ne'er erase
 The tender blue of that large loving eye
 Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,

But, *Oh ! he could bear no more—but madly grasped*
 Is trim. *Her form—and trembling there his own unclasped*—[MS]

Till—Oh how far I—it caught a glimpse of him
And then it flowed and phrensied seemed to swim
Through those long dark, and glistening lashes dewed
With drops of sadness oft to be renewed

He's gone! —against her heart that hand is driven
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to Heaven 500
She looked and saw the heaving of the main
The white sail set—she dared not look again
But turned with sickening soul within the gate—

It is no dream—and I am desolate !

XVI

From crag to crag descending swiftly sped
Stern Conrad down nor once he turned his head
But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way
Forced on his eye what he would not survey
His lone but lovely dwelling on the steep
That hailed him first when homeward from the deep
And she—the dim and melancholy Star 511
Whose ray of Beauty reached him from afar
On her he must not gaze he must not think—
There he might rest—but on Destruction's brink
Yet once almost he stopped—and nearly gave
His fate to chance his projects to the wave
But no—it must not be—a worthy chief
May melt but not betray to Woman's grief
He sees his bark he notes how fair the wind
And sternly gathers all his might of mind 520
Again he hurries on—and as he hears
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears
The busy sounds the bustle of the shore
The shout the signal and the dashing oar
As marks his eye the seaway on the mast

The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
That mute Adieu to those who stem the surge ,
And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
He marvelled how his heart could seem so soft 530
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
He feels of all his former self possess ;
He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps reach
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
There checks his speed , but pauses less to breathe
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
Than there his wonted stately step renew ,
Nor rush, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view
For well had Conrad learned to curb the crowd,
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud , 540
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight and awes if seen
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy ,
All these he wielded to command assent
But where he wished to win, so well unbent,
That Kindness cancelled fear in those who heard,
And others' gifts showed mean beside his word,
When echoed to the heart as from his own
His deep yet tender melody of tone 550
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
He cared not what he softened, but subdued ,
The evil passions of his youth had made
Him value less who loved than what obeyed

XVII

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.
Before him Juan stands “Are all prepared?”

They are—nay more—embarked the latest boat
Waits but my chief——

My sword and my capote
Soon firmly girded on and lightly slung
His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung 560

Call Pedro here ! He comes—and Conrad bends
With all the courtesy he deigned his friends

Receive these tablets and peruse with care
Words of high trust and truth are graven there
Double the guard and when Anselmo's bark
Arrives let him alike these orders mark

In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
On our return—till then all peace be thine !

This said his brother Pirate's hand he wrung
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung 570

Flashed the dipt oars and sparkling with the stroke
Around the waves phosphoric¹ brightness broke

They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands—
Shrieks the shrill whistle ply the busy hands—

He marks how well the ship her helm obeys
How gallant all her crew and deigns to praise

His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn—
Why doth he start and only seem to mourn ?

Alas ! those eyes beheld his rocky tower
And live a moment o'er the parting hour 580

She—his Medora—did she mark the prow ?

Ah ! never loved he half so much as now !

But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—

Again he mans himself and turns away ,

Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends

And there unfolds his plan—his means and ends

1 By night particularly in a warm latitude every stroke of the oar every motion of the boat or ship is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water

Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
 And all that speaks and aids the naval art,
 They to the midnight watch put off debate,
 To anxious eyes what hour is ever late? 590
 Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,
 And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew,
 Passed the high headlands of each clustering isle,
 To gain their port long long ere morning smile
 And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
 Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay
 Count they each sail, and mark how there supine
 The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine
 Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow passed by,
 And anchored where his ambush meant to lie, 600
 Screened from espial by the jutting cape,
 That rears on high its rude fantastic shape¹
 Then rose his band to duty not from sleep
 Equipped for deeds alike on land or deep,
 While leaned then Leader o'er the fretting flood,
 And calmly talked and yet he talked of blood!

1 [Cape Gallo is at least eight miles to the south of Corone, but Point Lividia, the promontory on which part of the town is built, can hardly be described as a "jutting cape," or as (see line 1623) a "giant shape"]

CANTO THE SECOND

Conosceste i dubbiosi desiri ?

DANTE *Inferno* v 10

I

IN Coron's bay floats many a galley light
 Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright¹
 For Seyd the Pacha makes a feast to night
 A feast for promised triumph yet to come 610
 When he shall drag the fettered Rovers home

1 [Coron or Corone the ancient Colonides is situated a little to the north of a promontory Point Lavidia on the western shore of the Gulf of Kalamata or Coron or Messenia

Antoine Louis Castellan (1772-1838) with whose larger work on Turkey Byron professed himself familiar (Letter to Moore August 8 1813) gives a vivid description of Coron and the bey's palace in his *Lettres sur la Morée etc* (first published Paris 1808) 3 vols 1820 Whether Byron had or had not consulted the Letters the following passages may help to illustrate the scene —

La chambre caverneuse du Taygète s'élève en face de Coron à l'autre extrémité du golfe (iii 181)

Nous avons aussi été faire une visite au bey qui nous a permis de parcourir la citadelle (p 187)

Le bey fait exécuter en notre présence une danse singulière qu'on peut nommer danse pantomime (p 189 see line 642)

La maison est assez bien distribuée et proprement meublée à la manière des Turcs. La principale pièce est grande ornée d'une boisserie ciselée sur les dessins arabesques et même marquetée. Les fenêtres donnent sur le jardin. Les volets sont ordinairement fermés dans le milieu de la journée et le jour ne pénètre alors qu'à travers des ouvertures pratiquées au-dessus des fenêtres et garnies de vitreaux colorés (p 100) Castellan saw the palace and bay illuminated (p 203)]

Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
And wrapt a breast bestowed on heaven alone,
Submissive, yet with self-possession manned,
He calmly met the curious eyes that scanned,
And question of his coming fain would seek,
Before the Pacha's will allowed to speak 670

IV

"Whence com'st thou, Dervise?"

"From the Outlaw's den

A fugitive "

"Thy capture where and when?"

"From Scalanova's port¹ to Scio's isle,
The Saick² was bound, but Allah did not smile
Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains
The Rovers won, our limbs have worn their chains
I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost,
At length a fisher's humble boat by night
Afforded hope, and offered chance of flight, 680
I seized the hour, and find my safety here
With thee most mighty Pacha! who can fear?"

"How speed the outlaws? stand they well prepared,
Their plundered wealth, and robber's rock, to guard?
Dream they of this our preparation, doomed
To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed?"

"Pacha! the fettered captive's mourning eye,
That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy,
I only heard the reckless waters roar,
Those waves that would not bear me from the shore, 690

¹ [On the coast of Asia Minor, twenty-one miles south of Smyrna.]

² [A Levantine bark—"a kind of ketch without top gallant sail, or mizzen-top sail"]

I only marked the glorious Sun and sky,
Too bright—too blue—for my captivity
And felt that all which Freedom's bosom cheers
Must break my chain before it dried my tears
This mayst thou judge at least from my escape
They little deem of aught in Peril's shape
Else vainly had I prayed or sought the chance
That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance
The careless guard that did not see me fly
May watch as idly when thy power is nigh 700
Pacha! my limbs are faint—and nature craves
Food for my hunger rest from tossing waves
Permit my absence—peace be with thee! Peace
With all around!—now grant repose—release

Stay Dervise! I have more to question—stay
I do command thee—sit—dost hear?—obey!
More I must ask and food the slaves shall bring
Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting
The supper done—prepare thee to reply,
Clearly and full—I love not mystery 710

I were vain to guess what shook the pious man
Who looked not lovingly on that Divan,
Nor showed high relish for the banquet prest
And less respect for every fellow guest
Twas but a moment's peevish hectic passed
Along his cheek and tranquillised as fast
He sate him down in silence and his look
Resumed the calmness which before forsook
The feast was ushered in—but sumptuous fare
He shunned as if some poison mingled there 720
For one so long condemned to toil and fast
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast
What ails thee Dervise? eat—dost thou suppose

No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
 So much Confusion magnifies his foe !
 His blazing galleys still distract his sight,
 He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight, !
 For now the pirates passed the Haram gate,
 And burst within—and it were death to wait,
 Where wild Amazement shrieking—!neeling—throws
 The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows ! 791
 The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within
 Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
 Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
 Proclaimed how well he did the work of strife
 They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
 A glutted tiger mangling in his lair !
 But short their greeting, shorter his reply —
 "'Tis well—but Seyd escapes and he must die—
 Much hath been done—but more remains to do— Soo
 'Their galleys blaze—why not their city too?'

V

Quick at the word they seized him each a torch,
 And fire the dome from minaret to porch
 A stern delight was fixed in Conrad's eye,
 But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry
 Of women struck, and like a deadly knell
 Knocked at that heart unmoved by Battle's yell
 "Oh ! burst the Haram—wrong not on your lives
 One female form—remember we have wives
 On them such outrage Vengeance will repay, 810

1 A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene's *Mémoires*, 1811, p 6, "The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh, he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field" ["Le seraskier est blessé à la cuisse, il s'arrache la barbe, parce qu'il est obligé de fuir" A contemporary translation (Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, 1811), renders "il s'arrache la barbe" *he tore out the arrow*]

Man is our foe and such tis ours to slay
 But still we spared—must spare the weaker prey
 Oh ! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive
 If at my word the helpless cease to live
 Follow who will—I go—we yet have time
 Our souls to lighten of at least a crime
 He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the door
 Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor
 His breath choked gasping with the volumed smoke
 But still from room to room his way he broke 80
 They search—they find—they save with lusty arms
 Each bears a prize of unregarded charms
 Calm their loud fears, sustain their sinking frames
 With all the care defenceless Beauty claims
 So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood
 And check the very hands with gore imbrued
 But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey
 From recking pile and combat's wreck away—
 Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
 The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd ! 830

VI

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare¹
 Few words to reassure the trembling Fair
 For in that pause Compassion snatched from War
 The foe before retiring fast and far
 With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued
 First slower fled—then rallied—then withstood
 This Seyd perceives then first perceives how few
 Compared with his the Corsair's roving crew
 And blushes o'er his error as he eyes
 The ruin wrought by Panic and Surprise 840

1 Gulnare a female name it means literally the flower of the pomegranate

Alla il Alla ! Vengeance swells the cry
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die !
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph ebbs that flowed too well
When Wrath returns to renovated strife,
And those who fought for conquest strike for life
Conrad beheld the danger he beheld
His followers faint by freshening foes repelled
“ One effort one to break the circling host ! ”
They form unite charge waver all is lost ! 850
Within a narrower ring compressed, beset,
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—
Ah ! now they fight in firmest file no more,
Hemmed in—cut off—cleft down and trampled o’er,
But each strikes singly—silently and home,
And sinks outworn rather than o’ercome
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of Death !

VII

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,
And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose, 860
Gulnare and all her Haïam handmaids freed,
Safe in the dome of one who held then creed,
By Conrad’s mandate safely were bestowed,
And dried those tears for life and fame that flowed
And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
Recalled those thoughts late wandering in despair,
Much did she marvel o’er the courtesy
That smoothed his accents, softened in his eye—
’Twas strange—*that* robber thus with gore bedewed,
Seemed gentler then than Seyd in fondest mood 870
The Pacha wooed as if he deemed the slave
Must seem delighted with the heart he gave,

The Corsair vowed protection soothed affright
As if his homage were a Woman's right

The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female—vain
Yet much I long to view that Chief again
If but to thank for what my fear forgot
The life—my loving Lord remembered not !

VIII

And him she saw where thickest carnage spread
But gathered breathing from the happier dead 880
Far from his band and battling with a host
That deem right dearly won the field he lost
Felled—bleeding—baffled of the death he sought
And snatched to expiate all the ills he wrought
Preserved to linger and to live in vain
While Vengeance pondered o'er new plans of pain
And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed again—
But drop by drop for Seyd's unglutted eye
Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to die !
Can this be he? triumphant late she saw 890
When his red hands wild gesture waved a law !
Tis he indeed—disarmed but undeprest
His sole regret the life he still possesseth,
His wounds too slight though taken with that will
Which would have kissed the hand that then could kill
Oh were there none of all the many given
To send his soul—he scarcely asked to Heaven ?¹

1 [The word *to* had been left out by the printer and in a late revise Byron supplies the omission and writes—

To Mr Murray or Mr Davison

Do not omit words—it is quite enough to alter or mispell them
BN

In the MS the line ran—

To send his soul—he scarcely cared to Heaven

Asked is written over in pencil but *cared* has not been
erased]

Must he alone of all retain his breath,
 Who more than all had striven and struck for death?
 He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must feel, 900
 When thus reversed on faithless Fortune's wheel,
 For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
 Of lingering tortures to repay the debt
 He deeply, darkly felt, but evil Pride
 That led to perpetrate now serves to hide
 Still in his stern and self-collected mien
 A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,
 Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,
 But few that saw so calmly gazed around
 Though the far shouting of the distant crowd, 910
 Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,
 The better warriors who beheld him near,
 Insulted not the foe who taught them fear,
 And the grim guards that to his durance led,
 In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

IX.

The Leech was sent but not in mercy there,
 To note how much the life yet left could bear,
 He found enough to load with heaviest chain,
 And promise feeling for the wretch of Pain,
 To-morrow yea to-morrow's evening Sun 920
 Will, sinking, see Impalement's pangs begun,
 And rising with the wonted blush of morn
 Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne
 Of torments this the longest and the worst,
 Which adds all other agony to thirst,
 That day by day Death still forbears to slake,
 While famished vultures flit around the stake
 "Oh! water—water!" smiling Hate denies
 The victim's prayer, for if he drinks he dies,

This was his doom —the Leech the guard were gone 930
And left proud Conrad fettered and alone

λ

I were vain to punt to what his feelings grew—
It even were doubtful if their victim knew
There is a war a chaos of the mind¹
When all its elements convulsed combined
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse—
That juggling fiend who never spake before
But cries ' I warned thee ! when the deed is o'er
Vain voice ! the spirit burning but unbent 940
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent !
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels
And to itself all—all that self reveals —
No single passion and no ruling thought
That leaves the rest as once unseen unsought
But the wild prospect when the Soul reviews
All rushing through their thousand avenues—
Ambition's dreams expiring Love's regret
Endangered Glory Life itself beset
The joy untasted the contempt or hate 950
Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate
The hopeless past the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if Hell or Heaven ,
Deeds—thoughts—and words perhaps remembered not
So keenly till that hour but ne'er forgot
Things light or lovely in their acted time
But now to stern Reflection each a crime

1 [Compare—

One anarchy one chaos of the mind
The Wanderer by Richard Savage Canto V (1761 p 86)]

The withering sense of Evil unrevealed,
 Not cankering less because the more concealed ,
 All, in a word, from which all eyes must start, 960
 That opening sepulchre, the naked heart ¹
 Bares with its buried woes till Pride awake,
 To snatch the mirror from the soul, and break
 Aye, Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all—
 All all—before beyond—the deadliest fall
 Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,
 The only hypocrite deserving praise
 Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies ,
 But he who looks on Death—and silent dies
 So, steeled by pondering o'er his far career, 970
 He half-way meets Him should He menace near ¹

XI

In the high chamber of his highest tower
 Sate Conrad, fettered in the Pacha's power
 His palace perished in the flame this fort
 Contained at once his captive and his court
 Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,
 His foe, if vanquished, had but shared the same —
 Alone he sate—in solitude had scanned
 His guilty bosom, but that breast he manned
 One thought alone he could not—dared not meet 980
 "Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?"
 Then—only then his clanking hands he raised,
 And stained with rage the chain on which he gazed ,
 But soon he found, or feigned, or dreamed relief,
 And smiled in self-derision of his grief,

1 [Compare—

"That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart "
Night Thoughts, by Edward Young (Night III)
 (Anderson's *British Poets*, v 71)]

' And now come Torture when it will or may—
 More need of rest to nerve me for the day !
 This said with langour to his mat he crept
 And whatso'er his visions quickly slept

Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun 990
 For Conrad's plans matured at once were done
 And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time
 She scarce had left an uncommitted crime
 One hour beheld him since the tide he stemmed—
 Disguised — discovered — conquering — ta'en — con-
 demned—
 A Chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—
 Destroying—saving—prisoned—and asleep !

XII

He slept in calmest seeming for his breath¹
 Was hushed so deep— Ah ! happy if in death !
 He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends ? 1000
 His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends
 Is it some Seraph sent to grant him grace ?
 No 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face !
 Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid
 Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
 Of that closed eye which opens but to pain
 And once unclosed—but once may close again
 That form with eye so dark and cheek so fair
 And auburn waves of gemmed and braided hair

1 [Compare—

When half the world lay wrapt in sleepless night
 A jarring sound the startled hero wakes

He hears a step draw near—in beauty's pride
 A female comes—wide floats her glistening gown—
 Her hand sustains a lamp

Wieland's *Oberon* translated by W. Sotheby
 Canto XII stanza xxxi et seq]

With shape of fairy lightness naked foot, 1010
 That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—
 Through guards and dunnest night how came it there?
 Ah ! rather ask what will not Woman dare?
 Whom Youth and Pity lead like thee, Gulnare !
 She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's rest
 In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,
 She left his side his signet-ring she bore,
 Which oft in sport adorned her hand before
 And with it, scarcely questioned, won her way
 Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey 1020
 Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,
 Their eyes had envied Coniad his repose,
 And chill and nodding at the turret door,
 They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no more,
 Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,
 Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring

XIII

She gazed in wonder, " Can he calmly sleep,
 While other eyes his fall or savage weep?
 And mine in restlessness are wandering here
 What sudden spell hath made this man so dear? 1030
 True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
 And me and mine he spared from worse than woe
 'Tis late to think but soft—his slumber breaks—
 How heavily he sighs ! he starts—awakes !"
 He raised his head, and dazzled with the light,
 His eye seemed dubious if it saw aright
 He moved his hand—the grating of his chain
 Too harshly told him that he lived again
 " What is that form ? if not a shape of air,
 Methinks, my jailor's face shows wondrous fair !" 1040

Pirate ! thou know'st me not but I am one
 Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done ,
 Look on me—and remember her thy hand
 Snatched from the flames and thy more fearful hand
 I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—
 Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die

If so kind lady ¹ thine the only eye
 That would not here in that gay hope delight
 Theirs is the chance—and let them use their right
 But still I thank their courtesy or thine 1050
 That would confess me at so fair a shrine ¹

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest grief
 Is linked a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
 That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles
 And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles
 And sometimes with the wisest and the best
 Till even the scaffold ¹ echoes with their jest ¹
 Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
 It may deceive all hearts save that within
 Whate'er it was that flashed on Conrad now 1060
 A laughing wildness half unbent his brow
 And these his accents had a sound of mirth
 As if the last he could enjoy on earth
 Yet gainst his nature—for through that short life
 Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife

¹ In Sir Thomas More for instance on the scaffold and Anne Boleyn in the Tower when grasping her neck she remarked that it was too slender to trouble the headsman much During one part of the French Revolution it became a fashion to leave some *mot* as a legacy and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest book of a considerable size

I am his slave but, in despite of pride,
 'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride 1130
 Oh ! that this dotage of his breast would cease !
 Or seek another and give mine release,
 But yesterday I could have said, to peace !
 Yes, if unwonted fondness now I feign,¹
 Remember Captive ! 'tis to break thy chain ,
 Repay the life that to thy hand I owe ,
 To give thee back to all endeared below,
 Who share such love as I can never know.
 Farewell Morn breaks and I must now away
 'Twill cost me dear but dread no death to-day !" 1140

XV

She pressed his fettered fingers to her heart,
 And bowed her head, and turned her to depart,
 And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone
 And was she here ? and is he now alone ?
 What gem hath dropped and sparkles o'er his chain ?
 The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
 That starts at once—bright pure from Pity's mine,
 Already polished by the hand divine !
 Oh ! too convincing dangerously dear
 In Woman's eye the unanswerable tear ! 1150
 That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
 To save, subdue at once her spear and shield
 Avoid it Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
 Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers !

1 *I breathe but in the hope—his altered breast
 May seek another—and leave mine at rest
 Or if unwonted fondness now I feign*¹—[MS]

1 [The alteration was sent to the publishers on a separate quarto sheet, with a memorandum, "In Canto *first*—nearly the end," etc—a rare instance of inaccuracy on the part of the author]

What lost a world and bade a hero fly ?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye
Yet be the soft Triumvir's fault forgiven
By this—how many lose not earth—but Heaven !
Consign their souls to Man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some Wanton's woe ! 1160

XVI

'Tis Morn—and o'er his altered features play
The beams—without the Hope of yesterday
What shall he be ere night ? perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt ,
While sets that Sun and dews of Evening melt
Chill wet and misty round each stiffened limb
Refreshing earth—reviving all but him !

Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide , 1210
 The cypress saddening by the sacred Mosque,
 The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk ,¹
 And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
 Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
 All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye
 And dull were his that passed him heedless by

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
 Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war ,
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold, 1220
 Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,
 That frown where gentler Ocean seems to smile

II

Not now my theme why turn my thoughts to thee?
 Oh ! who can look along thy native sea,
 Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
 So much its magic must o'er all prevail?
 Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,
 Fair Athens ! could thine evening face forget?
 Not he whose heart nor time nor distance frees,
 Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades ! 1230

1 The Kiosk is a Turkish summer house the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree, the wall intervenes — Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all

[E. Dodwell (*Classical Tour*, 1819, 1 371) speaks of "a magnificent palm tree, which shoots among the ruins of the Ptolemaion," a short distance to the east of the Theseion. There is an illustration in its honour. The Theseion—which was "within five minutes' walk" of Byron's lodgings (*Travels in Albania*, 1858, 1 259)—contains the remains of the scholar, John Tweddell, died 1793, "over which a stone was placed, owing to the exertions of Lord Byron" (Clarke's *Travels*, Part II sect 1 p 534). When Byron died, Colonel Stanhope proposed, and the chief Odysseus decreed, that he should be buried in the same spot — *Life*, p 640]

Nor seems this homage foreign to its strain
 His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain—¹
 Would that with freedom it were thine again¹

III

The Sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night
 Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height
 Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone—
 With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one¹
 The wind was fair though light¹ and storms were none
 Last eve Anselmo's bark returned and yet
 His only tidings that they had not met | 40
 Though wild as now far different were the tale
 Had Conrad waited for that single sail
 The night breeze freshens—she that day had passed
 In watching all that Hope proclaimed a mast
 Sadly she sate on high—Impatience bore
 At last her footsteps to the midnight shore
 And there she wandered heedless of the spray
 That dashed her garments oft and warned away
 She saw not felt not this—nor dared depart
 Nor deemed it cold—her chill was at her heart | 50
 Till grew such certainty from that suspense—
 His very Sight had shocked from life or sense!

It came at last—~~and~~ and shattered boat
 Whose ~~eyes~~ first beheld whom first they sought
 Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
 Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew
 In silence, darkling each appeared to wait
 His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate

¹ [After the battle of Salamis B.C. 480 Xerxes fell under the dominion of Athens.]

"Pacha ! the day is thine, and on thy crest
 Sits Triumph Conrad taken fall'n the 1est ! 1310
 His doom is fixed he dies, and well his fate
 Was earned yet much too worthless for thy hate
 Methinks, a short release, for ransom told '
 With all his treasure, not unwisely sold,
 Report speaks largely of his pirate-hoard
 Would that of this my Pacha were the lord '
 While baffled, weakened by this fatal fray
 Watched followed—he were then an easier prey,
 But once cut off the remnant of his band
 Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand " 1320

"Gulnaie ! if for each drop of blood a gem
 Where offered rich as Stamboul's diadem,
 If for each hair of his a massy mine
 Of virgin ore should supplicating shine,
 If all our Arab tales divulge or dream
 Of wealth were here—that gold should not redeem '
 It had not now redeemed a single hour,
 But that I know him fettered, in my power,
 And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
 On pangs that longest rack—and latest kill " 1330

"Nay, Seyd ! I seek not to restrain thy rage,
 Too justly moved for Mercy to assuage,
 My thoughts were only to secure for thee
 His riches thus released, he were not free
 Disabled shorn of half his might and band,
 His capture could but wait thy first command "

1 *Methinks a short release by ransom wrought
 Of all his treasures not too cheaply bought —[MS erased]
 Methinks a short release for ransom—gold —[MS]*

His capture *could* I—and shall I then resign
 One day to him—the wretch already mine?
 Release my foe!—at whose remonstrance?—thine!
 Fair suitor!—to thy virtuous gratitude 1340
 That thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood
 Which thee and thine alone of all could spare—
 No doubt regardless—if the prize were fair—
 My thanks and praise alike are due—now hear!
 I have a counsel for thy gentler ear
 I do mistrust thee Woman! and each word
 Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard!
 Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—
 Say wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
 Thou needst not answer—thy confession speaks 1350
 Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks
 Then—lovely Dame—bethink thee! and beware
 'Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care!
 Another word and—nay—I need no more
 Accurséd was the moment when he bore
 Thee from the flames which better far—but no—
 I then had mourned thee with a lover's woe—
 Now 'tis thy lord that warns—deceitful thing!
 Knowst thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?
 In words alone I am not wont to chafe 1360
 Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe!

He rose—and slowly sternly thence withdrew,
 Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu
 Ah! little recked that Chief of womanhood—
 Which frowns ne'er quelled nor menaces subdued,
 And little deemed he what thy heart Gulnare!
 When soft could feel—and when incensed could dare!

1 *Of thine add certainty to all I heard* —[MS]

His doubts appeared to wrong—nor yet she knew
 How deep the root from whence Compassion grew—
 She was a slave—from such may captives claim 1370
 A fellow-feeling, differing but in name,
 Still half unconscious heedless of his wrath,
 Again she ventured on the dangerous path,
 Again his rage repelled—until arose
 That strife of thought, the source of Woman's woes!

VI

Meanwhile—long—anxious—weary—still the same
 Rolled day and night his soul could Terror tame—
 This fearful interval of doubt and dread,
 When every hour might doom him worse than dead,¹
 When every step that echoed by the gate, 1380
 Might entering lead where axe and stake await,
 When every voice that grated on his ear
 Might be the last that he could ever hear,
 Could Terror tame—that Spirit stern and high
 Had proved unwilling as unfit to die,
 'Twas worn—perhaps decayed—yet silent bore
 That conflict, deadlier far than all before
 The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,
 Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail
 But bound and fixed in fettered solitude, 1390
 To pine, the prey of every changing mood,
 To gaze on thine own heart—and meditate
 Irrevocable faults, and coming fate—
 Too late the last to shun—the first to mend
 To count the hours that struggle to thine end,
 With not a friend to animate and tell
 To other ears that Death became thee well,

1 When every coming hour might view him dead—[MS]

Around thee foes to forge the ready lie
 And blot Life's latest scene with calumny ,
 Before thee tortures which the Soul can dare 1400
 Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear
 But deeply feels a single cry would shame
 To Valour's praise thy last and dearest claim
 The life thou leav'st below denied above
 By kind monopolists of heavenly love
 And more than doubtful Paradise—thy Heaven
 Of earthly hope—thy loved one from thee riven
 Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain
 And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain
 And those sustained he—boots it well or ill? 1410
 Since not to sink beneath is something still !

VII

The first day passed—he saw not her—Gulnare—
 The second third—and still she came not there ,
 But what her words avouched her charms had done
 Or else he had not seen another Sun
 The fourth day rolled along and with the night
 Came storm and darkness in their mingling might
 Oh ! how he listened to the rushing deep
 That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep
 And his wild Spirit wilder wishes sent 1420
 Roused by the roar of his own element !
 Oft had he ridden on that winged wave
 And loved its roughness for the speed it gave
 And now its dashing echoed on his ear
 A long known voice—alas ! too vainly near !
 Loud sung the wind above , and doubly loud
 Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud , ¹

1 [By the way—I have a charge against you As the great
 Mr Dennis roared out on a similar occasion— By God that is

And flashed the lightning by the latticed bar,
 To him more genial than the Midnight Star
 Close to the glimmering grate he dragged his chain, 1430
 And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain
 He rais'd his non hand to Heaven, and prayed
 One pitying flash to mar the form it made
 His steel and impious prayer attract alike
 The storm rolled onward, and disdained to strike,
 Its peal waxed fainter—ceased he felt alone,
 As if some faithless friend had spurned his groan !

my thunder !' so do I exclaim, ' *This is my lightning !* ' I allude to a speech of Ivan's, in the scene with Petrowna and the Empress, where the thought and almost expression are similar to Conrad's in the 3d canto of *The Corsair*. I, however, do not say this to accuse you, but to exempt myself from suspicion, as there is a priority of six months' publication, on my part, between the appearance of that composition and of your tragedies" (Letter to W. Sotheby, September 25, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii 219). The following are the lines in question —

"And I have leapt
 In transport from my flinty couch, to welcome
 The thunder as it burst upon my roof,
 And beckon'd to the lightning, as it flash'd
 And sparkled on these fetters"

Act iv. sc. 3 (*Ivan*, 1816, p. 64)

According to Moore, this passage in *The Corsair*, as Byron seemed to fear, was included by "some scribblers"—i.e. the "lumbering Goth" (see John Bull's Letter), A. A. Watts, in the *Literary Gazette*, February and March, 1821—among his supposed plagiarisms. Sotheby informed Moore that his lines had been written, though not published, before the appearance of the *Corsair*. The *Confession*, and *Oristes*, reappeared with three hitherto unpublished tragedies, *Ivan*, *The Death of Darnley*, and *Zamora and Zama*, under the general title, *Five Unpublished Tragedies*, in 1814.

The story of the critic John Dennis (1657-1734) and the "thunder" is related in Cibber's *Lives*, iv 234. Dennis was, or feigned to be, the inventor of a new method of producing stage-thunder, by troughs of wood and stops. Shortly after a play (*Appius and Virginia*) which he had put upon the stage had been withdrawn, he was present at a performance of *Macbeth*, at which the new "thunder" was inaugurated. "That is *my* thunder, by God !" exclaimed Dennis. "The villains will play my thunder, but not my plays"—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, art. "Dennis"]

VIII

The midnight passed, and to the massy door
A light step came—it paused—it moved once more
Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key 1440
Tis as his heart foreboded—that fair She !
Whate'er her sins to him a Guardian Saint,
And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint
Yet changed since last within that cell she came
More pale her cheek more tremulous her frame
On him she cast her dark and hurned eye,
Which spoke before her accents—' Thou must die !
Yes thou must die—there is but one resource
The last—the worst—if torture were not worse

Lady! I look to none my lips proclaim 1450
What last proclaimed they—Conrad still the same
Why shouldst thou seek an outlaw's life to spare
And change the sentence I deserve to bear?
Well have I earned—nor here alone—the meed
Of Seyd's revenge by many a lawless deed

Why should I seek? because—Oh! didst thou not
Redeem my life from worse than Slavery's lot?
Why should I seek?—hath Misery made thee blind
To the fond workings of a woman's mind?
And must I say?—albeit my heart rebel 1460
With all that Woman feels but should not tell—
Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved
It feared thee—thanked thee—pitied—maddened—loved
Reply not tell not now thy tale again
Thou lovest another—and I love in vain
Though fond as mine her bosom form more fair
I rush through peril which she would not dare

To smite the smiter with the scimitar ,
 Such is my weapon—not the secret knife ,
 Who spares a Woman's seeks not Slumber's life
 Thine saved I gladly, Lady not for this ,
 Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss
 Now fare thee well more peace be with thy breast !
 Night wears apace, my last of earthly rest ! ”

“ Rest ! rest ! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
 And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake,
 I heard the order saw I will not see— 1540
 If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee
 My life my love—my hatred—all below
 Are on this cast Corsair ! 'tis but a blow !
 Without it flight were idle how evade
 His sure pursuit ? my wrongs too unrepaid,
 My youth disgraced—the long, long wasted years,
 One blow shall cancel with our future fears ,
 But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
 I'll try the firmness of a female hand
 The guards are gained—one moment all were o'er— 1550
 Corsair ! we meet in safety or no more ,
 If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
 Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud ”

IX

She turned, and vanished ere he could reply,
 But his glance followed far with eager eye ,
 And gathering, as he could, the links that bound
 His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,
 Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
 He, fast as fettered limbs allow, pursued

1 *Night wears apace—and I have need of rest* —[MS]

Tw'as dark and winding and he knew not where 1560
That passage led nor lamp nor guard was there
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear
Full on his brow as if from morning air,
He reached an open gallery—on his eye
Gleamed the last star of night the clearing sky
Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight
Towards it he moved, a scarcely closing door 1570
Revealed the ray within but nothing more
With hasty step a figure outward passed
Then paused and turned—and paused—'tis She at last!
No pomard in that band nor sign of ill—

Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!
Again he looked the wildness of her eye
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully
She stopped—threw back her dark far floating hair
That nearly veiled her face and bosom fair
As if she late had bent her leaning head 1580
Above some object of her doubt or dread
They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
Her hurrying hand had left—twas but a spot—
Its hue was all he saw and scarce withstood—
Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis Blood!

x

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone
O'er promised pangs to sentenced Guilt foreshown,
He had been tempted—chastened—and the chain
Yet on his arms might ever there remain
But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse— 1590
From all his feelings in their inmost force—

XV

She wrongs his thoughts—they more himself upbraid
 Than her though undesigned the wretch he made,
 But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpressed,
 They bleed within that silent cell his breast
 Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
 The blue waves sport around the stern they urge,
 Far on the Horizon's verge appears a speck, 1650
 A spot—a mast a sail an armed deck!
 Their little bark her men of watch descry,
 And ampler canvass woos the wind from high,
 She bears her down majestically near,
 Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier,¹
 A flash is seen the ball beyond her bow
 Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below
 Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
 A long, long absent gladness in his glance,
 "'Tis mine my blood-rag flag! again—again— 1660
 I am not all deserted on the main!"
 They own the signal, answer to the hail,
 Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail
 "'Tis Conrad! Conrad!" shouting from the deck,
 Command nor Duty could their transport check!
 With light alacrity and gaze of Pride,
 They view him mount once more his vessel's side,
 A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
 Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace
 He, half forgetting danger and defeat, 1670
 Returns their greeting as a Chief may greet,
 Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,
 And feels he yet can conquer and command!

¹ *They count the Dragon-teeth around her tier* —[MS]

¹ ["Tier" must stand for "hold" The "cable-tier" is the place in the hold where the cable is stowed]

XVI

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow
 Yet grieve to win him back without a blow,
 They sailed prepared for vengeance—had they known
 A woman's hand secured that deed her own
 She were their Queen—less scrupulous are they
 Than haughty Conrad how they win their way
 With many an asking smile and wondering stare 1680
 They whisper round and gaze upon Gulnare
 And her at once above—beneath her sex
 Whom blood appalled not their regards perplex
 To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye
 She drops her veil and stands in silence by
 Her arms are meekly folded on that breast
 Which—Conrad safe—to Fate resigned the rest
 Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill
 Extreme in love or hate in good or ill
 The worst of crimes had left her Woman still ! 1690

XVII

This Conrad marked and felt—ah ! could he less?—
 Hate of that deed—but grief for her distress,
 What she has done no tears can wash away
 And Heaven must punish on its angry day
 But—it was done he knew whatever her guilt
 For him that poniard smote that blood was spilt
 And he was free !—and she for him had given
 Her all on earth and more than all in heaven !¹

¹ *Whom blood appalled not their rude eyes perplex —*
 [MS erased]

I [Compare—

And I the cause—for whom were given
 Her peace on earth her hopes in heaven
Marmion Canto III stanza cxxvii lines 9 10]

And now he turned him to that dark-eyed slave
 Whose brow was bowed beneath the glance he gave, 1700
 Who now seemed changed and humbled, faint and meek,
 But varying oft the colour of her cheek
 To deeper shades of paleness all its red
 That fearful spot which stained it from the dead '
 He took that hand it trembled now too late—
 So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate,
 He clasped that hand it trembled and his own
 Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone
 “Gulnare !” but she replied not “dear Gulnare !” '
 She raised her eye—her only answer there— 1710
 At once she sought and sunk in his embrace
 If he had driven her from that resting-place,
 His had been more or less than mortal heart,
 But good or ill it bade her not depart
 Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,
 His latest virtue then had joined the rest
 Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss "
 That asked from form so fair no more than this,
 The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith
 To lips where Love had lavished all his breath, 1720
 To lips whose broken sighs such fragrance fling,
 As he had fanned them freshly with his wing ' "'

XVIII

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle
 To them the very rocks appear to smile ,

1 “Gulnare”—she answered not again—“Gulnare”
 She raised her glance—her sole reply was there —[MS]

11 That sought from form so fair no more than this
 That kiss—the first that Frailty wrung from Faith
 That last—on lips so warm with rosy breath —[MS erased]

111 As he had fanned them with his rosy wing —[MS]

The haven hums with many a cheering sound
 The beacons blaze their wonted stations round
 The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
 And sportive Dolphins bend them through the spray
 Even the hoarse sea birds shrill discordant shriek
 Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak ¹ 1730
 Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams
 Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams
 Oh ! what can sanctify the joys of home
 Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam ? ¹

XIX

The lights are high on beacon and from bower
 And midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower
 He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark
 Amid so many, hers alone is dark
 'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never failed
 Nor now perchance extinguished—only veiled 1740
 With the first boat descends he for the shore
 And looks impatient on the lingering oar
 Oh ! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight
 To bear him like an arrow to that height ¹
 With the first pause the resting rowers gave
 He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave
 Strives through the surge bestrides the beach, and high
 Ascends the path familiar to his eye

He reached his turret door—he paused—no sound
 Broke from within, and all was night around 1750
 He knocked and loudly—footstep nor reply
 Announced that any heard or deemed him nigh

¹ *Oh ! so is so prophesy the joys of home
 As they who feel it from the Ocean foam —[MS]
 Oh—what can sanctify the joys of home
 Like the first glance from Ocean's troubled foam —[Reise]*

He knocked, but faintly for his trembling hand
 Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.
 The portal opens 'tis a well known face
 But not the form he panted to embrace
 Its lips are silent—twice his own essayed,
 And failed to frame the question they delayed,
 He snatched the lamp—its light will answer all—
 It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall 1760
 He would not wait for that reviving ray
 As soon could he have lingered there for day,
 But, glimmering through the dusky corridor,
 Another chequers o'er the shadowed floor,
 His steps the chamber gain his eyes behold
 All that his heart believed not yet foretold !

XX

He turned not—spoke not—sunk not—fixed his look,
 And set the anxious frame that lately shook
 He gazed how long we gaze despite of pain,
 And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain ! 1770
 In life itself she was so still and fair,
 That Death with gentler aspect withered there,
 And the cold flowers¹ her colder hand contained,
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strained
 As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
 And veiled—Thought shrinks from all that lurked below—

1 In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay
 [Compare—

“ There shut it inside the sweet cold hand ”

Evelyn Hope, by Robert Browning]

Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might¹
 And hurls the Spirit from her throne of light 1780
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
 Yet yet they seem as they forebore to smile
 And wished repose—but only for a while,
 But the white shroud and each extended tress
 Long fair—but spread in utter lifelessness
 Which late the sport of every summer wind
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind¹
 These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
 But She is nothing—wherefore is he here? 1790

XXI

He asked no question—all were answered now
 By the first glance on that still, marble brow¹
 It was enough—she died—what recked it how?
 The love of youth the hope of better years
 The source of softest wishes tenderest fears
 The only living thing he could not hate
 Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate
 But did not feel it less—the Good explore
 For peace those realms where Guilt can never soar
 The proud the wayward—who have fixed below 1800
 Their joy and find this earth enough for woe
 Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—
 But who in patience parts with all delight?
 Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern

¹ *Escaped the idle braid that could not bind*—[MS]

¹¹ *By the first glance on that cold soulless brow*—[MS]

¹ [Compare—

And—but for that sad shrouded eye etc.

and the whole of the famous passage in the *Giaour* (line 68 sq vide ante p 88) beginning—

He who hath bent him o'er the dead]

Mask hearts where Grief hath little left to learn,
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

XXII

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest
The indistinctness of the suffering breast,
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one, 1810
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none,
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe
On Conrad's stricken soul Exhaustion prest,
And Stupor almost lulled it into rest,
So feeble now—his mother's softness crept
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept
It was the very weakness of his brain,
Which thus confessed without relieving pain
None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen, 1820
That useless flood of grief had never been
Nor long they flowed—he dried them to depart,
In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart
The Sun goes forth, but Conrad's day is dim
And the night cometh ne'er to pass from him¹
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind!
Which may not—dare not see but turns aside
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!

XXIII¹

His heart was formed for softness waiped to wrong,
Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long, 1831

¹ *And the night cometh—'tis the same to him* —[MS]

¹ [Stanza XXIII is not in the MS. It was forwarded on a separate sheet, with the following directions —

(1814, January 10, 11) "Let the following lines be sent

Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew
 Within the grot—like that had hardened too
 Less clear perchance its earthly trials passed
 But sunk and chilled and petrified at last¹
 Yet tempests wear and lightning cleaves the rock
 If such his heart so shattered it the shock
 There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow
 Though dark the shade—it sheltered—saved till now
 The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both 1840
 The Granite's firmness and the Lily's growth
 The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
 Its tale but shrunk and withered where it fell
 And of its cold protector blacken round
 But shivered fragments on the barren ground!

XXIV

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour
 Few dare, though now Anselmo sought his tower
 He was not there, nor seen along the shore,
 Ere night alarmed their isle is traversed o'er
 Another morn—another bids them seek 1850
 And shout his name till Echo waxeth weak,
 Mount—grotto—cavern—valley searched in vain
 They find on shore a sea boat's broken chain
 Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main
 'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away
 And Conrad comes not came not since that day
 Nor trace nor tidings of his doom declare
 Where lives his grief or perished his despair!

immediately and form the *last section* (number it) *but one* of the 3rd (last) Canto]

1 [Byron had perhaps explored the famous stalactite cavern in the island of Anti Paros, which is described by Tournefort Clarke Choiseul Gouffier and other travellers]

Long mourned his band whom none could mourn beside ;
 And fair the monument they gave his Bride 1860
 For him they raise not the recording stone—
 His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known ,
 He left a Corsair's name to other times,
 Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.¹

1 That the point of honour which is represented in one instance of Conrad's character has not been carried beyond the bounds of probability, may perhaps be in some degree confirmed by the following anecdote of a brother buccaneer in the year 1814—"Our readers have all seen the account of the enterprise against the pirates of Barataria, but few, we believe, were informed of the situation, history, or nature of that establishment. For the information of such as were unacquainted with it, we have procured from a friend the following interesting narrative of the main facts, of which he has personal knowledge, and which cannot fail to interest some of our readers—Barataria is a bayou, or a narrow arm of the Gulf of Mexico, it runs through a rich but very flat country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississippi river, fifteen miles below the city of New Orleans. This bayou has branches almost innumerable, in which persons can be concealed from the severest scrutiny. It communicates with three lakes which lie on the south west side, and these, with the lake of the same name, and which lies contiguous to the sea, where there is an island formed by the two arms of this lake and the sea. The east and west points of this island were fortified, in the year 1811, by a band of pirates, under the command of one Monsieur La Fitte. A large majority of these outlaws are of that class of the population of the state of Louisiana who fled from the island of St. Domingo during the troubles there, and took refuge in the island of Cuba, and when the last war between France and Spain commenced, they were compelled to leave that island with the short notice of a few days. Without ceremony they entered the United States, the most of them the state of Louisiana, with all the negroes they had possessed in Cuba. They were notified by the Governor of that State of the clause in the constitution which forbade the importation of slaves, but, at the same time, received the assurance of the Governor that he would obtain, if possible, the approbation of the General Government for their retaining this property.—The island of Barataria is situated about lat 29 deg. 15 min., lon 92 30, and is as remarkable for its health as for the superior scale and shell fish with which its waters abound. The chief of this horde, like Charles de Moor, had, mixed with his many vices, some transcendant virtues. In the year 1813, this party had, from its turpitude and boldness, claimed the attention of the Governor of Louisiana, and to break up the establishment he thought proper to strike at the head. He therefore, offered a reward of 500 dollars for the head of Monsieur La Fitte, who was well known to the inhabitants

of the city of New Orleans from his immediate connection and his once having been a fencing master in that city of great reputation which art he learnt in Buonaparte's army where he was a captain. The reward which was offered by the Governor for the head of La Fitte was answered by the offer of a reward from the latter of 15 000 for the head of the Governor. The Governor ordered out a company to march from the city to La Fitte's island and to burn and destroy all the property and to bring to the city of New Orleans all his banditti. This company under the command of a man who had been the intimate associate of this bold Captain approached very near to the fortified island before he saw a man or heard a sound until he heard a whistle not unlike a boatswain's call. Then it was he found himself surrounded by armed men who had emerged from the secret avenues which led to this bayou. Here it was that this modern Charles de Moor developed his few noble traits for to this man who had come to destroy his life and all that was dear to him he not only spared his life but offered him that which would have made the honest soldier easy for the remainder of his days which was indignantly refused. He then with the approbation of his captor returned to the city. This circumstance and some concomitant events proved that this band of pirates was not to be taken by land. Our naval force having always been small in that quarter exertions for the destruction of this illicit establishment could not be expected from them until augmented for an officer of the navy with most of the gun boats on that station had to retreat from an overwhelming force of La Fitte's. So soon as the augmentation of the navy authorised an attack one was made the overthrow of this banditti has been the result and now this almost invulnerable point and key to New Orleans is clear of an enemy it is to be hoped the government will hold it by a strong military force. — *American Newspaper*

[The story of the Pirates of Baratania which an American print the *National Intelligencer* was the first to make public is quoted *in extenso* by the *Weekly Messenger* (published at Boston) of November 4 1814. It is remarkable that a tale which was destined to pass into the domain of historical romance should have been instantly seized upon and turned to account by Byron whilst it was as yet half told while the legend was still in the making. Jean Lafitte the Franco American Conrad was born either at Bayonne or Bordeaux circ 1780 emigrated with his elder brother Pierre and settled at New Orleans in 1809 as a blacksmith. Legitimate trade was flat but the delta of the Mississippi with its labyrinth of creeks and islands and bayous teemed with pirates or merchant smugglers. Accordingly under the nominal sanction of letters of marque from the Republic of Cartagena and as belligerents of Spain the brothers who had taken up their quarters on Grande Terre an island to the east of the Grand Pass, or channel of the Bay of Baratania swept the Gulph of Mexico with an organized flotilla of privateers and acquired vast booty in the way of specie and living cargoes of slaves. Hence the proclamation of the Governor of Louisiana W. C. Claiborne in which (November

24, 1813) he offered a sum of \$500 for the capture of Jean Lafitte. For the sequel of this first act of the drama the "American newspaper" is the sole authority. The facts, however, if facts they be, which are pieced together by Charles Étienne Arthur Gayarré, in the *History of Louisiana* (1885, iv 301, sq.), and in two articles contributed to the *American Magazine of History*, October and November, 1883, are as curious and romantic as the legend. It would appear that early in September, 1814, a British officer, Colonel E. Nicholls, made overtures to Jean Lafitte, offering him the rank of captain in the British army, a grant of lands, and a sum of \$30,000 if he would join forces with the British squadron then engaged in an attack on the coast of Louisiana. Lafitte begged for time to consider Colonel Nicholls's proposal, but immediately put himself in communication with Claiborne, offering, on condition of immunity for past offences, to place his resources at the disposal of the United States. Claiborne's reply to this patriotic offer seems to have been to despatch a strong naval force, under Commander Daniel Patterson, with orders to exterminate the pirates, and seize their fort on Grande Terre, and, on this occasion, though the brothers escaped, the authorities were successful. A proclamation was issued by General Andrew Jackson, in which the pirates were denounced as "hellish banditti," and, to all appearances, their career was at an end. But circumstances were in their favour, and a few weeks later Jackson not only went back on his own mandate, but accepted the alliance and services of the brothers Lafitte and their captains at the siege of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. Finally, when peace with Great Britain was concluded, President Madison publicly acknowledged the "unequivocal traits of courage and fidelity" which had been displayed by the brothers Lafitte, and the once proscribed band of outlaws. Thenceforth Pierre Lafitte disappears from history, but Jean is believed to have settled first at Galveston, in Texas, and afterwards, in 1820, on the coast of Yucatan, whence "he continued his depredations on Spanish commerce." He died game, a pirate to the last, in 1826. See, for what purports to be documentary evidence of the correspondence between Colonel E. Nicholls and Jean Lafitte, *Historical Memoirs of the War in West Florida and Louisiana*, by Major A. La Carrière Latour, 1816, Appendix III pp. vii-xv. See, too, *Fernando de Lemos* (an historical novel), by Charles Gayarré, 1872, pp. 347-361.]

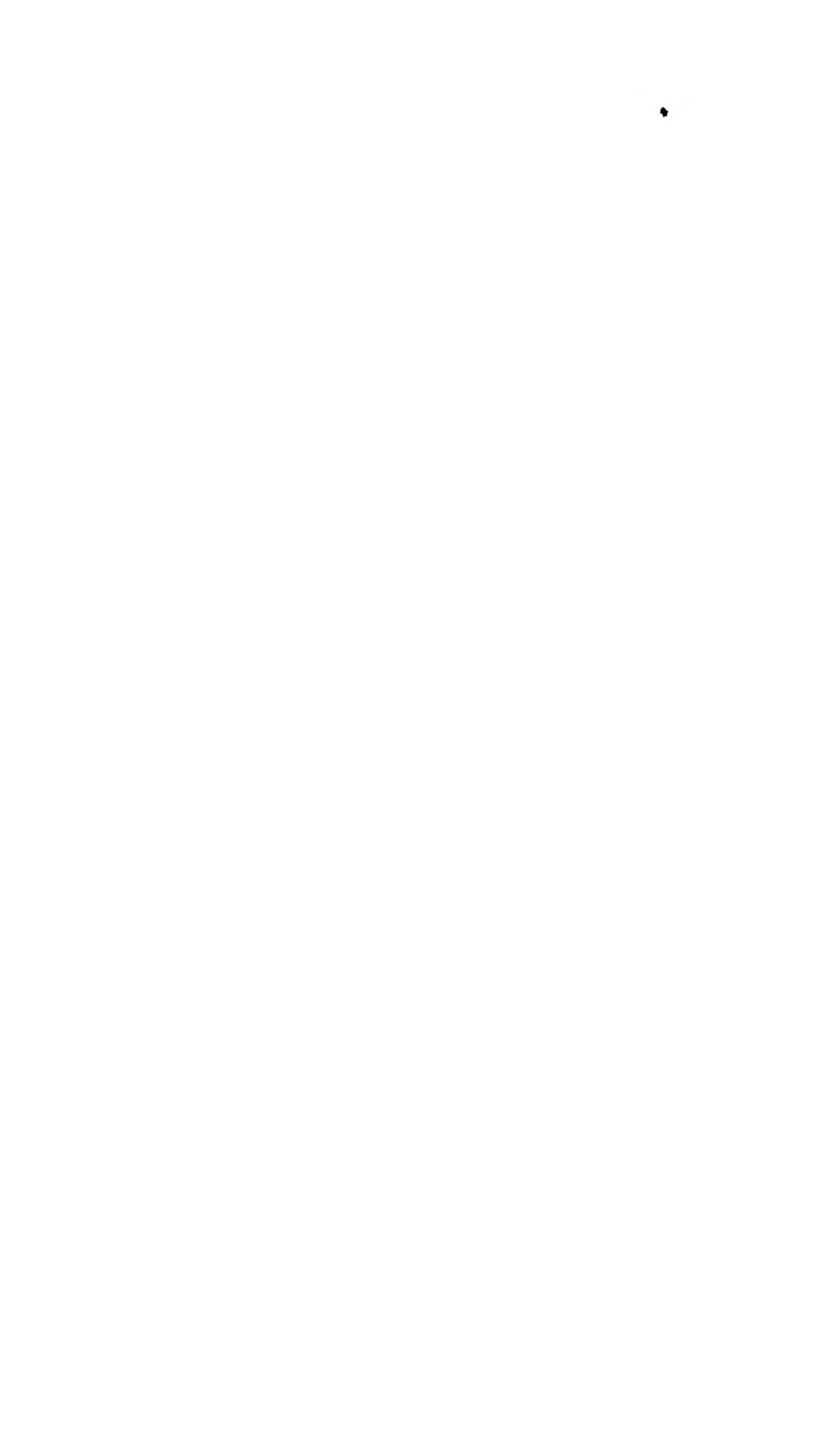
In [the Rev. Mark] Noble's continuation of "Granger's *Biographical History*" [*of England*, 1806, iii 68], there is a singular passage in his account of Archbishop Blackbourne [1658-1743], and as in some measure connected with the profession of the hero of the foregoing poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it—"There is something mysterious in the history and character of Dr. Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known, and report has even asserted he was a buccaneer, and that one of his brethren in that profession having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is Archbishop of York. We are informed, that Blackbourne

was installed sub-dean of Exeter in 1694 which office he resigned in 1707 but after his successor Lewis Barnard's death, in 1704 he regained it. In the following year he became dean and in 1714 held with it the archdeanery [or archdeaconry] of Cornwall. He was consecrated Bishop of Exeter February 4 1716 and translated to York, November 8 1724 as a reward according to court scandal for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbishop he behaved with great prudence and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a buccaneer should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so perfect a knowledge of the classics (particularly of the Greek tragedians) as to be able to read them with the same ease as he could Shakespeare must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ-church College Oxford. He is allowed to have been a pleasant man this however was turned against him by its being said he gained more hearts than souls.

[Walpole in his *Memoirs of the Reign of King George II.* 1841 87 who makes himself the mouthpiece of these calumnies, says that Huyter Bishop of Norwich was a natural son of Blackbourne the jolly old Archbishop of York who had all the manners of a man of quality though he had been a buccaneer and was a clergyman but he retained nothing of his first profession except his seraglio.]

The only voice that could soothe the passions of the savage (Alphonso III.) was that of an amiable and virtuous wife the sole object of his love the voice of Donna Isabella the daughter of the Duke of Savoy and the grand-daughter of Philip II. King of Spain. Her dying words sunk deep into his memory [A.D. 1606 August] his fierce spirit melted into tear and after the last embrace Alphonso retired into his chamber to bewail his irreparable loss and to meditate on the vanity of human life. —Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works* [1837, p. 831]

[This final note was added to the Tenth Edition.]



ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE¹

Expende Annibalem —quot libras in duce summo
Invenies

JUVENAL, [Lib iv] Sat x line 147

The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the *Senate* by the *Italians* and by the Provincials of *Gaul* his moral virtues and military talents, were loudly celebrated and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of the public felicity By this shameful abdication he protracted his life about five years in a very ambiguous state between an Emperor and an Exile till!!! —Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* two vols notes by Milman : 9,9²

1 [ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

By

London Printed for J Murray Albemarle Street By W Bulmer and Co Cleveland Row St James s, 1814 —*First Proof tit c page*]
[The quotation from Juvenal was added in Second Proof

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains
AND IS THIS ALL!

I know not that this was ever done in the old world at least with regard to Hannibal but in the statistical account of Scotland I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect and weigh the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles Wonderful to relate he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! AND IS THIS ALL? Alas! the *quot libras* itself is a satirical exaggeration —Gifford's *Translation of Juvenal* (ed 1817) ii 26 27

The motto Expende—Quot Libras In Duce Summo Invenies was inscribed on one side of the silver urn presented by Byron to Walter Scott in April 1815 (See *Letters* 1899 iii 414 Appendix IV)]

3 [I send you an additional motto from Gibbon which you will find *singularly appropriate* —Letter to Murray April 1 1814 *ibid* p 68]

pages The concluding stanzas xvii, xviii, xix, which Moore gives in a note (*Life*, p 249), were not printed in Byron's lifetime, but were first included, in a separate poem, in Murray's edition of 1831, and first appended to the Ode in the seventeen-volume edition of 1832

Although he had stipulated that the *Ode* should be published anonymously, Byron had no objection to "its being said to be mine" There was, in short, no secret about it, and notices on the whole favourable appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, April 21, in the *Examiner*, April 24 (in which Leigh Hunt combated Byron's condemnation of Buonaparte for not "dying as honour dies"), and in the *Anti-Jacobin* for May, 1814 (*Letters*, 1899, iii 73, note 3)

Byron's repeated resolutions and promises to cease writing and publishing, which sound as if they were only made to be broken, are somewhat exasperating, and if, as he pleaded in his own behalf, the occasion (of Napoleon's abdication) was *physically* irresistible, it is to be regretted that he did not *swerve* from his self-denying ordinance to better purpose The note of disillusionment and disappointment in the *Ode* is but an echo of the sentiments of the "general" Napoleon on his own "fall" is more original and more interesting "Il céda," writes Léonard Gallois (*Histoire de Napoléon d'après lui-même*, 1825, pp 546, 547), "non sans de grands combats intérieurs, et la dicta en ces termes.

'Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'empereur Napoléon était le seul obstacle au rétablissement, de la paix en Europe, l'empereur Napoléon fidèle à son serment, déclare qu'il renonce, pour lui et ses héritiers, aux trônes de France et d'Italie, parce qu'il n'est aucun sacrifice personnel, même celui de la vie, qu'il ne soit prêt à faire à l'intérêt de la France

NAPOLEON.'

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

I

Tis done—but yesterday a King !
And armed with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing
So abject—yet alive !
Is this the man of thousand thrones
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones
And can he thus survive ?¹
Since he miscalled the Morning Star
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far

1 [I don't know—but I think / even / (an insect compared with this creature) have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's. But after all a crown may not be worth dying for. Yet to outlive *Lods* for this!!! Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead! Expende—quot libras in duce summo invenies? I knew they were light in the balance of mortality but I thought their living dust weighed more *carats*. Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil—the pen of the historian won't rate it worth a ducat. Psha! something too much of this. But I won't give him up even now though all his admirers have like the thanes fallen from him —*Forrest* April 9 1814 *Letters* 1898 ii 409]

2 [Compare How art thou fallen from heaven O Lucifer son of the morning! —*Isaiah* xiv 1]

II ¹

Ill-minded man ¹ why scourge thy kind
 Who bowed so low the knee?
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.
 With might unquestioned, power to save,
 Thine only gift hath been the grave
 To those that worshipped thee,
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
 Ambition's less than littleness ¹

III

Thanks for that lesson it will teach
 To after-warriors more
 Than high Philosophy can preach,
 And vainly preached before
 That spell upon the minds of men ²
 Breaks never to unite again,
 That led them to adore
 Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,
 With fronts of brass, and feet of clay

IV

The triumph, and the vanity,
 The rapture of the strife ³
 The earthquake-voice of Victory,
 To thee the breath of life,

¹ [Stanzas 11 and 111 were added in Proof iv]

² [A "spell" may be broken, but it is difficult to understand how, like the two halves of a seal or amulet, a broken spell can "unite again"]

³ "*Certaminis gaudia*"—the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus [*"Nisi ad certaminis hujus gaudia pręparasset"*—*Attilę Oratio ad Hunnos*, caput xlviii, *Appendix ad Opera Cassiodori*, Migne, lxi., 1279]

The sword the sceptre and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

v¹

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a Prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

vi

He who of old would rend the oak
Dreamed not of the rebound,³
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how looked he round?

1 [Added in Proof v]

2 [The first four lines of stanza v were quoted by Mr Miller in the House of Representatives of the United States in a debate on the Militia Draft Bill (*Weekly Messenger* Boston February 10 1815) Take warning he went on to say by this example Bonaparte split on this rock of conscription etc This would have pleased Byron who confided to his *Journal* December 3 1813 (*Letters* 1898 ii 360) that the statement that my rbyms are very popular in the United States was the first tidings that have ever sounded like *Fame* to my ears]

3 [Like Milo he would rend the oak but it closed again wedged his hands and now the beasts—lion bear down to the dirtiest jackal—may all tear him —*Journal* April 8 1814 *Letters* 1898 ii 408 For the story of Milo and the Oak see Valerius Maximus *Factorum Dictorumq; Memorabilium* lib ix cap xii Part II example 9]

Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
 An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found
 He sell, the forest prowlers' prey,
 But thou must eat thy heart away !

VII

The Roman,¹ when his burning heart
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,
 Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
 In savage grandeur, home
 He dared depart in utter scorn
 Of men that such a yoke had borne,
 Yet left him such a doom !
 His only glory was that hour
 Of self-upheld abandoned power

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
 Had lost its quickening spell,²
 Cast crowns for rosaries away,
 An empire for a cell

1 Sylla [We find the germ of this stanza in the Diary of the evening before it was written "I mark this day ! Napoleon Buonaparte has abdicated the throne of the world 'Excellent well' Methinks Sylla did better, for he revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes—the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record Dioclesian did well too—Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise—Charles the Fifth but so so, but Napoleon worst of all"—*Journal*, April 9, 1814, *Letters*, 1898, II 409]

2 ["Alter '*potent* spell' to 'quickenning spell' the first (as Polonius says) 'is a vile phrase,' and means nothing, besides being commonplace and Rosa-Matildaish"—Letter to Murray, April 11, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, III 68]

A strict accountant of his beads
 A subtle disputant on creeds
 His dotage trifled well ¹
 Yet better had he neither known
 A bigot's shrine nor despot's throne

IX

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung—
 Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung
 All Evil Spirit as thou art
 It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean

X

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him
 Who thus can hoard his own !
 And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb
 And thanked him for a throne !
 Fair Freedom ! we may hold thee dear
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown
 Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind !

¹ [Charles V resigned the kingdom to his son Philip circ October 1555 and the imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand August 27 1556 and entered the Jeronymite Monastery of St Justus at Placencia in Estremadura. Before his death (September 21 1558) he dressed himself in his shroud was laid in his coffin joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed as if they had been celebrating a real funeral.—Robertson's *Charles V* 1798 iv 180 O, 254.]

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain
 If thou hadst died as Honour dies,
 Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again
 But who would soar the solar height,
 To set in such a starless night ?¹

XII

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay , "
 Thy scales, Mortality¹ are just
 To all that pass away
 But yet methought the living great
 Some higher sparks should animate,
 To dazzle and dismay
 Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
 Of these, the Conquerors of the earth

XIII¹

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
 Thy still imperial bride ,
 How bears her breast the torturing hour ?
 Still clings she to thy side ?
 Must she too bend, must she too share

¹ *But who would rise in brightest day
 To set without one parting ray ?—[MS]*

¹¹ *common clay —[First Proof]*

1 [Added in Proof v]

Thy late repentance, long despair
 Thou throneless Homicide?
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem —
 'Tis worth thy vanished diadem ¹

XIV

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle
 And gaze upon the sea ¹
 That element may meet thy smile—
 It ne'er was ruled by thee ¹
 Or trace with thine all idle hand
 In lustering mood upon the sand
 That Earth is now as free ¹
 That Corinth's pedagogue ² hath now
 Transferred his by word to thy brow

- ¹ *As I look along the sea
 That element may meet thy smile
 For Albion kept it free
 But gaze not on the land for there
 Walks crownless Power with temples bare
 And shakes the head at thee
 And Corinth's Pedagogue hath now — [Proof 11]*

- ¹¹ *Or sit thee down upon the sand
 And trace with thine all idle hand —
 [A final correction made in Proof 11]*

¹ [Count Albert Adam de Neipperg born 1774 an officer in the Austrian Army and 1811 Austrian envoy to the Court of Stockholm was presented to Marie Louise a few days after Napoleon's abdication became her chamberlain and according to the *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle* plus tard il l'épousa. The count who is said to have been remarkably plain (he had lost an eye in a scrimmage with the French) died April 12 1829.]

~ [Dionysius at Corinth was yet a king to this — *Dary* April 9. Dionysius the Younger on being for the second time banished from Syracuse retired to Corinth (B.C. 344) where he is said to have opened a school for teaching boys to read (see *Plutarch* *Timarchus* 14) but not apparently with a view to making a living by pedagogy — *Grote's History of Greece* 1872 i. 150.]

XV.

Thou Timour ! in his captive's cage ¹ 1
 What thoughts will there be thine,
 While brooding in thy prisoned rage ?
 But one—"The world *was* mine ¹ "
 Unless, like he of Babylon,²
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,³
 Life will not long confine
 That spirit poured so widely forth—
 So long obeyed—so little worth !

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,⁴
 Wilt thou withstand the shock ?
 And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock ¹
 Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,¹¹

- 1 *Thou Timour in his captive cage* —[*First Proof*]
 11 *He suffered for kind acts to men*
Who have not seen his like again,
At least of kingly stock
Since he was good, and thou but great
Thou canst not quarrel with thy fate —
 [First Proof, stanza 2]

1 The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane
 [The story of the cage is said to be a fable After the battle of Angora, July 20, 1402, Bajazet, whose escape from prison had been planned by one of his sons, was chained during the night, and placed in a kafes (*kâfiss*), a Turkish word, which signifies either a cage or a grated room or bed Hence the legend—*Hist de l'Empire Othoman*, par J von Hammer-Purgstall, 1836, II 97]

2 [Presumably another instance of "careless and negligent ease"]

3 ["Have you heard that Bertrand has returned to Paris with the account of Napoleon's having lost his senses? It is a *report*, but, if true, I must, like Mr Fitzgerald and Jeremiah (of lamentable memory), lay claim to prophecy"]—Letter to Murray, June 14, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, III 95]

4 Prometheus

And that last act though not thy worst
 The very Fiend's arch mock,¹
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!^{1 2}

LVII

There was a day—there was an hour
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—¹¹
 When that immeasurable power
 Unsated to resign
 Had been an act of purer fame
 Than gathers round Marengo's name
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time
 Despite some passing clouds of crime

1 And—~~ere~~ *he mortal had as proudly died —*
[Alteration in First Proof]

11 While earth was Gallia's *Gallia thine —[MS]*

1 O! tis the spite of hell the fiend's arch mock
 To lip a wanton in a secure couch
 And to suppose her chaste!
Othello act iv sc 1 lines 69, 1

[We believe there is no doubt of the truth of the anecdote here alluded to—of Napoleon's having found leisure for an unworthy amour the very evening of his arrival at Fontainebleau—*Note to Edition 1832*

A consultation of numerous lives and memoirs of Napoleon has not revealed the particulars of this unworthy amour. It is possible that Murray may have discovered the source of Byron's allusion among the papers in the possession of one of Napoleon's generals a friend of Miss Waldie¹ which were offered him for purchase and publication in 1815—See *Memoir of John Murray* 1891 i 279.]

2 [Of Prometheus—

Unlike the offence though like would be the fate—
 His to give life but *this* to desolate
 He stole from Heaven the flame for which he fell
 Whilst *thine* be stolen from thy native Hell

— Attached to Proof v April -5]

XVIII

But thou forsooth must be a King
 And don the purple vest,
 As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast
 Where is that faded garment ? where '
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star, the string, the crest ?" ¹
 Vain froward child of Empire ! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatched away ?

XIX

Where may the wearied eye repose ""
 When gazing on the Great ,
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state ?
 Yes One—the first the last the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom Envy dared not hate,
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one !" ²

¹ *Where is that tattered -* —[MS]

¹¹ *— the laurel-circled crest* —[MS]

¹¹¹ *Where may the eye of man repose* —[MS]

^{1V} *Alas ! and must there be but one !*—[MS]

¹ [Byron had recently become possessed of a "fine print" (by Raphael Morghen, after Gérard) of Napoleon in his imperial robes, which (see *Journal*, March 6, 1814, *Letters*, 1898, II 393, note 2) became him "as if he had been hatched in them" According to the catalogue of Morghen's works, the engraving represents "the head nearly full-face, looking to the right, crowned with laurel He wears an enormous velvet robe embroidered with bees—hanging over it the collar and jewel of the Legion of Honour" It was no doubt this "fine print" which suggested "the star, the string [i.e. the chain of enamelled eagles], the crest"]

² ["The two stanzas which I now send you were, by some mistake, omitted in the copies of Lord Byron's spirited and poetical

Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte already published One of the
 devils in Mr Davison's employ procured a copy of this for me
 and I give you the chance of first discovering them to the world
 Your obedient servant

J R

Yes ! better to have stood the storm
 A Monarch to the last !
 Although that heartless fireless form
 Had crumbled in the blast
 Than stoop to drag out Life's last years
 The nights of terror days of tears
 For all the splendour past
 Then —after ages would have read
 Thy awful death with more than dread

A lion in the conquering hour !
 In wild defeat a hare !
 Thy mind hath vanished with thy power
 For Danger brought despair
 The dreams of sceptres now depart
 And leave thy desolated heart
 The Capitol of care !
 Dark Corsican ! tis strange to trace
 Thy long decent and last disgrace

Morning Chronicle April 7 1814]

LARA

A TALE

and happier solution of the difficulty, a coalescing with Rogers, and, if possible, Moore (*Life*, 1892, p 257, note 2), "into a joint invasion of the public" (Letter to Moore, July 8, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, III 102) But Rogers hesitated, and Moore refused to embark on so doubtful a venture, with the result that, as late as the 31d of August, Byron thought fit to remonstrate with Murray for "advertising *Lara and Jacqueline*," and confessed to Moore that he was "still demurring and delaying and in a fuss" (*Letters*, 1899, III 115, 119) Murray knew his man, and, though he waited for Byron's formal and ostensibly reluctant word of command, "Out with Lara, since it must be" (August 5, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, III 122), he admitted (August 6, *Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, I 230) that he had "anticipated his consent," and "had done everything but actually deliver the copies of *Lara*" "The moment," he adds, "I received your letter, for for it I waited, I cut the last cord of my aerial work, and at this instant 6000 copies are sold" *Lara, a Tale, Jacqueline, a Tale*, was published on Saturday, August 6, 1814

Jacqueline is a somewhat insipid pastoral, betraying the influence of the Lake School, more especially Coleridge, on a belated and irresponsible disciple, and wholly out of place as contrast or foil to the melodramatic *Lara*

No sooner had the "lady," as Byron was pleased to call her, played her part as decoy, than she was discharged as *emerita* A week after publication (August 12, 1814, *Letters*, III 125) Byron told Moore that "Murray talks of divorcing Larry and Jacky—a bad sign for the authors, who will, I suppose, be divorced too Seriously, I don't care a cigar about it" The divorce was soon pronounced, and, contrary to Byron's advice (September 2, 1814, *Letters*, III 131), at least four separate editions of *Lara* were published during the autumn of 1814

The "advertisement" to *Lara and Jacqueline* contains the plain statement that "the reader may probably regard it [*Lara*] as a sequel to the *Corsair*"—an admission on the author's part which forestalls and renders nugatory any prolonged discussion on the subject It is evident that Lara is Conrad, and that Kaled, the "darkly delicate" and

mysterious page whose hand is femininely white ' is Gulnare in a transparent and temporary disguise

If the facts which the ' English Gentleman in the Greek Military Service (*Life Writings etc of Lord Byron* 1825 i 191-201) gives in detail with regard to the sources of the *Corsair* are not wholly imaginary it is possible that the original Conrads determination to quit so horrible a mode of life and return to civilization may have suggested to Byron the possible adventures and fate of a *grand seigneur* who had played the pirate in his time and resumed his ancestral dignities only to be detected and exposed by some rival or victim of his wild and lawless youth

Lara was reviewed together with the *Corsair* by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1814 vol xi p 48 and in the *Portfolio* vol xiv p 33

LARA

CANTO THE FIRST¹



I

THE Serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain²
And Slavery half forgets her feudal chain

¹ *Lara the sequel of the Corsair* —[MS erased]

¹ [A revised version of the following Advertisement was prefixed to the First Edition (Printed for J. Murray, Albemarle Street, By T. Davison, Whitefriars, 1814) which was accompanied by *Jaqueline* —

The Reader—if the tale of *Lara* has the fortune to meet with one—may probably regard it as a sequel to the *Corsair*—the colouring is of a similar cast, and although the situations of the characters are changed, the stories are in some measure connected. The countenance is nearly the same—but with a different expression. To the readers' conjecture are left the name of the writer and the failure or success of his attempt—the latter are the only points upon which the author or his judges can feel interested.

The Poem of *Jaqueline* is the production of a different author and is added at the request of the writer of the former tale, whose wish and entreaty it was that it should occupy the first pages of the following volume, and he regrets that the tenacious courtesy of his friend would not permit him to place it where the judgement of the reader concurring with his own will suggest its more appropriate station.]

² The reader is apprised that the name of *Lara* being Spanish, and no circumstance of local and natural description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word *Serf* which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who

He, their unhopèd, but unforgotten lord,
 The long self-exilèd Chieftain, is restored
 There be bright faces in the busy hall,
 Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall,
 Far checkering o'er the pictured window, plays
 The unwonted faggot's hospitable blaze,
 And gay retainers gather round the hearth,
 With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth 10

II

The Chief of Lara is returned again
 And why had Lara crossed the bounding main?
 Left by his Sire, too young such loss to know,¹
 Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe,
 That fearful empire which the human breast
 But holds to rob the heart within of rest!
 With none to check, and few to point in time
 The thousand paths that slope the way to crime,
 Then, when he most required commandment, then
 Had Lara's daring boyhood governed men ' 20
 It skills not, boots not step by step to trace
 His youth through all the mazes of its race,

1 *First in each folly*—not the last in vice.—[MS erased]

were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain

[Byron, writing to Murray, July 14, 1814, says, "The name only is Spanish, the country is not Spain, but the Moon" (not "Morea," as hitherto printed)—*Letters*, 1839, in 110 The MS is dated May 15, 1814]

3 [For the opening lines to *Lara*, see *Murray's Magazine*, January, 1887, vol 1 p 3]

4 [Compare *Childish Recollections*, lines 221-224—

"Can Rank, or e'en a Guardian's name supply
 The love, which glistens in a Father's eye'
 For this, can Wealth, or Title's sound atone,
 Made, by a Parent's early loss, my own?"

Compare, too, *English Bards, &c*, lines 689-694, *Poetical Works*, 1898, 1 95, 352]

Short was the course his restlessness had run
But long enough to leave him half undone

III

And Lara left in youth his father land
But from the hour he waved his parting hand
Each trace waxed fainter of his course till all
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall
His sire was dust his vassals could declare
'Twas all they knew that Lara was not there 30
Nor sent nor came he till conjecture grew
Cold in the many anxious in the few
His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name
His portrait darkens in its fading frame
Another chief consoled his destined bride¹¹
The young forgot him and the old had died,¹
Yet doth he live¹ exclaims the impatient heir
And sighs for sabres which he must not wear
A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace
The Laras last and longest dwelling place 40
But one is absent from the mouldering file
That now were welcome in that Gothic pile

IV

He comes at last in sudden loneliness
And whence they know not why they need not guess
They more might marvel when the greeting's o'er
Not that he came but came not long before

¹ Short was the course the beardless wanderer run —[MS]

¹¹ Another chief had won — —[MS erased]

¹¹¹ His friends forgot him—and he too had died —[MS]

^{1v} Without one rumour to relieve his care —[MS erased]

^v That not might decorate that gloomy pile —[MS erased]

No train is his beyond a single page,
 Of foreign aspect, and of tender age
 Years had rolled on, and fast they speed away
 To those that wander as to those that stay, 50
 But lack of tidings from another clime
 Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time
 They see, they recognise, yet almost deem
 The present dubious, or the past a dream

He lives, nor yet is past his Manhood's prime,
 Though seared by toil, and something touched by Time,
 His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,
 Might be untaught him by his varied lot,
 Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name
 Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame 60
 His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins¹
 No more than pleasure from the stripling wins,
 And such, if not yet hardened in their course,
 Might be redeemed, nor ask a long remorse

V

And they indeed were changed 'tis quickly seen,
 Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been
 That brow in furrowed lines had fixed at last,
 And spake of passions, but of passion past
 The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
 Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise 70
 A high demeanour, and a glance that took
 Their thoughts from others by a single look,
 And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
 The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,

1 [The construction is harsh and obscure, but the meaning is, perhaps, that, though Lara's soul was haughty, his sins were due to nothing worse than pleasure, that they were the natural sins of youth.]

That darts in seeming playfulness around
And makes those feel that will not own the wound
All these seemed his and something more beneath
Than glance could well reveal or accent breathe
Ambition Glory Love the common aim,
That some can conquer and that all would claim 80
Within his breast appeared no more to strive
Yet seemed as lately they had been alive
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lightened o'er his livid face

VI

Not much he loved long question of the past
Nor told of wondrous wilds and deserts vast
In those far lands where he had wandered lone
And—as himself would have it seem—unknown
Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan
Nor glean experience from his fellow man, 90
But what he had beheld he shunned to show
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know
If still more prying such inquiry grew
His brow fell darker and his words more few

VII

Not unrejoiced to see him once again
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men
Born of high lineage linked in high command
He mingled with the Magnates of his land
Joined the carousals of the great and gay
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away 100
But still he only saw and did not share
The common pleasure or the general care
He did not follow what they all pursued
With hope still baffled still to be renewed

Not shadowy Honour, nor substantial Gain,
 Nor Beauty's preference, and the rival's pain
 Around him some mysterious circle thrown
 Repelled approach, and showed him still alone,
 Upon his eye sat something of reproof,
 That kept at least Frivolity aloof, 110
 And things more timid that beheld him near
 In silence gazed, or whispered mutual fear,
 And they the wiser, friendlier few confessed
 They deemed him better than his air expressed.

VIII

'Twas strange in youth all action and all life,
 Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife,
 Woman the Field the Ocean, all that gave
 Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
 In turn he tried he ransacked all below,
 And found his recompense in joy or woe, 120
 No tame, tame medium, for his feelings sought
 In that intenseness an escape from thought ¹
 The Tempest of his Heart in scorn had gazed
 On that the feeble Elements hath raised,
 The Rapture of his Heart had looked on high,
 And asked if greater dwelt beyond the sky
 Chained to excess, the slave of each extreme,
 How woke he from the wildness of that dream ¹
 Alas! he told not but he did awake
 To curse the withered heart that would not break. 130

IX

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,
 With eye more curious he appeared to scan,

¹ *Then refuge in intensity of thought — [MS]*

And oft in sudden mood, for many a day
 From all communion he would start away
 And then his rarely called attendants said
 Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread
 O'er the dark gallery where his fathers frowned
 In rude but antique portraiture around
 They heard, but whispered— *that* must not be known—
 The sound of words less earthly than his own¹ 140
 Yes, they who chose might smile but some had seen
 They scarce knew what, but more than should have been
 Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head¹
 Which hands profane had gathered from the dead
 That still beside his opened volume lay
 As if to startle all save him away?
 Why slept he not when others were at rest?
 Why heard no music and received no guest?
 All was not well they deemed—but where the wrong?¹
 Some knew perchance—but twere a tale too long 150
 And such besides were too discreetly wise
 To more than hint their knowledge in surmise,
 But if they would—they could —around the board
 Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord

1 *The sound of other voices than his own* —[MS]

1 [The circumstance of his having at this time [1808-9] among the ornaments of his study a number of skulls highly polished and placed on light stands round the room would seem to indicate that he rather courted than shunned such gloomy associations —*L. f.* p. 87]

[Compare—

His train but deemed the favour to page
 Was left behind to spare his age
 Or other if they deemed none dared
 To mutter what he thought or heard

Marmion Canto III stanza xv lines 19

λ

It was the night and Lara's glassy stream
 The stars are studding, each with imaged beam,
 So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
 And yet they glide like Happiness away,¹
 Reflecting fair and fairy-like from high
 The immortal lights that live along the sky 160
 Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
 And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee,
 Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,
 And Innocence would offer to her love
 These deck the shore, the waves their channel make
 In windings bright and mazy like the snake
 All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
 You scarce would start to meet a spirit there,
 Secure that nought of evil could delight
 To walk in such a scene, on such a night¹ 170
 It was a moment only for the good
 So Lara deemed, nor longer there he stood,
 But turned in silence to his castle-gate,
 Such scene his soul no more could contemplate
 Such scene reminded him of other days,
 Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,
 Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now
 No no the storm may beat upon his brow,
 Unfelt, unsparing but a night like this,
 A night of Beauty, mocked such breast as his 180

1 [Compare—

"Sweetly shining on the eye,
 A rivulet gliding smoothly by,
 Which shows with what an easy tide
 The moments of the happy glide"
 Dyer's *Countr'y Walk* (*Poetical Works of Armstrong,*
Dyer, and Green, 1858, p 221)]

XI

He turned within his solitary hall
 And his high shadow shot along the wall
 There were the painted forms of other times ¹
 'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,
 Save vague tradition, and the gloomy vaults
 That hid their dust their foibles and their faults,
 And half a column of the pompous page
 That speeds the specious tale from age to age
 Where History's pen its praise or blame supplies
 And lies like Truth and still most truly lies 190
 He wandering mused and as the moonbeam shone
 Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone
 And the high fretted roof and saints that there
 O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer
 Reflected in fantastic figures grew
 Like life but not like mortal life to view
 His bristling locks of sable brow of gloom
 And the wide waving of his shaken plume
 Glanced like a spectre's attributes—and gave
 His aspect all that terror gives the grave 200

XII

'Twas midnight—all was slumber, the lone light
 Dimmed in the lamp as loth to break the night
 Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall—
 A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call!
 A long loud shriek—and silence—did they hear
 That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?

¹ — *knelt in painted prayer* — [MS]

² *His aspect all that best becomes the grave* — [MS]

³ [He used at first though offered a bed at Annesley to return every night to Newstead to sleep alleging as a reason that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths — *Life* p 27]

'They heard and rose, and, tremulously brave,
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save,
They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,
And snatched in startled haste unbelted brands. 210

XIII.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,
Pale as the beam that o'er his features played,
Was Lara stretched, his half-drawn sabre near,
Dropped it should seem in more than Nature's fear,
Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
And still Defiance knit his gathered brow,
Though mixed with terror, senseless as he lay,
There lived upon his lip the wish to slay,
Some half formed threat in utterance there had died,
Some imprecation of despairing Pride, 220
His eye was almost sealed, but not forsook,
Even in its trance, the gladiator's look,
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
And now was fixed in horrible repose.
They raise him bear him,—hush! he breathes, he
speaks,
The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,
His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,
Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering limb
Recalls its function, but his words are strung
In terms that seem not of his native tongue, 230
Distinct but strange, enough they understand
To deem them accents of another land,
And such they were, and meant to meet an ear
That hears him not—alas! that cannot hear!

XIV

His page approached, and he alone appeared
To know the import of the words they heard,

And by the changes of his cheek and brow
 They were not such as Lara should avow
 Nor he interpret,—yet with less surprise
 Than those around their Chieftain's state he eyes ~40
 But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,
 And in that tongue which seemed his own replied
 And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem
 To soothe away the horrors of his dream—
 If dream it were that thus could overthrow
 A breast that needed not ideal woe

xv

Whatever his frenzy dreamed or eye beheld —
 If yet remembered ne'er to be revealed —
 Rests at his heart the customary morning came
 And breathed new vigour in his shaken frame 50
 And solace sought he none from priest nor leech
 And soon the same in movement and in speech
 As heretofore he filled the passing hours
 Nor less he smiles nor more his forehead lowers
 Than these were wont, and if the coming night
 Appeared less welcome now to Lara's sight
 He to his marvelling vassals showed it not
 Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was less forgot
 In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl¹
 The astonished slaves and shun the fated hall ~60
 The waving banner and the clapping door
 The rustling tapestry and the echoing floor
 The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,
 The flapping bat the night song of the breeze
 Aught they behold or hear their thought appals
 As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls

1 — *also "the gallery crawl" — [MS]*

XVI.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er unravelled gloom
 Came not again, or Lara could perceive
 A seeming of forgetfulness, that made
 His vessel more amazed nor less afraid 270
 Had Memory vanished then with reason's power?
 Since word, nor look, nor gesture of the Lord
 Betrayed a feeling that recalled to us
 That severed moment of becoming's dawn?
 Was it a dream? was he the voice that spoke
 Those strange wild accents, he the cry that broke
 Their slumber? he the oppressed, o'erthrobbed heart
 That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?
 Could he who thus had suffered so forget,
 When such as saw that suffering, heider yet? 280
 Or did that silence prove his memory fixed
 Too deep for words, indelible, unnamed
 In that corroding secrecy which gnaws
 The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?
 Not so in him, his breast had buried both,
 Nor common gazers could discern the growth
 Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told,
 They choke the feeble words that would unfold

XVII

In him inexplicably mixed appeared
 Much to be loved and hated, sought and feared 290
 Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,
 In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot
 His silence formed a theme for others' prate—
 They guessed—they gazed—they fain would know his fate

1 *Opinion various as his varying eye*
In praise or railing—never passed lightly —[MS.]

What had he been ? what was he thus unknown
 Who walked their world, his lineage only known ?
 A hater of his kind ? yet some would say,
 With them he could seem gay amidst the gay,¹
 But owned that smile if oft observed and near,
 Waned in its mirth, and withered to a sneer, 300
 That smile might reach his lip, but passed not by
 Nor e'er could trace its laughter to his eye
 Yet there was softness too in his regard
 At times a heart as not by nature hard,
 But once perceived his Spirit seemed to chide
 Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride
 And steeled itself as scorning to redeem
 One doubt from others half withheld esteem,
 In self inflicted penance of a breast
 Which Tenderness might once have wrung from Rest
 In vigilance of Grief that would compel 311
 The soul to hate for having loved too well²

XVIII

There was in him a vital scorn of all¹
 As if the worst had fallen which could befall
 He stood a stranger in this breathing world
 An erring Spirit from another hurled
 A thing of dark imaginings that shaped
 By choice the perils he by chance escaped
 But seaped in vain for in their memory yet
 His mind would half exult and half regret 30

1 ——— *gayest of the gay* —[MS]

2 ——— *an in vird scorn of all* —[MS]

1 [The MS omits lines 313-382 Stanza XVIII is written on a loose sheet belonging to the Murray MSS stanza XIX on a sheet inserted in the MS Both stanzas must have been composed after the first draft of the poem was completed]

With more capacity for love than Earth
 Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth
 His early dreams of good outstripped the truth,¹
 And troubled Manhood followed baffled Youth;
 With thought of years in phantom chase misspent,
 And wasted powers for better purpose lent,
 And fiery passions that had poured their wrath
 In hurned desolation o'er his path,
 And left the better feelings all at strife¹
 In wild reflection o'er his stormy life, 330
 But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
 He called on Nature's self to share the shame,
 And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
 She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm.
 Till he at last confounded good and ill,
 And half mistook for fate the acts of will^{1 2}
 Too high for common selfishness, he could
 At times resign his own for others' good,
 But not in pity—not because he ought,
 But in some strange perversity of thought, 340
 That swayed him onward with a secret pride
 To do what few or none would do beside,
 And this same impulse would, in tempting time,
 Mislead his spirit equally to crime

1 *And left Reflection. loth himself to blame,
 He called on Nature's self to share the shame.* —[MS]

11 *And half mistook for fate his wayward will* —[MS]

1 [Compare Coleridge's *Lines to a Gentleman* [William Wordsworth] (written in 1807, but not published till 1817), lines 69, 70—

“Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
 And genius given, and knowledge won in vain”]

2 [For Byron's belief or half-persuasion that he was predestined to evil, compare *Childe Harold*, Canto I stanza lxxxiii lines 8, 9, and *note*. Compare, too, Canto III stanza lxx lines 8 and 9, and Canto IV stanza xxxv line 6 *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii 74, 260, 354.]

So much he soared beyond or sunk beneath
 The men with whom he felt condemned to breathe
 And longed by good or ill to separate
 Himself from all who shared his mortal state
 His mind abhorring this had fixed her throne
 Far from the world in regions of her own 350
 Thus coldly passing all that passed below
 His blood in temperate seeming now would flow
 Ah ! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glowed
 But ever in that icy smoothness flowed !
 'Tis true, with other men their path he walked
 And like the rest in seeming did and talked
 Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start
 His Madness was not of the head but heart
 And rarely wandered in his speech, or drew
 His thoughts so forth as to offend the view 360

XIX

With all that chilling mystery of mien
 And seeming gladness to remain unseen
 He had (if twere not nature's boon) an art
 Of fixing memory on another's heart
 It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor aught
 That words can image to express the thought,
 But they who saw him did not see in vain
 And once beheld—would ask of him again
 And those to whom he spake remembered well
 And on the words, however light would dwell 370
 None knew nor how, nor why but he entwined
 Himself perforce around the hearer's mind,¹
 There he was stamped in liking or in hate
 If greeted once, however brief the date

¹ — around another's mind
 There he was fixed — —[MS]

That friendship, pity, or aversion knew, '
 Still there within the inmost thought he grew
 You could not penetrate his soul, but found,
 Despite your wonder, to your own he wound,
 His presence haunted still, and from the breast "
 He forced an all unwilling interest 380
 Vain was the struggle in that mental net
 His Spirit seemed to dare you to forget '

XX.

There is a festival, where knights and dames,
 And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,
 Appear a high-born and a welcome guest
 To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest
 The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,
 Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball,
 And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train
 Links grace and harmony in happiest chain 390
 Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands
 That mingle there in well according bands,
 It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
 And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth
 And Youth forget such hour was past on earth,
 So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth ' "

XXI

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,
 His brow beheld him if his soul was sad,
 And his glance followed fast each fluttering fair,

- 1 *That friendship, interest, aversion knew*
But there within your inmost —[MS]
 11 *Yes you might hate abhor, but from the breast*
He wrung an all unwilling interest—
Vain was the struggle in that sightless net —[MS]
 111 *So springs the exulting spirit* —[MS]

Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there 400
 He leaned against the lofty pillar nigh
 With folded arms and long attentive eye
 Nor marked a glance so sternly fixed on his—
 Ill brooked high Lara scrutiny like this
 At length he caught it—'tis a face unknown
 But seems as searching his and his alone
 Prying and dark a stranger's by his mien,
 Who still till now had gazed on him unseen
 At length encountering meets the mutual gaze
 Of keen enquiry and of mute amaze, 410
 On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew
 As if distrusting that the stranger threw
 Along the stranger's aspect fixed and stern
 Flashed more than thence the vulgar eye could learn

XXII

'Tis he! the stranger cried, and those that heard
 Re echoed fast and far the whispered word
 'Tis he! — 'Tis who? they question far and near
 Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear,
 So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook
 The general marvel or that single look 420
 But Lara stirred not changed not the surprise
 That sprang at first to his arrested eyes
 Seemed now subsided—neither sunk nor raised
 Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gazed
 And drawing nigh exclaimed with haughty sneer
 'Tis he!—how came he thence?—what doth he here?

XXIII

It were too much for Lara to pass by
 Such questions so repeated fierce and high ¹

¹ That question thus repeat 1—Thrice and high —[MS.]

With look collected, but with accent cold,
 More mildly firm than petulantly bold, 430
 He turned, and met the inquisitorial tone—
 “My name is Lara when thine own is known,
 “Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
 “The unlooked for courtesy of such a knight
 “’Tis Lara!—further wouldst thou mark or ask?
 “I shun no question, and I wear no mask”

“Thou *shunn’st* no question’ Ponder—is there none
 “Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun?
 “And deem’st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!
 “At least thy memory was not given in vain 440
 “Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt
 “Eternity forbids thee to forget.”
 With slow and searching glance upon his face
 Grew Lara’s eyes, but nothing there could trace
 They knew, or chose to know with dubious look
 He deigned no answer, but his head he shook,
 And half contemptuous turned to pass away,
 But the stern stranger motioned him to stay

“A word! I charge thee stay, and answer here
 “To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer, 450
 “But as thou wast and art nay, frown not, Lord,
 “If false, ’tis easy to disprove the word
 “But as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,
 “Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.
 “Art thou not he? whose deeds ”
 “Whate’er I be,
 “Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,

1 Art thou not he who

”

“Whate’er I be —[MS]

' I list no further , those with whom they weigh
May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay
' The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell
Which thus begins so courteously and well 460
Let Otho cherish here his polished guest,
To him my thanks and thoughts shall be expressed
And here their wondering host hath interposed—
' Whate'er there be between you undisclosed,
This is no time nor fitting place to mar
' The mirthful meeting with a wordy war
If thou Sir Ezzelin hast aught to show
' Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know
To-morrow here or elsewhere as may best
Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest 470
I pledge myself for thee as not unknown,
Though like Count Lara, now returned alone
From other lands almost a stranger grown
And if from Lara's blood and gentle birth
' I augur right of courage and of worth
He will not that untainted line behe,
Nor aught that Knighthood may accord, deny

To-morrow be it Ezzelin replied,
And here our several worth and truth be tried
I gage my life my falchion to attest 480
My words so may I mingle with the blest !
What answers Lara ? to its centre shrunk
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk
The words of many and the eyes of all
That there were gathered seemed on him to fall
But his were silent, his appeared to stray
In far forgetfulness away—away—
Alas ! that heedlessness of all around
Bespoke remembrance only too profound

XXIV

"To-morrow! aye, to-morrow!" further word¹ 490
 Than those repeated none from Lara heard,
 Upon his brow no outward passion spoke,
 From his large eye no flashing anger broke,
 Yet there was something fixed in that low tone,
 Which showed resolve, determined, though unknown
 He seized his cloak his head he slightly bowed,
 And passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd,
 And, as he passed him, smiling met the frown
 With which that Chieftain's brow would bear him down
 It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride 500
 That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide,
 But that of one in his own heart secure
 Of all that he would do, or could endure
 Could this mean peace? the calmness of the good?
 Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?
 Alas! too like in confidence are each,
 For man to trust to mortal look or speech,
 From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern
 Truths which it wings the unpractised heart to learn

XXV

And Lara called his page, and went his way 510
 Well could that stripling word or sign obey
 His only follower from those climes afar,
 Where the Soul glows beneath a brighter star,
 For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,
 In duty patient, and sedate though young,
 Silent as him he served, his faith appears
 Above his station, and beyond his years

¹ "To-morrow!—aye—tomorrow" these were all
 The words from Lara's answering lip that fall —[MS]

Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land
 In such from him he rarely heard command ,
 But fleet his step and clear his tones would come, 520
 When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home
 Those accents as his native mountains dear
 Awake their absent echoes in his ear,¹
 Friends—kindred s—parents—wonted voice recall
 Now lost abjured for one—his friend his all
 For him earth now disclosed no other guide ,
 What marvel then he rarely left his side ?

XXVI

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
 That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
 But had not marred, though in his beams he grew 530
 The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow ,
 But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care
 That for a burning moment severed there
 And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed caught
 From high and lightened with electric thought¹
 Though its black orb those long low lashes fringe
 Had tempered with a melancholy tinge
 Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there 540
 Or if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share
 And pleased not him the sports that please his age
 The tricks of Youth the frolics of the Page
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance
 As all forgotten in that watchful trance
 And from his chief withdrawn he wandered lone
 Brief were his answers, and his questions none

¹ *That brought their native echoes to his ear —[MS]*

¹¹ *From high and quickened into life and thought —[MS]*

His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book ,
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook
 He seemed, like him he served, to live apart 550
 From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart ,
 To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth

XXVII

If aught he loved, 'twas Lara , but was shown
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone ,
 In mute attention , and his care, which guessed
 Each wish, fulfilled it ere the tongue expressed
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,
 A spirit deep that brooked not to be chid ,
 His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,ⁱ 560
 In act alone obeys, his air commands ,
 As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire
 That thus he served, but surely not for hire
 Slight were the tasks enjoined him by his Lord,
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword ,
 To tune his lute, or, if he willed it more,"
 On tomes of other times and tongues to pore
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
 To whom he showed nor deference nor disdain,
 But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew 570
 No sympathy with that familiar crew
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them
 Of higher birth he seemed, and better days,
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,

ⁱ *Though no reluctance checked his willing hand,
 He still obeyed as others would command —[MS]*

ⁱⁱ *To tune his lute and, if none else were there,
 To fill the cup in which himself might share —[MS]*

So femininely white it might bespeak
 Another sex when matched with that smooth cheek
 But for his garb and something in his gaze,
 More wild and high than Woman's eye betrays
 A latent fierceness that far more became 580
 His fiery climate than his tender frame
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,
 But from his aspect might be more than guessed
 Kaled his name though rumour said he bore
 Another ere he left his mountain shore
 For sometimes he would hear however nigh,
 That name repeated loud without reply,
 As unfamiliar—or if roused again,
 Start to the sound as but remembered then
 Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake 590
 For then—ear—eyes—and heart would all awake

XXVIII

He had looked down upon the festive hall
 And mark'd that sudden strife so marked of all
 And when the crowd around and near him told¹¹
 Their wonder at the calmness of the bold
 Their marvel how the high born Lara bore
 Such insult from a stranger doubly sore
 The colour of young Kaled went and came
 The lip of ashes and the cheek of flame
 And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw 600
 The sickening iciness of that cold dew
 That rises as the busy bosom sinks
 With heavy thoughts from which Reflection shrinks
 Yes—there be things which we must dream and dare

¹ Yet still existed there though still suppress —[MS]

¹¹ As & when the slaves and pages round him told —[MS]

CANTO THE SECOND

•••

I

NIGHT wanes the vapours round the mountains curled ¹
 Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world,
 Man has another day to swell the past,
 And lead him near to little, but his last,
 But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth, 650
 The Sun is in the heavens, and Life on earth, ²
 Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
 Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream
 Immortal Man ¹ behold her glories shine,
 And cry, exulting inly, "They are thine ¹"
 Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see
 A morrow comes when they are not for thee
 And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
 Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear,
 Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall, 660
 Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all, ³

1 [Compare—

"Now slowly melting into day,
 Vapour and mist dissolved away"

Sotheby's *Constance de Castile*, Canto III stanza v lines 17, 18]

2 [Compare the last lines of Pippa's song in Browning's *Pippa Passes*—

"God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world ¹"]

3 [Mr Alexander Dyce points out the resemblance between these lines and a passage in one of Pope's letters to Steele (July 15,

But creeping things shall revel in their spoil
And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil

II

'Tis morn—'tis noon—assembled in the hall
The gathered Chieftains come to Otho's call
'Tis now the promised hour that must proclaim
The life or death of Lara's future fame
And Ezzelin his charge may here unfold¹
And whatsoe'er the tale it must be told
His faith was pledged and Lara's promise given 670
To meet it in the eye of Man and Heaven
Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged

III

The hour is past and Lara too is there
With self-confiding coldly patient air
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brows o'ercast
I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear
' If yet he be on earth expect him here
The roof that held him in the valley stands 680
Between my own and noble Lara's lands,
My halls from such a guest had honour gained
Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdained
' But that some previous proof forbade his stay,
And urged him to prepare against to-day,
The word I pledged for his I pledge again
Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain

¹ *When Ezzelin* — — [Ed 1831]

1712 *Works* 1754 viii 226) The morning after my exit the
sun will rise as bright as ever the flowers smell as sweet the plants
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spring as green]

He ceased and Lara answered, " I am here
 " To lend at thy demand a listening ear
 " To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue, 690
 " Whose words already might my heart have wrung,
 " But that I deemed him scarcely less than mad,
 " Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.
 " I know him not but me it seems he knew
 " In lands where but I must not trifle too
 " Produce this babbler or redeem the pledge,
 " Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge."¹

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw
 His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew
 " The last alternative befits me best, 700
 " And thus I answer for mine absent guest "

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
 However near his own or other's tomb,
 With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke
 Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke,
 With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
 Did Lara too his willing weapon bare
 In vain the circling Chieftains round them closed,
 For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed,
 And from his lip those words of insult fell 710
 His sword is good who can maintain them well.

IV

Short was the conflict, furious, blindly rash,
 Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash
 He bled, and fell, but not with deadly wound,
 Stretched by a dextrous sleight along the ground.

¹ *Here in thy hall* .—[MS]

Demand thy life ! He answered not and then
 From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,
 For Lara's brow upon the moment grew
 Almost to blackness in its demon hue ,¹
 And fiercer shook his angry falchion now 70
 Than when his foe's was levelled at his brow
 Then all was stern collectedness and art,
 Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart
 So little sparing to the foe he felled,⁴
 That when the approaching crowd his arm withheld
 He almost turned the thirsty point on those
 Who thus for mercy dared to interpose ,
 But to a moment's thought that purpose bent
 Yet looked he on him still with eye intent
 As if he loathed the ineffectual strife 730
 That left a foe, however overthrown, with life ,
 As if to search how far the wound he gave
 Had sent its victim onward to his grave

v

They raised the bleeding Otho and the Leech
 Forbade all present question sign, and speech
 The others met within a neighbouring hall
 And he incensed and heedless of them all¹¹
 The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray
 In haughty silence slowly strode away ,
 He backed his steed his homeward path he took 740
 Nor cast on Otho's towers a single look

¹ *And turned to smite a foe already felled* —[MS]

¹¹ *And he less calm—yet calmer than them all* —[MS]

¹ [Compare *Mysteries of Udolpho* by Mrs Ann Radcliffe 1794
¹¹ ~79 The Count then fell back into the arms of his servants
 while Montoni held his sword over him and bade him ask his life
 his complexion changed almost to blackness as he looked
 upon his fallen adversary]

VI

But where was he ? that meteor of a night,
Who menaced but to disappear with light
Where was this Ezzelin ? who came and went,
To leave no other trace of his intent
He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn
He could not miss it near his dwelling lay,
But there he was not, and with coming day
Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought, 750
Except the absence of the Chief it sought
A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,
His host alarmed, his murmuring squires distressed
Their search extends along, around the path,
In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn,
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
Which still retains a mark where Murder was,
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale, 760
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,
When agonised hands that cease to guard,
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sword
Some such had been, if here a life was reft,
But these were not, and doubting Hope is left,
And strange Suspicion, whispering Lara's name,
Now daily mutters o'er his blackened fame,
Then sudden silent when his form appeared,
Awaits the absence of the thing it feared
Again its wonted wondering to renew, 770
And dye conjecture with a darker hue

VII

Days roll along and Otho's wounds are healed
 But not his pride and hate no more concealed
 He was a man of power, and Lara's foe
 The friend of all who sought to work him woe
 And from his country's justice now demands
 Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands
 Who else than Lara could have cause to fear
 His presence? who had made him disappear
 If not the man on whom his menaced charge 780
 Had sate too deeply were he left at large?
 The general rumour ignorantly loud,
 The mystery dearest to the curious crowd
 The seeming friendliness of him who strove
 To win no confidence and wake no love
 The sweeping fierceness which his soul betrayed
 The skill with which he wielded his keen blade
 Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?
 Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?
 For it was not the blind capricious rage¹ 790
 A word can kindle and a word assuage,
 But the deep working of a soul unmixed
 With aught of pity where its wrath had fixed
 Such as long power and overgorged success
 Concentrates into all that's merciless
 These linked with that desire which ever sways
 Mankind the rather to condemn than praise
 Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm
 Such as himself might fear and foes would form
 And he must answer for the absent head 800
 Of one that haunts him still alive or dead

1 — *the blind and headlong rage* — [MS]

VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,
 Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent ,
 That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
 Who worked his wantonness in form of law ,
 Long war without and frequent broil within
 Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
 That waited but a signal to begin
 New havoc, such as civil discord blends,
 Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends , 810
 Fixed in his feudal fortress each was lord,
 In word and deed obeyed, in soul abhorred.
 Thus Lara had inherited his lands,
 And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands ,
 But that long absence from his native clime
 Had left him stainless of Oppression's crime,
 And now, diverted by his milder sway,¹
 All dread by slow degrees had worn away
 The menials felt their usual awe alone,
 But more for him than them that fear was grown , 820
 They deemed him now unhappy, though at first
 Their evil judgment augured of the worst,
 And each long restless night, and silent mood,
 Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude
 And though his lonely habits threw of late
 Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate ,²
 For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed withdrew,
 For them, at least, his soul compassion knew
 Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,
 The humble passed not his unheeding eye , 830

1 *The first impressions with his milder sway
Of dead* —[MS]

2 *Mysterious gloom around his hall and state* —[MS]

Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof
And they who watched might mark that day by day
Some new retainers gathered to his sway
But most of late since Ezzelin was lost
He played the courteous lord and bounteous host
Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head,
Whatever his view his favour more obtains
With these the people than his fellow thanes 840
If this were policy so far 'twas sound
The million judged but of him as they found
From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven
They but required a shelter and 'twas given
By him no peasant mourned his rifled cot
And scarce the Serf could murmur o'er his lot
With him old Avance found its hoard secure
With him contempt forbore to mock the poor
Youth present cheer and promised recompense
Detained till all too late to part from thence 850
To Hate he offered with the coming change
The deep reversion of delayed revenge
To Love, long baffled by the unequal match
The well won charms success was sure to snatch¹
All now was ripe he waits but to proclaim
That slavery nothing which was still a name
The moment came the hour when Otho thought
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought
His summons found the destined criminal
Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall 860
Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven
Defying earth and confident of heaven

¹ *The Beauty which the first success would snatch* —[MS]

That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves,
 Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves !
 Such is their cry some watchword for the fight
 Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right ,
 Religion Freedom Vengeance what you will,
 A word's enough to raise Mankind to kill ,¹
 Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
 That Guilt may reign and wolves and worms be fed ! 870

IX

Throughout that clime the feudal Chiefs had gained
 Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reigned ,
 Now was the hour for Faction's rebel growth,
 The Serfs contemned the one, and hated both
 They waited but a leader, and they found
 One to their cause inseparably bound ,
 By circumstance compelled to plunge again,
 In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.
 Cut off by some mysterious fate from those
 Whom Birth and Nature meant not for his foes, 880
 Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,
 Prepared to meet, but not alone, the woist
 Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to shun
 Inquiry into deeds at distance done ,
 By mingling with his own the cause of all,
 E'en if he failed, he still delayed his fall
 The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,
 The storm that once had spent itself and slept,
 Roused by events that seemed foredoomed to urge
 His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge, 890
 Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,
 And is again , he only changed the scene

¹ *A word's enough to rouse mankind to kill
 Some factious phrase by cunning raised and spread —[MS]*

Light care had he for life and less for fame
 But not less fitted for the desperate game
 He deemed himself marked out for others hate
 And mocked at Ruin so they shared his fate
 And cared he for the freedom of the crowd ?
 He raised the humble but to bend the proud
 He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair
 But Man and Destiny beset him there 900
 Inured to hunters he was found at bay
 And they must kill they cannot snare the prey
 Stern unambitious silent, he had been
 Henceforth a calm spectator of Life's scene
 But dragged again upon the arena stood
 A leader not unequal to the feud
 In voice—mien—gesture—savage nature spoke
 And from his eye the gladiator broke

x

What boots the oft repeated tale of strife
 The feast of vultures and the waste of life ? 910
 The varying fortune of each separate field
 The fierce that vanquish and the faint that yield ?
 The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall ?
 In this the struggle was the same with all
 Save that distempered passions lent their force
 In bitterness that banished all remorse
 None sued for Mercy knew her cry was vain
 The captive died upon the battle plain ¹
 In either cause one rage alone possessed
 The empire of the alternate victor's breast 920
 And they that smote for freedom or for sway
 Deemed few were slain while more remained to slay

1 — *upon the battle slain* — [Ed 1851]

It was too late to check the wasting brand,
 And Desolation reaped the famished land,
 The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
 And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead

XI

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung,
 The first success to Lara's numbers clung
 But that vain victory hath ruined all,
 They form no longer to their leader's call 930
 In blind confusion on the foe they press,
 And think to snatch is to secure success
 The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,
 Lure on the broken brigands to their fate
 In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do,
 To check the headlong fury of that crew,
 In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,
 The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame,
 The wary foe alone hath turned their mood,
 And shown their rashness to that erring brood 940
 The feigned retreat, the nightly ambuscade,
 The daily harass, and the fight delayed,
 The long privation of the hoped supply,
 The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,
 The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,
 And palls the patience of his baffled art,
 Of these they had not deemed the battle-day
 They could encounter as a veteran may,
 But more preferred the fury of the strife,¹
 And present death, to hourly suffering life 950
 And Famine wrings, and Fever sweeps away
 His numbers melting fast from their array,

¹ *But not endure the long protracted strife* —[MS erased]

Intemperate triumph fades to discontent
And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent
But few remain to aid his voice and hand
And thousands dwindled to a scanty band
Desperate, though few the last and best remained
To mourn the discipline they late disdained
One hope survives the frontier is not far,
And thence they may escape from native war 960
And bear within them to the neighbouring state
An exile's sorrows or an outlaw's hate
Hard is the task their father land to quit
But harder still to perish or submit

XII

It is resolved—they march—consenting Night
Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight
Already they perceive its tranquil beam
Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream
Already they descry—Is yon the bank?
Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank 970
Return or fly!—What glitters in the rear?
'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear!
Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height?
Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight
Cut off from hope and compassed in the toil
Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil!

XIII

A moment's pause—'tis but to breathe their band
Or shall they onward press or here withstand?
It matters little—if they charge the foes
Who by their border stream their march oppose, 980
Some few perchance may break and pass the line
However linked to baffle such design

“The charge be ours¹ to wait for their assault
 Were fate well worthy of a coward’s halt”
 Forth flies each sabre, reined is every steed,
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed
 In the next tone of Lara’s gathering breath
 How many shall but hear the voice of Death¹

XIV

His blade is bared, in him there is an air
 As deep, but far too tranquil for despair, 990
 A something of indifference more than then
 Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men
 He turned his eye on Kaled, ever near,
 And still too faithful to betray one fear,
 Perchance ’twas but the moon’s dim twilight threw
 Along his aspect an unwonted hue
 Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint expressed
 The truth, and not the terror of his breast
 This Lara marked, and laid his hand on his
 It trembled not in such an hour as this, 1000
 His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
 His eye alone proclaimed, “We will not part¹
 “Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,
 “Farewell to Life—but not Adieu to thee¹”

The word hath passed his lips, and onward driven,
 Pours the linked band through ranks asunder riven
 Well has each steed obeyed the armed heel,
 And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel,
 Outnumbered, not outbraved, they still oppose
 Despair to daring, and a front to foes, 1010
 And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,
 Which runs all redly till the morning beam¹

¹ *And waged the combat till* —[MS]

xv¹

Commanding—aiding—animating all,¹
 Where foe appeared to press, or friend to fall
 Cheers Lara's voice and waves or strikes his steel
 Inspiring hope, himself had ceased to feel
 None fled for well they knew that flight were vain,
 But those that waver turn to smite again
 While yet they find the firmest of the foe
 Recoil before their leader's look and blow 100
 Now girt with numbers now almost alone
 He soils their ranks or re-unites his own,
 Himself he spared not—once they seemed to fly—
 Now was the time he waved his hand on high
 And shook—Why sudden droops that plumed crest?
 The shaft is sped—the arrow's in his breast!
 That fatal gesture left the unguarded side
 And Death has stricken down yon arm of pride
 The word of triumph faded from his tongue
 That hand so raised, how droopingly it hung! 1030
 But yet the sword instinctively retains
 Though from its fellow shrank the falling reins
 These haled snatches dizzy with the blow
 And senseless bending o'er his saddle bow
 Perceives not Lara that his anxious page
 Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage
 Meantime his followers charge and charge again
 Too mixed the slayers now to heed the slain!

1 [Stanza xv was added after the completion of the first draft of the poem.]

2 [Compare—

Il s'excite il s'empresse il inspire aux soldats
 Cet espoir généreux que lui-même il n'a pas
 Voltaire *Henriade* Chant viii lines 17-128
 [Œuvres Complètes Paris 1834, II 325]

XVI

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,
 The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head, 1040
 'The war-horse masterless is on the earth,'¹
 And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth,
 And near, yet quivering with what life remained,
 The heel that urged him and the hand that reined,
 And some too near that rolling torrent lie,"
 Whose waters mock the lip of those that die,
 That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
 Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
 In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
 One drop the last—to cool it for the grave, 1050
 With feeble and convulsive effort swept,
 Their limbs along the crimsoned turf have crept,
 The faint remains of life such struggles waste,
 But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste
 'They feel its freshness, and almost partake
 Why pause? No further thirst have they to slake—
 It is unquenched, and yet they feel it not,
 It was an agony but now forgot !

XVII

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
 Where but for him that strife had never been, 1060
 A breathing but devoted warrior lay
 'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away

¹ *The stiffening steed is on the dented earth* —[*MIS*]

¹¹ *that glassy river lie* —[*MIS*]

I [Compare—

“There lay a horse, another through the field
 Ran masterless”

Tasso's *Jerusalem* (translated by Edward Fairfax),

Bk VII stanza cvi lines 3, 4]

His follower once and now his only guide
Kneels kaled watchful o'er his welling side
And with his scarf would staunch the tides that rush
With each convulsion in a blacker gush,
And then as his faint breathing waxes low,
In feebler not less fatal tricklings flow
He scarce can speak but motions him tis vain
And merely adds another throb to pain 1070
He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage
And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page
Who nothing fears—nor feels—nor heeds—nor sees—
Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees,
Save that pale aspect where the eye though dim
Held all the light that shone on earth for him

XVIII

The foe arrives who long had searched the field
Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield
They would remove him but they see twere vain
And he regards them with a calm disdain, 1080
That rose to reconcile him with his fate
And that escape to death from living hate
And Otho comes and leaping from his steed
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed
And questions of his state he answers not
Scarce glances on him as on one forgot
And turns to kaled —each remaining word
They understood not if distinctly heard
His dying tones are in that other tongue
To which some strange remembrance wildly clung 1090
They spake of other scenes but what—is known
To kaled whom their meaning reached alone
And he replied though faintly to their sound
While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round

They seemed even then—that twain unto the last
 To half forget the present in the past,
 To share between themselves some separate fate,
 Whose darkness none beside should penetrate

XIX ¹

Their words though faint were many from the tone
 Their import those who heard could judge alone, 1100
 From this, you might have deemed young Kaled's death
 More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,
 So sad so deep—and hesitating broke
 The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke, '
 But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear
 And calm, till murmuring Death gasped hoarsely near,
 But from his visage little could we guess,
 So unrepentant dark and passionless,"
 Save that when struggling nearer to his last,
 Upon that page his eye was kindly cast, 1110
 And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceased,
 Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East
 Whether (as then the breaking Sun from high
 Rolled back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,
 Or that 'twas chance or some remembered scene,
 That raised his aim to point where such had been,
 Scarce Kaled seemed to know, but turned away,
 As if his heart abhorred that coming day,
 And shrunk his glance before that morning light,
 To look on Lara's brow where all grew night 1120
 Yet sense seemed left, though better were its loss,
 For when one near displayed the absolving Cross,

¹ *white lips spoke* —[MS]

¹¹ *pale—and passionless* —[MS]

¹ [Stanza XIX was added after the completion of the poem The MS is extant]

And proffered to his touch the holy bead
 Of which his parting soul might own the need
 He looked upon it with an eye profane,
 And smiled—Heaven pardon ! if twere with disdain
 And kaled though he spoke not, nor withdrew
 From Lara's face his fixed despairing view,
 With brow repulsive and with gesture swift
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift, 1130
 As if such but disturbed the expiring man
 Nor seemed to know his life but *then* began—
 That Life of Immortality secure¹
 To none save them whose faith in Christ is sure

XX

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew
 His limbs stretched fluttering and his head drooped o'er
 The weak yet still untiring knee that bore,
 He pressed the hand he held upon his heart—
 It beats no more but kaled will not part 1140
 With the cold grasp, but feels and feels in vain
 For that faint throb which answers not again
 It beats! —Away thou dreamer! he is gone—
 It once *was* Lara which thou look'st upon

XXI

He gazed as if not yet had passed away
 The haughty spirit of that humbled clay

- 1 *That Life—immortal—infinite secure*
To All for whom that Cross hath made it sure —
 [MS First ed 1814]
 or *That life immortal infinite and sure*
To all whose faith the eternal boon secure —[MS]
 11 *But faint the dying Lara's accents grew —[MS]*
 111 *He gazed as doubtful that the thing he saw*
Had something more to ask from Love or a lie —[MS]

When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
And nearly veiled in mist her waning horn,

him a visit whilst at supper, and who, during the space of a month or thereabouts, previous to this time, had called upon him almost daily at the apostolic palace, he took this person behind him on his mule, and proceeded to the street of the Jews, where he quitted his servant, directing him to remain there until a certain hour, when, if he did not return, he might repair to the palace. The duke then seated the person in the mask behind him, and rode I know not whither, but in that night he was assassinated, and thrown into the river. The servant, after having been dismissed, was also assaulted and mortally wounded, and although he was attended with great care, yet such was his situation, that he could give no intelligible account of what had befallen his master. In the morning, the duke not having returned to the palace, his servants began to be alarmed, and one of them informed the pontiff of the evening excursion of his sons, and that the duke had not yet made his appearance. This gave the pope no small anxiety, but he conjectured that the duke had been attracted by some courtesan to pass the night with her, and, not choosing to quit the house in open day, had waited till the following evening to return home. When, however, the evening arrived, and he found himself disappointed in his expectations, he became deeply afflicted, and began to make inquiries from different persons, whom he ordered to attend him for that purpose. Amongst these was a man named Giorgio Schiavoni, who, having discharged some timber from a bark in the river, had remained on board the vessel to watch it, and being interrogated whether he had seen any one thrown into the river on the night preceding, he replied, that he saw two men on foot, who came down the street, and looked diligently about to observe whether any person was passing. That seeing no one, they returned, and a short time afterwards two others came, and looked around in the same manner as the former. No person still appearing, they gave a sign to their companions, when a man came, mounted on a white horse, having behind him a dead body, the head and arms of which hung on one side, and the feet on the other side of the horse, the two persons on foot supporting the body, to prevent its falling. They thus proceeded towards that part where the filth of the city is usually discharged into the river, and turning the horse, with his tail towards the water, the two persons took the dead body by the arms and feet, and with all their strength flung it into the river. The person on horseback then asked if they had thrown it in, to which they replied, *Signor, sì* (yes, Sir). He then looked towards the river, and seeing a mantle floating on the stream, he enquired what it was that appeared black, to which they answered, it was a mantle, and one of them threw stones upon it, in consequence of which it sunk. The attendants of the pontiff then enquired from Giorgio, why he had not revealed this to the governor of the city, to which he replied, that he had seen in his time a hundred dead bodies thrown into the river at the same place, without

A Serf that rose betimes to thread the wood
 And hew the bough that bought his children's food 1 00
 Passed by the river that divides the plain
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain
 He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
 From out the wood—before him was a cloak
 Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow
 Bent was his head and hidden was his brow
 Roused by the sudden sight at such a time
 And some foreboding that it might be crime
 Himself unheeded watched the stranger's course
 Who reached the river bounded from his horse 1-10
 And lifting thence the burthen which he bore
 Heaved up the bank and dashed it from the shore
 Then paused—and looked—and turned—and seemed to
 watch
 And still another hurried glance would snatch
 And follow with his step the stream that flowed
 As if even yet too much its surface showed

any inquiry being made respecting them and that he had not
 therefore considered it as a matter of any importance The fisher
 men and seamen were then collected and ordered to search the
 river where on the following evening they found the body of the
 duke with his habit entire and thirty ducats in his purse He was
 pierced with nine wounds one of which was in his throat the others
 in his head body and limbs No sooner was the pontiff informed
 of the death of his son and that he had been thrown like filth into
 the river than giving way to his grief he shut himself up in a
 chamber and wept bitterly The Cardinal of Segovia and other
 attendants on the pope went to the door and after many hours
 spent in persuasions and exhortations prevailed upon him to admit
 them From the evening of Wednesday till the following Saturday
 the pope took no food nor did he sleep from Thursday morning till
 the same hour on the ensuing day At length however giving way
 to the entreaties of his attendants he began to restrain his sorrow
 and to consider the injury which his own health might sustain by the
 further indulgence of his grief —Roscoe's *Life and Pontificate of*
Leo Tenth 1805 1 265 [See too for the original in *Burchard*
Diar in Gordon's *Life of Alex VI Apperd* De Cæde Ducis
 Gandiæ *Append* No xlviii 16 pp 90 91]

Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud
Her tears were few her wailing never loud
But furious would you tear her from the spot
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not, 1 50
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire
But left to waste her weary moments there
She talked all idly unto shapes of air
Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints
And woos to listen to her fond complaints
And she would sit beneath the very tree
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee
And in that posture where she saw him fall
His words his looks his dying grasp recall, 1 60
And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there
And fold and press it gently to the ground
As if she staunched anew some phantom's wound
Herself would question and for him reply
Then rising start and beckon him to fly
From some imagined Spectre in pursuit
Then seat her down upon some lindens root
And hide her visage with her meagre hand
Or trace strange characters along the sand— 1270
This could not last—she lies by him she loved
Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved

1 — *some phantom wound* —[MS]

HEBREW MELODIES

INTRODUCTION TO THE *HEBREW MELODIES*

ACCORDING to the Advertisement prefixed to Murray's First Edition of the *Hebrew Melodies* London 1815 (the date January 1815 was appended in 1837) the poems were written at the request of the author's friend the Hon D Kinnaird for a selection of Hebrew Melodies and have been published with the music arranged by Mr Braham and Mr Nathan

Byron's engagement to Miss Milbanke took place in September 1814 and the remainder of the year was passed in London at his chambers in the Albany. The so called *Hebrew Melodies* were probably begun in the late autumn of that year and were certainly finished at Seaham after his marriage had taken place in January-February 1815. It is a natural and pardonable conjecture that Byron took to writing sacred or at any rate scriptural verses by way of giving pleasure and doing honour to his future wife the girl who gave to song *What gold could never buy*. They were so to speak the first fruits of a seemlier muse.

It is probable that the greater number of these poems were in MS before it occurred to Byron's friend and banker the Honble Douglas James William Kinnaird (1788-1850) to make him known to Isaac Nathan (1797-1864) a youthful composer of musical farces and operatic works who had been destined by his parents for the Hebrew priesthood but had broken away and after some struggles succeeded in qualifying himself as a musician.

Byron took a fancy to Nathan and presented him with the copyright of his poetical effusions on the understanding that they were to be set to music and sung in public by John

Braham "Professional occupations" prevented Braham from fulfilling his part of the engagement, but a guinea folio (Part I) ("*Selections of Hebrew Melodies, Ancient and Modern*, with appropriate symphonies and accompaniments, by I Braham and I Nathan, the poetry written expressly for the work by the Right Honourable Lord Byron")—with an ornamental title-page designed by the architect Edward Blois (1789–1879), and dedicated to the Princess Charlotte of Wales—was published in April, 1815. A second part was issued in 1816.

The preface, part of which was reprinted (p. vi) by Nathan, in his *Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron*, London, 1829, is not without interest—

"The Hebrew Melodies are a selection from the favourite airs which are still sung in the religious ceremonies of the Jews. Some of these have, in common with all their Sacred airs, been preserved by memory and tradition alone, without the assistance of written characters. Their age and originality, therefore, must be left to conjecture. But the latitude given to the taste and genius of their performers has been the means of engrafting on the original Melodies a certain wildness and pathos, which have at length become the chief characteristics of the sacred songs of the Jews.

"Of the poetry it is necessary to speak, in order thus publicly to acknowledge the kindness with which Lord Byron has condescended to furnish the most valuable part of the work. It has been our endeavour to select such melodies as would best suit the style and sentiment of the poetry."

Moore, for whose benefit the Melodies had been rehearsed, was by no means impressed by their "wildness and pathos," and seems to have twitted Byron on the subject, or, as he puts it (*Life*, p. 276), to have taken the liberty of "laughing a little at the manner in which some of the Hebrew Melodies had been set to music." The author of *Sacred Songs* (1814) set to airs by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, etc., was a critic not to be gainsaid, but from the half-comical petulance with which he "curses" and "sun-burns" (Letters to Moore, February 22, March 8, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 179, 183) Nathan, and his "vile Ebrew nasalities," it is evident that Byron winced under Moore's "chaff."

Apart from the merits or demerits of the setting the title *Hebrew Melodies* is somewhat misleading. Three love songs,

She walks in Beauty like the Night Oh¹ snatched away
in Beauty's Bloom and I saw thee weep still form part of
the collection and in Nathan's folio (which does not contain 'A spirit passed before me') two fragments. It is the hour when from the boughs and Francesca walks in the shadow of night which were afterwards incorporated in *Parisina* were included. The *Fugitive Pieces* 189 retain the fragments from *Parisina* and add the following hitherto unpublished poems. I speak not I trace not, etc.

They say that Hope is Happiness and the genuine but rejected Hebrew Melody 'In the valley of waters we wept on the day

It is uncertain when Murray's first edition appeared. Byron wrote to Nathan with regard to the copyright in January 1815 (*Letters* 1899 iii 167), but it is unlikely that the volume was put on the market before Nathan's folio which was advertised for the first time in the *Morning Chronicle* April 6 1815 and it is possible that the first public announcement of the *Hebrew Melodies*, as a separate issue was made in the *Courier* June 22 1815.

The *Hebrew Melodies* were reviewed in the *Christian Observer* August 1815 vol xiv p 54 in the *Analectic Magazine* October 1815 vol vi p 29 and were noticed by Jeffrey [The *Hebrew Melodies*, though 'obviously inferior to Lord Byron's other works display a skill in versification and a mastery in diction which would have raised an inferior artist to the very summit of distinction] in the *Edinburgh Review* December 1816 vol xxvii p 291.

—



Lily Alden & Horton
1 11 11

HEBREW MELODIES



SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY¹

I

SHE walks in Beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies

II

One shade the more one ray the less
Had half impaired the nameless grace

¹ [In a manuscript note to a letter of Byron's dated June 11 1814 Wedderburn Webster writes I *did* take him to Lady Sitwell's party He there for the first time saw his cousin the beautiful Mrs Wilmot [who had appeared in mourning with numerous spangles in her dress] When we returned to the Albany he desired Fletcher to give him a *tumbler* of brandy which he drank at once to Mrs Wilmot's health The next day he wrote some charming lines upon her She walks in beauty etc —*Letters* 1899 iii 92 note 1

Anne Beatrix daughter and co-heiress of Eusebius Horton of Catton Hall Derbyshire married Byron's second cousin Robert John Wilmot (1784-1841) son of Sir Robert Wilmot of Osmaston by Juliana second daughter of the Hon John Byron and widow of the Hon William Byron She died February 4 1871

Nathan (*Five Peers* 1829 pp 2-3) has a note to the effect that Byron while arranging the first edition of the *Melodies* used to ask for this song and would not unfrequently join in its execution]

Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face,
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

III

And on that check, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent !

June 12, 1814

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEEP !

I.

THE Harp the Monarch Minstrel swept,
 The King of men, the loved of Heaven !
 Which Music hallowed while she wept
 O'er tones her heart of hearts had given
 Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven !
 It softened men of iron mould,
 It gave them virtues not their own,
 No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
 That felt not fired not to the tone,
 Till David's Lyre grew mightier than his Throne !

¹ *The Harp the Minstrel Monarch swept,
 The first of men, the loved of Heaven,
 Which Music cherished while she wept — [MS. M.]*

II

It told the triumphs of our King
 It wafted glory to our God,
 It made our gladdened valleys ring
 The cedars bow, the mountains nod,
 Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode¹
 Since then though heard on earth no more
 Devotion and her daughter Love
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar
 To sounds that seem as from above
 In dreams that days broad light can not remove

IF THAT HIGH WORLD

I

If that high world² which lies beyond
 Our own, surviving Love endears

¹ *It told the Triumph — —[MS M]*

¹¹ *It there abode and there it rings
 But ne'er on earth its sound shall be
 The prophets' race hath passed away
 And all the hallowed minstrelsy—
 From earth the sound and soul are fled
 And shall we never hear again!—[MS M erased]*

¹ [When Lord Byron put the copy into my hand it terminated with this line. This however did not complete the verse and I asked him to help out the melody. He replied 'Why I have sent you to Heaven—it would be difficult to go further!' My attention for a few moments was called to some other person and his Lordship whom I had hardly missed exclaimed 'Here Nathan I have brought you down again' and immediately presented me the beautiful and sublime lines which conclude the melody — *Fugiti e Peces* 1829 p 33]

² [According to Nathan the monosyllable 'if' at the beginning of the first line led to numerous attacks on the noble author's religion and in some an inference of atheism was drawn]

Needless to add in a subsequent conversation Byron repels this charge and delivers himself of some admirable if commonplace sentiments on the grand perhaps — *Fugiti e Peces* 189 pp 5 6]

If there the cherished heart be fond,
 The eye the same, except in tears
 How welcome those untrodden spheres !
 How sweet this very hour to die !
 To soar from earth and find all fears
 Lost in thy light Eternity !

II.

It must be so 'tis not for self
 That we so tremble on the brink ,
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
 Yet cling to Being's severing link !
 Oh ! in that future let us think
 To hold each heart the heart that shares,
 With them the immortal waters drink,
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !

THE WILD GAZELLE

I

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
 Exulting yet may bound,
 And drink from all the living rills
 That gush on holy ground ,
 Its airy step and glorious eye ¹
 May glance in tameless transport by—

¹ *breaking link* —[*Nathan*, 1815, 1829]

I [Compare *To Ianthe*, stanza iv lines 1, 2—

“ Oh ! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy ”

Compare, too, *The Giaour*, lines 473, 474—

“ Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle ”

Poetical Works, 1899, II 13, *et ante*, p 108]

II

A step as fleet, an eye more bright
 Hath Judah witnessed there
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight
 Inhabitants more fair
 The cedars wave on Lebanon
 But Judah's stately maids are gone !

III

More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than Israel's scattered race
 For taking root, it there remains
 In solitary grace
 It cannot quit its place of birth
 It will not live in other earth

IV

But we must wander witheringly
 In other lands to die
 And where our fathers' ashes be
 Our own may never lie
 Our temple hath not left a stone
 And Mockery sits on Salem's throne

OH ! WEEP FOR THOSE

I

Oh ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
 Whose shrines are desolate whose land a dream,
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell !

II

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
 And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
 And Judah's melody once more rejoice
 The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice?

III

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
 The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
 Mankind their country Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS

I.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep
 Yet there—even there Oh God! thy thunders sleep

II.

There where thy finger scorched the tablet stone!
 There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire
 Thyself—none living see and not expire!

III

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear,
 Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's spear!
 How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod?
 How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God?

JEPHTHA S DAUGHTER ¹

I

SINCE our Country our God—Oh, my Sire
Demand that thy Daughter expire,
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that s bared for thee now ¹

II

And the voice of my mourning is o er
And the mountains behold me no more
If the hand that I love lay me low
There cannot be pain in the blow ¹

III

And of this, oh my Father ¹ be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow
And the last thought that soothes me below

IV

Though the virgins of Salem lament
Be the judge and the hero unbent !
I have won the great battle for thee
And my Father and Country are free ¹

¹ [Nathan (*Flight ve Pieces* 1829 pp 11 12) seems to have tried to draw Byron into a discussion on the actual fate of Jephtha s daughter—death at her father s hand or perpetual seclusion — and that Byron had no opinion to offer. Whatever may be the absolute state of the case I am innocent of her blood she has been killed to my hands and again Well my hands are not imbrued in her blood !]

V.

When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,
 When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,
 Let my memory still be thy pride,
 And forget not I smiled as I died !

OH ! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM ¹

I.

OH ! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ,
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year ,
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom ¹

II.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,"
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ,
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead !

¹ *in gentle gloom* —[MS M]

¹¹ *Shall Sorrow on the waters gaze,
 And lost in deep remembrance dream,
 As if her footsteps could disturb the dead* —[MS M]

¹ [“ In submitting the melody to his Lordship’s judgment, I once inquired in what manner they might refer to any scriptural subject he appeared for a moment affected—at last replied, ‘ Every mind must make its own references , there is scarcely one of us who could not imagine that the affliction belongs to himself, to me it certainly belongs’ ‘ She is no more, and perhaps the only vestige of her existence is the feeling I sometimes fondly indulge ’”—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, p 30 It has been surmised that the lines contain a final reminiscence of the mysterious Thyrsa]

III

Away ! we know that tears are vain
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress
 Will this unteach us to complain ?
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?
 And thou—who tellst me to forget¹
 Thy looks are wan thine eyes are wet^{1 1}

[Published in the *Examiner* April 23, 1815.]

MY SOUL IS DARK

I

My soul is dark—Oh ! quickly string²
 The harp I yet can brook to hear
 And let thy gentle fingers fling
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear
 If in this heart a hope be dear
 That sound shall charm it forth again

¹ *E'en thou — — [MS M]*

11

IV

*Nor need I write to tell the tale
 My pen is re-doubly weak
 Oh what can idle words avail
 Unless my heart could speak ?*

V

*By day or night in wail or woe
 That heart no longer free
 Must bear the love it cannot show
 And silent turn for thee — [MS M]*

¹ [Compare Nay now pry thee weep no more ! you know
 that tis sinful to murmur at Providence — And should
 not that reflect on check your own my Blanche ? — Why are your
 cheeks so wet ? Fie ! fie my child ! — *Romantic Tales* by M G
 Lewis 1808 : 53.]

² [Compare My soul is dark — Ossian Oina Morul *The
 Works of Ossian* 1765 : 279.]

If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my biam

II.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first
 I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
 Or else this heavy heart will burst ,
 For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
 And ached in sleepless silence long ,
 And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
 And break at once—on yield to song ¹

I SAW THEE WEEP

I

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue, ²
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceased to shine ,
 It could not match the living rays
 That filled that glance of thine

1 [“It was generally conceived that Lord Byron's reported singularities approached on some occasions to derangement, and at one period, indeed, it was very currently asserted that his intellects were actually impaired. The report only served to amuse his Lordship. He referred to the circumstance, and declared that he would try how a *Madman* could write—seizing the pen with eagerness, he for a moment fixed his eyes in majestic wildness on vacancy, when, like a flash of inspiration, without erasing a single word, the above verses were the result.”—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, p. 37.]

2 [Compare the first *Sonnet to Geneva* (addressed to Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster) “Thine eye's blue tenderness”]

II

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky,
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart

THY DAYS ARE DONE

I

Thy days are done thy fame begun
 Thy country's strains record
 The triumphs of her chosen Son
 The slaughters of his sword !
 The deeds he did the fields he won
 The freedom he restored !

II

Though thou art fallen, while we are free
 Thou shalt not taste of death !
 The generous blood that flowed from thee
 Disdained to sink beneath
 Within our veins its currents be
 Thy spirit on our breath !

III

Thy name, our charging hosts along
 Shall be the battle word !

Thy fall, the theme of choral song
 From virgin voices poured !
 To weep would do thy glory wrong
 Thou shalt not be deplored

SAUL

I

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
 Bid the Prophet's form appear
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head !
 King, behold the phantom Seer !"
 Earth jawned, he stood the centre of a cloud
 Light changed its hue, retreating from his shroud !
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye,
 His hand was withered, and his veins were dry,
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,
 Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare,
 From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
 Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke "

II.

"Why is my sleep disquieted ?
 Who is he that calls the dead ?
 Is it thou, O King ? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold "

¹ *He stands amidst an earthly cloud,
 And the mist mantled o'er his floating shroud* —[MS erased]
¹¹ *At once and scorched beneath* —[MS Copy (1, 2)]
¹¹¹ *Bloodless are these bones* —[MS]

Such art mine and such shall be
 Thine to morrow when with me
 Ere the coming day is done
 Such shalt thou be—such thy Son
 Fare thee well but for a day
 Then we mix our mouldering clay
 Thou—thy rice he pale and low
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow
 And the falchion by thy side
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide
 Crownless—breathless—headless fall
 Son and Sire—the house of Saul ! ¹

Seaham Feb 1815

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE

I

WARRIORS and chiefs should the shaft or the sword
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord
 Heed not the corse, though a King's in your path ¹
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

II

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow ¹¹
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe

¹ *Heed not the carcase that lies in your path* —[*MS Copy* (1)]

¹¹ — *my shield and my bow*

Should the ranks of your kin look away from the foe —[*MS*]

¹ [Since we have spoken of witches said Lord Byron at Cephalonia in 1833 what think you of the witch of Endor? I have always thought this the finest and most finished witch scene that ever was written or conceived and you will be of my opinion if you consider all the circumstances and the actors in the case together with the gravity simplicity and dignity of the language —*Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron* by James Kennedy M D London 1830 p 154]

Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet

III

Farewell to others, but never we part,
 Hen to my Royalty—Son of my heart !¹
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
 Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day !

Seaham, 1815

“ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER”

I

FAME, Wisdom, Love, and Power were mine,
 And Health and Youth possessed me,
 My goblets blushed from every vine,
 And lovely forms caressed me,
 I sunned my heart in Beauty's eyes,
 And felt my soul grow tender,
 All Earth can give, or mortal prize,
 Was mine of regal splendour

II

I strive to number o'er what days "
 Remembrance can discover,
 Which all that Life on Earth displays
 Would lure me to live over

¹ *Hen to my monarchy* —[MS]
 Note to *Hen*—Jonathan —[Copy]

¹¹ *My father was the shepherd's son,
 Ah were my lot as lowly
 My earthly course had softly run* —[MS]

There rose no day there rolled no hour
 Of pleasure unembittered ¹
 And not a trapping decked my Power
 That galled not while it glittered

III ⁴

I he serpent of the field by art
 And spells is won from harming
 But that which coils around the heart
 Oh ! who hath power of charming ?
 It will not list to Wisdom's lore
 Nor Music's voice can lure it
 But there it stings for evermore
 The soul that must endure it

Seaham 1815

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING
CLAY

I

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay ¹
 Ah ! whither strays the immortal mind ?
 It cannot die it cannot stay
 But leaves its darkened dust behind
 Then, unembodied doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way ?

¹ *Ah ! what hath been but what shall be
 The same dull scene re-creating
 And all our fathers were are yet
 In erring and undoing —[MS]*

ⁱⁱ *When it is corroding clay is gone —[MS erased]*

ⁱⁱⁱ *The stars in their eternal way —[MS L. erased]*

ⁱ [Compare *Childe Harold* I Canto I stanza lxxvii lines 8-9—

Full from the fount of Joy delicious springs
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings
Poetical Works 1899 ii 73 and note 16 p 93]

Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey ?

II

Eternal—boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,¹
Shall it survey, shall it recall
Each fainter trace that Memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the Soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears

III.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back ,
And where the farthest heaven had birth,
The Spirit trace its rising track
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While Sun is quenched—or System breaks,
Fixed in its own Eternity

IV

Above or Love Hope Hate—or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure
An age shall fleet like earthly year ,
Its years as moments shall endure
Away—away—without a wing,
O'er all through all—its thought shall fly,
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die

Senham, 1815

¹ *A conscious light that can pervade —[MS erased]*

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR ¹

I

THE King was on his throne
 The Satraps thronged the hall
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival
 A thousand cups of gold
 In Judah deemed divine—
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine ¹

II

In that same hour and hall
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall
 And wrote as if on sand
 The fingers of a man —
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran
 And traced them like a wand

III

The monarch saw and shook
 And bade no more rejoice
 All bloodless waxed his look
 And tremulous his voice
 Let the men of lore appear
 The wisest of the earth

¹ — *in the hall* — [Copy]

¹¹ *In Israel* — — [Copy]

¹ [Compare the lines entitled Belshazzar (*vide post* p. 421)
 and *Don Juan* Canto III. l. 171 & 175]

And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth "

IV

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill,
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore,
But now they were not sage,
They saw but knew no more

V

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,¹
He heard the King's command,
He saw that writing's truth
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view,
He read it on that night,
The morrow proved it true.

VI

" Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay,
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone,
The Mede is at his gate,
The Persian on his throne ! "

¹ *Oh king thy grave* —[*Copy erased*]

¹ [It was not in his youth, but in extreme old age, that Daniel interpreted the "writing on the wall"]

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS !

SUN of the sleepless ! melancholy star !
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far
 I hat show st the darkness thou canst not dispel
 How like art thou to Joy remembered well !
 So gleams the past, the light of other days
 Which shines but warms not with its powerless rays
 A night beam Sorrow watcheth to behold
 Distinct but distant—clear—but oh how cold

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU
DEEMST IT TO BE

I

WERE my bosom as false as thou deemst it to be
 I need not have wandered from far Galilee
 It was but abjuring my creed to efface
 The curse which thou say'st, is the crime of my race

II

If the bad never triumph then God is with thee !
 If the slave only sin—thou art spotless and free !
 If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high
 Live on in thy faith—but in mine I will die

III

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow
 As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know
 In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
 The land and the life which for him I resign

Seaham 1815

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE¹

I.

OH, Mariamne ! now for thee
 The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding,
 Revenge is lost in Agony'
 And wild Remorse to rage succeeding "
 Oh, Mariamne ! where art thou ?
 Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading ""
 Ah ! could'st thou thou would'st pardon now,
 Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding

II

And is she dead?—and did they dare
 Obey my Frenzy's jealous raving? "
 My Wrath but doomed my own despair
 The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving.—
 But thou art cold, my murdered Love !
 And this dark heart is vainly craving '

- i *And what was rage is agony* —[MS *erased*]
Revenge is turned —[MS]
 ii *And deep Remorse* —[MS]
 iii *And what am I thy tyrant pleading* —[MS *erased*]
 iv *Thou art not dead—they could not dare*
Obey my jealous Frenzy's raving —[MS]
 v *But yet in death my soul enslaving* —[MS *erased*]

i [Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death by his order. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body, which led to temporary derangement. See *History of the Jews*, by H. H. Milman, 1878, pp. 236, 237. See, too, Voltaire's drama, *Mariamne*, *passim*. Nathan, wishing "to be favoured with so many lines pathetic, some playful, others martial, etc. one evening unfortunately (while absorbed for a moment in worldly affairs) requested so many *dull* lines—meaning *plaintive*." Byron instantly caught at the expression, and exclaimed, "Well, Nathan! you have at length set me an easy task," and before parting presented him with "these beautifully pathetic lines, saying, 'Here, Nathan, I think you will find these *dull* enough.'"—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, p. 51.]

For he who sours alone above
And leaves my soul unworthy saving

III

She's gone, who shared my diadem
She sunk, with her my joys entombing
I swept that flower from Judah's stem
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming
And mine's the guilt and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming
And I have earned those tortures well¹
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

Jan 15 1815

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS

I

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome¹
I beheld thee oh Sion! when rendered to Rome¹¹
Twas thy last sun went down and the flames of thy fall
Flashed back on the last glance I gave to thy wall

II

I looked for thy temple—I looked for my home
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come¹
I beheld but the death fire that fed on thy fane
And the fast fettered hands that made vengeance in vain

¹ *Oh I have earned* — —[*MIS*]

¹¹ — — *that looks o'er thy once holy dome* —[*MIS*]

¹¹¹ — — *o'er thy once holy wall*

I beheld thee O Sion the day of thy fall —[*MIS* erased]

^{1v} *And for ot in their ruin* — —[*MIS* erased]

III.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
 Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed ,
 While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
 Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine

IV.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
 But I marked not the twilight beam melting away ,
 Oh ! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
 And the thunderbolt burst on the Conqueror's head !'

V.

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
 The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to reign ,
 And scattered and scorned as thy people may be,
 Our worship, oh Father ! is only for thee

1815

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.¹

I

WE sate down and wept by the waters²
 Of Babel, and thought of the day

¹ *And the red bolt* —[*MS erased*]
And the thunderbolt crashed —[*MS*]

¹ [The following note, in Byron's handwriting, is prefixed to the copy in Lady Byron's handwriting —

"DEAR KINNAIRD,—Take only *one* of these marked 1 and 2 [*i.e.* 'By the Rivers,' etc , and 'By the waters,' *vide* p 404], as both are but different versions of the *same thought*—leave the choice to any important person you like

"Yours,
 "B"]

² [Landor, in his "Dialogue between Southey and Porson"

When our foe in the hue of his slaughters
 Made Salem's high places his prey
 And Ye oh her desolate daughters !
 Were scattered all weeping away

II

While sadly we gazed on the river
 Which rolled on in freedom below
 They demanded the song but oh never
 That triumph the Stranger shall know !
 May this right hand be withered for ever
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe !

III

On the willow that harp is suspended
 Oh Salem ! its sound should be free "
 And the hour when thy glories were ended
 But left me that token of thee
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
 With the voice of the Spoiler by me !

Jan 15 1813

- i *Our mute harps were hung on the willow
 That grew by the stream of our foe
 And in sadness we gazed on each billow
 That rolled on in freedom below —[MS erased]*
 ii *On the willow that harp still hangs mately
 Oh Salem its sound as for thee —[MS erased]*

(Works 1846 i 69) attempted to throw ridicule on the opening lines of this Melody

A prey in the hue of his slaughters ! This is very pathetic but not more so than the thought it suggested to me which is plainer—

We sat down and wept by the waters
 Of Camo and thought of the day
 When damsel would how their red garters
 In their hurry to scamper away]

“BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON”

I.

In the valley of waters we wept on the day
 When the host of the Stranger made Salem his prey,
 And our heads on our bosoms all droopingly lay,
 And our hearts were so full of the land far away !

II

The song they demanded in vain it lay still
 In our souls as the wind that hath died on the hill
 They called for the harp—but our blood they shall spill
 Ere our right hands shall teach them one tone of their
 skill

III

All stringlessly hung in the willow's sad tree,
 As dead as her dead-leaf, those mute harps must be
 Our hands may be fettered—our tears still are free
 For our God and our Glory and Sion, Oh *Thee* !

1815

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

I

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee

II.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen

I like the leaves of the fore when a storm is blown
That host on the morrow is withered and brown.

111

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill
 And their hearts but once heaved—and for ever grew still

13

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide
But through them no breath he breathed of his pride
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf
And cold as the spray of the rock, beneath the eave

2

And there lay the rider dead and pale
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail
And the tents were all silent—the banners alone—
The lances unlifted—the trumpet blown

41

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail
And the idols are broke in the temple of Babel
And the might of the Gentile in nook by the sword
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord :

September 21 1815

- i And the sum of his debt laye I on the 23th — [MS]
 ii — of the 24th — — [MS]
 iii With the 25th on his 26th — — [MS]
 iv And the 27th of 1567 — — [MS erased]
 v And the 28th of 1567 on a 29th — — [MS erased]
 i [Com: are—

As leaves in autumn, so the leaves fell

The Barons Buns by Michael Drayton. Pp. 11. 6s. 6d.

Anleitung 1/11 4/11 11 35 1

A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME

FROM JOB.

I

A SPIRIT passed before me I beheld
The face of Immortality unveiled
Deep Sleep came down on every eye save mine
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake,
And as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake

II

“Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom’s wasted light!”

POEMS 1814—1816

POEMS 1814—1816

FAREWELL¹ IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER

I

FAREWELL¹ if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal waived on high
Mine will not all be lost in air
But waft thy name beyond the sky
I were vain to speak—to weep—to sigh
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell
When wrung from Guilt's expiring eye¹
Are in that word—Farewell¹—Farewell¹

2

These lips are mute these eyes are dry
But in my breast and in my brain
Awake the pangs that pass not by
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain
Though Grief and Passion there rebel
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell¹—Farewell¹

[First published *Corsair* Second Edition 1814]

1 [Compare *The Corsair* Canto I stanza xv lines 480-490]

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

I

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss,
 'Truly that hour foretold'
 Sorrow to this

2

The dew of the morning"
 Sunk chill on my brow
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now
 Thy vows are all broken,"
 And light is thy fame
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame

3 "

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear,

¹ *Never may I behold
 Moment like this* —[MS]

¹¹ *The damp of the morning
 Clung chill on my brow* —[MS erased]

¹¹¹ *Thy vow hath been broken* —[MS]

¹¹¹ *lies hidden*

*Our secret of sorrow—
 And deep in my soul—*

But deed more forbidden,

Our secret lies hidden,

But never forgot —[Erasmes, stanza 3, MS]

A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I knew thee
 Who knew thee too well —
 I long long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell

4

In secret we met—
 In silence I grieve
 That thy heart could forget
 Thy spirit deceive
 If I should meet thee¹
 After long years
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears

[First published *Poems* 1816]

[LOVE AND GOLD¹]

1

I CANNOT talk of I ove to thee
 Though thou art young and free and fair¹

*1 If one should meet thee
 How should we greet thee?
 In silence and tears —[MS]*

¹ [From an autograph MS in the possession of Mr Murray now for the first time printed]

The water mark of the paper on which a much tortured rough copy of these lines has been scrawled is 1809 but with this exception there is no hint as to the date of composition. An entry in the *Diary* for November 30 1813 in which Annabella (Miss Milbanke) is described as an heiress a girl of twenty a peeress that is to be etc and a letter (Byron to Miss Milbanke) dated November 29 1813 (see *Letters* 1898 ii 357 and 1899 iii 407)

There is a spell thou dost not see,
That bids a genuine love despair

2

And yet that spell invites each youth,
For thee to sigh, or seem to sigh,
Makes falsehood wear the garb of truth,
And Truth itself appear a lie

3

If ever Doubt a place possesst
In woman's heart, 'twere wise in thine
Admit not Love into thy breast,
Doubt others' love, nor trust in mine

4

Perchance 'tis feigned, perchance sincere,
But false or true thou canst not tell,
So much hast thou from all to fear,
In that unconquerable spell.

5

Of all the herd that throng around,
Thy simpering or thy sighing train,
Come tell me who to thee is bound
By Love's or Plutus' heavier chain

6

In some 'tis Nature, some 'tis Art
That bids them worship at thy shine,

in which there is more than one allusion to her would-be suitors, "your thousand and one pretendants," etc., suggest the idea that the lines were addressed to his future wife, when he first made her acquaintance in 1812 or 1813.]

But thou deserv'st a better heart
Than they or I can give for thine

7

For thee and such as thee behold
Is Fortune painted truly—blind¹
Who doomed thee to be bought or sold
Has proved too bounteous to be kind

8

Each day some tempter's crafty suit
Would woo thee to a loveless bed
I see thee to the altar's foot
A decorated victim led

9

Adieu, dear maid¹ I must not speak
Whate'er my secret thoughts may be
Though thou art all that man can reck
I dare not talk of Love to *thee*

STANZAS FOR MUSIC¹

1

I SPEAK not I trace not I breathe not thy name¹
There is grief in the sound there is guilt in the fame

¹ *I speak not—I breathe not—I write not that name —*
[MS erased]

¹ [Thou hast asked me for a song and I enclose you an experiment which has cost me something more than trouble and is therefore less likely to be worth your taking any in your proposed setting Now if it be so throw it into the fire without phrase — Letter to Moore May 4 1814 *Letters* 1899 iii 80]

But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart

2¹

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness
cease?

We repent, we abjure, we will break from our chain,
We will part, we will fly to—unite it again¹

3

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!¹
Forgive me, adored one!—forsake, if thou wilt,
But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased¹¹
And *man* shall not break it whatever *thou* mayst¹

4

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be¹
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more
sweet,
With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet

¹ *We have loved—and oh, still, my adored one we love!*
Oh the moment is past, when that Passion might cease —
[MS erased]

¹¹ *The thought may be madness—the wish may be guilt —*
[MS erased]

¹¹¹ { *But I cannot repent what we ne'er can recall*
And our heart which is thine would disdain to recall —
[MS erased]
though I feel that thou mayst — [MS L erased]

^v ¹ *Our soul in its bitterest moments shall be,*
And our days run as swift—and our moments more sweet,
With thee at my side, than the world at my feet — [MS]

5¹

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love
 Shall turn me or fix shall reward or reprove
 And the heartless may wonder at all I resign—
 Thy lip shall reply not to them but to *mine*

May 4 1814.

[First published *Letters and Journals* 1830 : 554]

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING¹

Who hath not glowed above the page where Fame
 Hath fixed high Caledon's unconquered name,
 The mountain land which spurned the Roman chain
 And baffled back the fiery crested Dane
 Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
 No foe could tame—no tyrant could command?
 That race is gone—but still their children breathe
 And Glory crowns them with redoubled wreath
 O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine
 And England¹ add their stubborn strength to thine

¹ *And th is is that love of ch I will not forego
 Thow h the pri e which I pay be Et rusty's uot —*

[*MIS erased*]

¹¹ *One tear of thy sorrow one smile — —*[*MIS erased*]

¹ [The Caledonian Meeting at which these lines were or were intended to be recited (see *Lf* p 254) was a meeting of subscribers to the Highland Society held annually in London in support of the [Royal] *Caledonian Asylum* for educating and supporting children of soldiers sailors and marines natives of Scotland. To soothe says the compiler of the *Report* for 1814 p 4 by the assurance that their offspring will be reared in virtue and comfort the minds of those brave men through whose exposure to hardship and danger the independence of the Empire has been preserved : no less an act of sound policy than of gratitude.]

The blood which flowed with Wallace flows as free,
 But now 'tis only shed for Fame and thee !
 Oh ! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
 But give support—the world hath given him fame !

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
 While cheerly following where the Mighty led ¹
 Who sleep beneath the undistinguished sod
 Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
 To us bequeath 'tis all their fate allows
 The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse
 She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
 The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,
 Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
 The Highland Seer's anticipated woes,
 The bleeding phantom of each martial form
 Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm, ²
 While sad, she chaunts the solitary song,
 The soft lament for him who taries long
 For him, whose distant relics vainly crave
 The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave !

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away the woe,
 Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow ,

1 [As an instance of Scottish gallantry in the Peninsular War it is sufficient to cite the following list of "casualties" at the battle of Vittoria, June 21, 1813 "The battalion [the seventy-first Highland Light Infantry] suffered very severely, having had 1 field officer, 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 6 sergeants, 1 bugler, and 78 rank and file killed, 1 field officer, 3 captains, 7 lieutenants, 13 sergeants, 2 buglers, and 255 rank and file were wounded"—*Historical Record of the 71st Highland Light Infantry*, by Lieut Henry J T Hildyard, 1876, p 91]

2 [Compare *Timora*, bk vii, "The king took his deathful spear, and struck the deeply-sounding shield Ghosts fled on every side, and rolled their gathered forms on the wind—Thrice from the winding vale arose the voices of death"—*Works of Ossian*, 1765, ii 160]

Yet Tenderness and Time may rob the tear
 Of half its bitterness for one so dear,
 A Nation's gratitude perchance may spread
 A thornless pillow for the widowed head
 May lighten well her heart's maternal care
 And wean from Penury the soldier's heir
 Or deem to living war worn Valour just¹
 Each wounded remnant—Albion's cherished trust—
 Warm his decline with those endearing rays
 Whose bounteous sunshine yet may gild his days—
 So shall that Country—while he sinks to rest—
 His hand hath fought for—by his heart be blest!

May 1814.

[First published *Letters and Journals* 1830 : 559]

ELFGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART

I

THERE is a tear for all that die²
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave
 But nations swell the funeral cry
 And Triumph weeps above the brave

1 [The last six lines are printed from the MS.]

[Sir P. Parker fell in August 1814 in his twenty-ninth year whilst leading a party from his ship the *Venclaus* at the storming of the American camp near Baltimore. He was Byron's first cousin (his father Christopher Parker (1761-1804) married Charlotte Augusta, daughter of Admiral the Hon. John Byron) but they had never met since boyhood. (See letter to Moore *Letters* 1899 iii 150 see too *Letters* i 6 note 1.) The stanzas were included in *Hebrew Melodies* 1815 and in the Ninth Edition of *Childe Harold* 1818.]

3 [Compare Tasso's sonnet—

Questa Tomba non è che non morto etc
Rime Eroteiche Parte Seconda No 38 *Opere di*
Torquato Tasso Venice 1736 vi 169]

2

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument !

3

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong

4

For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hushed, *their name* the only sound ,
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
The goblet's tributary round

5

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot ?
Who would not die the death they chose ?

6

And, gallant Parker ! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be ,
And early valour, glowing, find
A model in thy memory

7

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
In woe, that glory cannot quell ,
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell

8

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
 When cease to hear thy cherished name?
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame

9

Alas! for them though not for thee
 They cannot choose but weep the more
 Deep for the dead the grief must be
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before

October 7 1814

[First published *Morning Chronicle* October 7 1814]

JULIAN [A FRAGMENT]¹

1

THE Night came on the Waters—all was rest
 On Earth—but Rage on Ocean's troubled Heart
 The Waves arose and rolled beneath the blast
 The Sailors gazed upon their shivered Mast
 In that dark Hour a long loud gathered cry
 From out the billows pierced the sable sky,
 And borne o'er breakers reached the craggy shore—
 The Sea roars on—that Cry is heard no more

2

There is no vestige in the Dawning light
 Of those that shrieked thro' shadows of the Night
 The Bark—the Crew—the very Wreck is gone
 Marred—mutilated—traceless—all save one

¹ [From an autograph MS in the possession of Mr Murray now for the first time printed]

In him there still is Life, the Wave that dashed
On shore the plank to which his form was lashed,
Returned unheeding of its helpless Prey
The lone survivor of that Yesterday
The one of Many whom the withering Gale
Hath left unpunished to record their Tale.
But who shall hear it? on that barren Sand
None comes to stretch the hospitable hand
That shore reveals no print of human foot,
Nor e'en the pawing of the wilder Brute,
And niggard vegetation will not smile,
All sunless on that solitary Isle.

3

The naked Stranger rose, and wrung his hair,
And that first moment passed in silent prayer.
Alas! the sound he sunk into Despair
He was on Earth but what was Earth to him,
Houseless and homeless bare both breast and limb?
Cut off from all but Memory he curst
His fate his folly but himself the worst
What was his hope? he looked upon the Wave
Despise—of all it still may be his Grave!

4.

He rose and with a feeble effort shaped
His course unto the billows late escaped
But weakness conquered—swam his dizzy glance,
And down to Earth he sunk in silent trance
How long his senses bore its chilling chain,
He knew not but, recalled to Life again,
A stranger stood beside his shivering form
And what was he? had he too scaped the storm?

5

He raised young Julian Is thy Cup so full
 ' Of bitterness—thy Hope—thy heart so dull
 That thou shouldst from Thee dash the Draught of Life
 ' So late escaped the elemental strife !
 Rise—tho these shores few aids to Life supply
 Look upon me and know thou shalt not die
 Thou gazest in mute wonder—more may be
 Thy marvel when thou knowest mine and me.
 But come—The bark that bears us hence shall find
 Her Haven soon despite the warning Wind

6

He raised young Julian from the sand, and such
 Strange power of healing dwelt within the touch
 That his weak limbs grew light with freshened Power
 As he had slept not fainted in that hour
 And woke from Slumber—as the Birds awake
 Recalled at morning from the branched brake
 When the day's promise heralds early Spring
 And Heaven unfolded woos their soaring wing
 So Julian felt and gazed upon his Guide
 With honest Wonder what might next betide

Dec 1 1814

TO BELSHAZZAR

I¹

BELSHAZZAR ! from the banquet turn
 Nor in thy sensual fulness fall

1

I

*The red light glows the massail flows
 Around the royal hall*

Behold ! while yet before thee burn
 The graven words, the glowing wall,¹
 Many a despot men miscall
 Crowned and anointed from on high ,
 But thou, the weakest, worst of all
 Is it not written, thou must die ?²

2

Go ! dash the roses from thy brow
 Grey hairs but poorly wreath with them ,
 Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
 More than thy very diadem,³
 Where thou hast tarnished every gem —
 Then throw the worthless bauble by,
 Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn ,
 And learn like better men to die !

3

Oh ! early in the balance weighed,
 And ever light of word and worth,
 Whose soul expired ere youth decayed,
 And left thee but a mass of earth

*And who, on earth, dare mar the mirth
 Of that high festival ?
 The prophet dares—before thee glows—
 Belshazzar rise, nor dare despise
 The writing on the wall !*

2

*Thy vice might raise th' avenging steel,
 Thy meanness shield thee from the blow—
 And they who loathe thee proudly feel —[MS]*

¹ *The words of God along the wall —[MS erased]
 The word of God—the graven wall —[MS]*

¹¹ *Behold it written —[MS]*

¹¹¹ *thy sullied diadem —[MS]*

To see thee moves the scorner's mirth
 But tears in Hope's averted eye
 Lament that even thou hadst birth—
 Unfit to govern live or die

February 12 1815
 {First published 1831 }

STANZAS FOR MUSIC¹

O Lachrymarum fons tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo quater
 Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te pia Nympha sensit
 GRAY'S *Poemata*

[Motto to The Tear *Poetical Works* 1898 : 49]

I

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes
 away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in Feeling's dull
 decay
 'Tis not on Youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which
 fades so fast¹
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone ere Youth itself be
 past

¹ *'Tis not the blush alone that fades from Beauty's cheek* —[MS]

I [Byron gave these verses to Moore for Mr Power of the Strand who published them with music by Sir John Stevenson I feel merry enough he wrote March 2 to send you a sad song And again March 8 1815 An event—the death of poor Dorset—and the recollection of what I once felt and ought to have felt now but could not—set me pondering and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands A year later in another letter to Moore he says I pique myself on these lines as being the *truest* though the most melancholy I ever wrote (March 8 1816)—*Letters* 1899 in 181 183 274]

2

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of
 happiness
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in
 vain
 The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch
 again

3

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like Death itself
 comes down,
 It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its
 own,
 That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
 appears

4

'Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract
 the breast,
 Through midnight hours that yield no more than former
 hope of rest,
 'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath,¹
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey
 beneath

¹ *As ivy o'er the mouldering wall that heavily hath crept* —[MS]

¹ [Compare—

“And oft we see gay ivy's wreath
 The tree with brilliant bloom o'erspread,
 When, part its leaves and gaze beneath,
 We find the hidden tree is dead”

“To Anna,” *The Warrior's Return, etc*, by
 Mrs Opie, 1808, p 144]

5

Oh, could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been
 Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanished
 scene
 As springs in deserts found seem sweet all brackish
 though they be
 So midst the withered waste of life those tears would flow
 to me

March 1815

[First published *Poems* 1816]

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF DORSET¹

1

I HEARD thy fate without a tear
 Thy loss with scarce a sigh
 And yet thou wast surpassing dear
 Too loved of all to die
 I know not what hath seared my eye—
 Its tears refuse to start
 But every drop it bids me dry
 Falls dreary on my heart

2

Yes dull and heavy one by one
 They sink and turn to care

¹ [From an autograph MS in the possession of Mr Murray now for the first time printed. The MS is headed in pencil Lines written on the Death of the Duke of Dorset a College Friend of Lord Byron's who was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting. It is endorsed Bought of Markham Thorpe August 29 1844. (For Duke of Dorset see *Poetical Works* 1898 i 194 note 2 and *Letters* 1899 iii 181 note 1)]

Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted
 Had still soared with eyes fixed on Victory's sun !¹

3

Farewell to thee, France !—but when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then,
 The Violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys .
 Though withered, thy tear will unfold it again
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice
 There are links which must break in the chain that has
 bound us,

Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

July 25, 1815 London

[First published, *Examiner*, July 30, 1815]

FROM THE FRENCH.¹

I

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,
 Severed from thy faithful few ?

- 1 *Oh for the thousands of Those who have perished
 By elements blasted, unconquered by man—
 Then the hope which till now I have fearlessly cherished,
 Had waved o'er thine eagles in Victory's van —[MS]*

1 [“ All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master's knees, wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted ”—*Private Letter from Brussels*]

Who can tell thy warrior's grief
 Maddening o'er that long adieu?¹
 Woman's love and Friendship's zeal
 Dear as both have been to me—¹
 What are they to all I feel
 With a soldier's faith for thee?¹¹

II

Idol of the soldier's soul!
 First in fight but mightiest now,¹
 Many could a world control,
 Thee alone no doom can bow
 By thy side for years I dared
 Death and envied those who fell
 When their dying shout was heard
 Blessing him they served so well¹

III

Would that I were cold with those
 Since this hour I live to see,
 When the doubts of coward foes
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee
 Dreading each should set thee free!
 Oh! although in dungeons pent

- 1 — *At mute adieu* —[MS]
 11 *Dear as they have seemed to me* —[MS]
 111 *I: the faith I pledged to thee* —[MS]
 14 *Glory lightened from thy soul*
 Never did I grieve till now —[MS]
 15 *When the hearts of coward foes* —[MS]

1 [At Waterloo one man was seen whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other and throwing it up in the air exclaimed to his comrades *Vive l'Empereur jusqu'à la mort!* There were many other instances of the like this you may however depend on as true —*Private Letter from Brussels*]

All their chains were light to me,
Gazing on thy soul unbent

IV.

Would the sycophants of him
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,ⁱ
Were his borrowed glories dim,
In his native darkness share?
Were that world this hour his own,
All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
Hearts like those which still are thine?ⁱⁱ

V.

My Chief, my King, my Friend, adieuⁱ
Never did I droop before,
Never to my Sovereign sue,
As his foes I now implore
All I ask is to divide
Every peril he must brave,
Sharing by the hero's side
His fall—his exile and his graveⁱⁱⁱ

[First published, *Poems*, 1816]

- ⁱ *to Friendship's prayer* —[MS]
ⁱⁱ *'Twould not gather round his throne*
 Half the hearts that still are thine —[MS]
ⁱⁱⁱ *Let me but partake his doom,*
 Be it exile or the grave
 or, *All I ask is to abide*
 All the perils he must brave,
 All my hope was to divide —[MS]
 or, *Let me still partake his gloom,*
 Late his soldier, now his slave—
 Grant me but to share the gloom
 Of his exile or his grave —[MS]

ODE FROM THE FRENCH¹

1

We do not curse thee, Waterloo !
 Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew ,
 There twas shed, but is not sunk—
 Rising from each gory trunk,
 Like the water spout from ocean
 With a strong and growing motion—
 It soars and mingles in the air
 With that of lost La Bédoyère—²
 With that of him whose honoured grave
 Contains the bravest of the brave
 A crimson cloud it spreads and glows
 But shall return to whence it rose
 When tis full twill burst asunder—
 Never yet was heard such thunder
 As then shall shake the world with wonder—
 Never yet was seen such lightning
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright ning¹

¹ [These lines are said to have been done into English verse by R S — P L P R Master of the Royal Spanish Inqn etc etc — *Morn'g Chronicle* March 15 1816 ¹ The French have their *Poems* and *Odes* on the famous Battle of Waterloo as well as ourselves Nay they seem to glory in the battle as the source of great events to come We have received the following poetical version of a poem the original of which is circulating in Paris and which is ascribed (we know not with what justice) to the Muse of M de Chateaubriand If so it may be inferred that in the poet's eye a new change is at hand and he wishes to prove his secret indulgence of old principles by reference to this effusion — Note *ibid*]

² [Charles Angelique François Huchet Comte de La Bédoyère born 1786 was in the retreat from Moscow and in 1813 distinguished himself at the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen On the return of Napoleon from Elba he was the first to bring him a regiment He was promoted and raised to the peerage but being found in Paris after its occupation by the Allied army he was tried by a court martial and suffered death August 15 1815]

Like the Wormwood Star foretold
 By the sainted Seer of old,
 Show'ring down a fiery flood,
 Turning rivers into blood ¹

II

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
 Vanquishers of Waterloo ¹
 When the soldier citizen
 Swayed not o'er his fellow-men—
 Save in deeds that led them on
 Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son
 Who, of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated.
 Till lone Tyranny commanded?
 Till, goaded by Ambition's sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King?
 Then he fell so perish all,
 Who would men by man enthrall ¹

III

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume ¹
 Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb ²

1 See *Rev* Chap viii v 7, etc "The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood," etc v 8, "And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea and the third part of the sea became blood," etc v 10, "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters" v 11, "And the name of the star is called *Wormwood* and the third part of the waters became *wormwood*, and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter"

2 Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt ["Poor dear Murat, what an end" ¹ His white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry the Fourth's He refused a confessor and a bandage, so would neither suffer his soul

Better hadst thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding
 Than sold thyself to death and shame
 For a meanly royal name
 Such as he of Naples wears
 Who thy blood bought title bears
 Little didst thou deem when dashing
 On thy war horse through the ranks
 Like a stream which burst its banks
 While helmets cleft and sabres clashing
 Shone and shivered fast around thee—
 Of the fate at last which found thee
 Was that haughty plume laid low
 By a slave's dishonest blow?
 Once—as the Moon sways o'er the tide
 It rolled in air the warrior's guide
 Through the smoke created night
 Of the black and sulphurous fight
 The soldier raised his seeking eye
 To catch that crest's ascendancy—
 And as it onward rolling rose
 So moved his heart upon our foes
 There where death's brief pang was quickest
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest
 Strewed beneath the advancing banner
 Of the eagle's burning crest—
 (There with thunder clouds to fan her
 Who could then her wing arrest—
 Victory beaming from her breast?)
 While the broken line enlarging
 Fell or fled along the plain

or body to be bandaged —Letter to Moore November 4 1815
Letters 1899 ii 245 See too for Joachim Murat (born 1771)
 proclaimed King of Naples and the Two Sicilies August 1808
ib d note 1]

There be sure was Murat charging !
 There he ne'er shall charge again !

IV

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
 Weeps Triumph o'er each levelled arch—
 But let Freedom rejoice,
 With her heart in her voice ,
 But, her hand on her sword,
 Doubly shall she be adored ,
 France hath twice too well been taught
 The " moral lesson " ¹ dearly bought
 Her safety sits not on a throne,
 With Capet or Napoleon !
 But in equal rights and laws,
 Hearts and hands in one great cause
 Freedom, such as God hath given
 Unto all beneath his heaven,
 With their breath, and from their birth,
 Though guilt would sweep it from the earth ,
 With a fierce and lavish hand
 Scattering nations' wealth like sand ,
 Pouring nations' blood like water,
 In imperial seas of slaughter !

V

But the heart and the mind,
 And the voice of mankind,
 Shall arise in communion—
 And who shall resist that proud union ?
 The time is past when swords subdued
 Man may die—the soul's renewed

1 [" Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down "
 Scott's *Field of Waterloo*, Conclusion, stanza vi line 3]

Even in this low world of care
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir
 Millions breathe but to inherit
 Her for ever bounding spirit—
 When once more her hosts assemble
 Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
 Smile they at this idle threat?
 Crimson tears will follow yet¹

[First published *Morning Chronicle* March 15 1816]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

I

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me
 When as if its sound were causing
 The charmed Ocean's pausing
 The waves lie still and gleaming
 And the lulled winds seem dreaming

1 [Talking of politics as Caleb Quotem says pray look at the conclusion of my *Ode on Waterloo* written in the year 1815 and comparing it with the Duke de Bern's catastrophe in 1820 tell me if I have not as good a right to the character of *Vates* in both senses of the word as Fitzgerald and Coleridge?—

Crimson tears will follow yet

and have not they? —Letter to Murray April 24 1820

In the Preface to *The Tyrant's Downfall etc* 1814 W. L. Fitzgerald (see *English Bards etc* line 1 *Poetical Works* 1898 1 297 note 3) beg leave to refer his reader to the dates of his Napoleonic to prove his legitimate title to the prophetic meaning of *Vates* (*Cent Mag* July 1814 vol lxxxiv p 58) Coleridge claimed to have foretold the restoration of the Bourbons (see *Biographia Literaria* cap x)]

2

And the midnight Moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep ,
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep
 So' the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee ,
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean

March 28 [1816]

[First published, *Poems*, 1816]

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR" ¹

[FROM THE FRENCH]

1

STAR of the brave ! whose beam hath shed
 Such glory o'er the quick and dead
 Thou radiant and adored deceit !
 Which millions rushed in arms to greet,
 Wild meteor of immortal birth !
 Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth ?

2

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays ,
 Eternity flashed through thy blaze ,
 The music of thy martial sphere
 Was fame on high and honour here ,

¹ ["The Friend who favoured us with the following lines, the poetical spirit of which wants no trumpet of ours, is aware that they imply more than an impartial observer of the late period might feel, and are written rather as by Frenchman than Englishman,—but certainly, neither he nor any lover of liberty can help feeling and regretting that in the latter time, at any rate, the symbol he speaks of was once more comparatively identified with the cause of Freedom"—*Examiner*, April 7, 1816]

And thy light broke on human eyes
Like a Volcano of the skies

3

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood
And swept down empires with its flood
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base
As thou didst lighten through all space
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air
And set while thou wert dwelling there

4

Before thee rose and with thee grew
A rainbow of the loveliest hue
Of three bright colours ¹ each divine
And fit for that celestial sign
For Freedom's hand had blended them
Like tints in an immortal gem

5

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes,
One the blue depth of Seraph's eyes
One the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream

6

Star of the brave ¹ thy ray is pale
And darkness must again prevail ¹
But oh thou Rainbow of the free ¹
Our tears and blood must flow for thee
When thy bright promise fades away
Our life is but a load of clay

¹ The tricolor

7.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
 The silent cities of the dead,
 For beautiful in death are they
 Who proudly fall in her array,
 And soon, oh, Goddess ! may we be
 For evermore with them or thee !

[First published, *Examiner*, April 7, 1816]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I

THEY say that Hope is happiness,
 But genuine Love must prize the past,
 And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless
 They rose the first they set the last,

II

And all that Memory loves the most
 Was once our only Hope to be,
 And all that Hope adored and lost
 Hath melted into Memory

III

Alas ! it is delusion all
 The future cheats us from afar,
 Nor can we be what we recall,
 Nor dare we think on what we are.

[First published, *Fugitive Pieces*, 1829]

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

Guns Trumpets Blunderbusses Drums and Thunder

Pope *Sat* 1 26¹

1 [With Gun Drum Trumpet Blunderbuss and Thunder]

INTRODUCTION TO *THE SIEGE OF CORINTH*

IN a note to the Advertisement to the *Siege of Corinth* (*vide post* p. 447) Byron puts it on record that during the years 1809-10 he had crossed the Isthmus of Corinth eight times and in a letter to his mother dated 14th July 30 1810 he alludes to a recent visit to the town of Corinth in company with his friend Lord Sligo. (See too his letter to Coleridge dated October 7 1811, *Letters* 1899 iii. 8.) It is probable that he revisited Corinth more than once in the autumn of 1810 and we may infer that just as the place and its surroundings—the temple with its two or three columns” (line 497) and the view across the bay from Acro Corinth—are sketched from memory so the story of the siege which took place in 1715 is based upon tales and legends which were preserved and repeated by the grand children of the besieged and were taken down from their lips. There is point and meaning in the apparently insignificant line (stanza xxii. line 76,) “We have heard the hearers say” (see *arrint* i. p. 483) which is slipped into the description of the final catastrophe. It bears witness to the fact that the *Siege of Corinth* is not a poetical expansion of a chapter in history but a heightened reminiscence of local tradition.

History has indeed very little to say on the subject. The anonymous *Complete History of the Turks* (London 1719) which Byron quotes as an authority is meagre and inaccurate. Hammer Purgstall (*Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*, 1839 xiii. 69) who gives as his authorities Girolamo Ferrari and Raschid dismisses the siege in a few lines and it was not till the publication of Finlay's *History of Greece*

(vol v, A D 1453-1821), in 1856, that the facts were known or reported. Finlay's newly discovered authority was a then unpublished MS of a journal kept by Benjamin Brue, a connection of Voltaire's, who accompanied the Grand Vizier, Ali Cumurgı, as his interpreter, on the expedition into the Morea. According to Brue (*Journal de la Campagne en 1715* Paris, 1870, p 18), the siege began on June 28, 1715. A peremptory demand on the part of the Grand Vizier to surrender at discretion was answered by the Venetian provveditor-general, Giacomo Minetto, with calm but assured defiance ("Your menaces are useless, for we are prepared to resist all your attacks, and, with confidence in the assistance of God, we will preserve this fortress to the most serene Republic. God is with us"). Nevertheless, the Turks made good their threat, and on the 2nd of July the fortress capitulated. On the following day at noon, whilst a party of Janissaries, contrary to order, were looting and pillaging in all directions, the fortress was seen to be enveloped in smoke. How or why the explosion happened was never discovered, but the result was that some of the pillaging Janissaries perished, and that others, to avenge their death, which they attributed to Venetian treachery, put the garrison to the sword. It was believed at the time that Minetto was among the slain, but, as Brue afterwards discovered, he was secretly conveyed to Smyrna, and ultimately ransomed by the Dutch Consul.

The late Professor Kolbing (*Siege of Corinth*, 1893, p xxvii), in commenting on the sources of the poem, suggests, under reserve, that Byron may have derived the incident of Minetto's self-immolation from an historic source—the siege of Zsigetvar, in 1566, when a multitude of Turks perished from the explosion of a powder magazine which had been fired at the cost of his own life by the Hungarian commander Zrini.

It is, at least, equally probable that local patriotism was, in the first instance, responsible for the poetic colouring, and that Byron supplemented the meagre and uninteresting historic details which were at his disposal by "intimate knowledge" of the Corinthian version of the siege. (See *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Hon Lord Byron*,

London 1872, p. 22. and *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron*, by George Clinton London 1825 p. 284)

It has been generally held that the *Siege of Corinth* was written in the second half of 1815 (Kolbing's *Siege of Corinth* p. vii) 'It appears' says John Wright (*Works* 1832 x 100) 'by the original MS, to have been begun in July 1815' and Moore (*Life*, p. 307) who probably relied on the same authority speaks of 'both the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* having been produced but a short time before the Separation' (i.e. spring 1816). Some words which Medwin (*Conversations* 1824 p. 55) puts into Byron's mouth point to the same conclusion. Byron's own testimony, which is completely borne out by the MS itself (dated J^y [i.e. January not July] 31, 1815) is in direct conflict with these statements. In a note to stanza xix lines 521-532 (*vide post*, pp. 471-473) he affirms that it 'was not till after these lines were written that he heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem [*Christabel*] recited' and in a letter to S. T. Coleridge dated October 27 1815 (*Letters* 1899 iii 28) he is careful to explain that 'the enclosed extract from an unpublished poem (i.e. stanza xix lines 521-532) was written before (not seeing your *Christabelle* [*sic*] for that you know I never did till this day) but before I heard Mr S[cott] repeat it which he did in June last and this thing was begun in January, and more than half written before the Summer. The question of plagiarism will be discussed in an addendum to Byron's note on the lines in question but subject to the correction that it was probably at the end of May (see Lockhart's *Memoir of the Life of Sir W. Scott* 1871 pp. 311-313), not in June that Scott recited *Christabel* for Byron's benefit the date of the composition of the poem must be determined by the evidence of the author himself.

The copy of the MS of the *Siege of Corinth* was sent to Murray at the beginning (probably on the 2nd the date of the copy) of November and was placed in Gifford's hands about the same time (see letter to Murray November 4 1815 *Letters* 1899 iii 245 and Murray's undated letter on Gifford's great delight in the poem and his three critical remarks *Memoir of John Murray* 1891 i 356). As with *Lara*, Byron began by insisting that the *Siege* should not be

published separately, but slipped into a fourth volume of the collected works, and once again (possibly when he had at last made up his mind to accept a thousand guineas for his own requirements, and not for other beneficiaries—Godwin, Coleridge, or Maturin) yielded to his publisher's wishes and representations. At any rate, the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, which, says Moore, "during the month of January and part of February were in the hands of the printers" (*Life*, p. 300), were published in a single volume on February 7, 1816. The greater reviews were silent, but notices appeared in numerous periodicals, *e.g.* the *Monthly Review*, February, 1816, vol. lxxix p. 196, the *Eclectic Review*, March, 1816, N S vol. v p. 269, the *European*, May, 1816, vol. lxxix p. 427, the *Literary Panorama*, June, 1816, N S vol. iv p. 418, etc. Many of these reviews took occasion to pick out and hold up to ridicule the illogical sentences, the grammatical solecisms, and general imperfections of *technique* which marked and disfigured the *Siege of Corinth*. A passage in a letter which John Murray wrote to his brother-publisher, William Blackwood (*Annals of a Publishing House*, 1897, i. 53), refers to these cavillings, and suggests both an apology and a retaliation—

"Many who by 'numbers judge a poet's song' are so stupid as not to see the powerful effect of the poems, which is the great object of poetry, because they can pick out fifty careless or even bad lines. The words may be carelessly put together, but this is secondary. Many can write polished lines who will never reach the name of poet. You see it is all poetically conceived in Lord B's mind."

In such wise did Murray bear testimony to Byron's "splendid and imperishable excellence, which covers all his offences and outweighs all his defects—the excellence of sincerity and strength."

TO
JOHN HOBHOUSE ESQ

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS

FRIEND

January *nd* 1816

ADVERTISEMENT

'THE grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania the most considerable place in all that country ¹ thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out such a place against so mighty a force thought it fit to beat a parley but while they were treating about the articles one of the magazines in the Turkish camp

1 Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea but Tripolitza where the Pacha resides and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810-11 and in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809 I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea over the mountains or in the other direction when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful though very different that by sea has more sameness but the voyage being always within sight of land and often very near it presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Egina, Poros &c. and the coast of the Continent.

[Independently of the suitableness of such an event to the power of Lord Byron's genius, the Fall of Corinth afforded local attractions by the intimate knowledge which the poet had of the place and surrounding objects. Thus furnished with that topographical information which could not be well obtained from books and maps he was admirably qualified to depict the various operations and progress of the siege. — *Memoir of the Life and Writings of the Right Honourable Lord Byron* London 1822 p. 2]

wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed, which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword The rest, with Signior or Antonio Bembo, Proveditor Extraordinary, were made prisoners of war " *A Compleat History of the Turks* [London, 1719], iii 151

NOTE ON THE MS OF *THE SIEGE OF CORINTH*

THE original MS of the *Siege of Corinth* (now in the possession of Lord Glenesk) consists of sixteen folio and nine quarto sheets, and numbers fifty pages. Sheets 1-4 are folios, sheets 5-10 are quartos, sheets 11-22 are folios, and sheets 23-25 are quartos.

To judge from the occasional and disconnected pagination, this MS consists of portions of two or more fair copies of a number of detached scraps written at different times, together with two or three of the original scraps which had not been transcribed.

The water-mark of the folios is, with one exception (No 8, 1815), 1813, and of the quartos, with one exception (No 8, 1814), 1812.

Lord Glenesk's MS is dated January 31, 1815. Lady Byron's transcript, from which the *Siege of Corinth* was printed, and which is in Mr Murray's possession, is dated November 2, 1815.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

IN the year since Jesus died for men¹
Eighteen hundred years and ten
We were a gallant company
Riding o'er land and sailing o'er sea
Oh ! but we went merrily !³
We forded the river and clomb the high hill
Never our steeds for a day stood still,

1 [The introductory lines 1-45 are not included in the copy of the poem in Lady Byron's handwriting nor were they published in the First Edition. On Christmas Day 1815 Byron enclosing this fragment to Murray says "I send some lines written some time ago and intended as an opening to the *Siege of Corinth* I had forgotten them and am not sure that they had not better be left out now — on that you and your Synod can determine. They are headed in the MS. The Strangers Tale October 23rd. First published in *Letters and Journals* 1830 : 638 they were included among the *Occasional Poems* in the edition of 1831 and first prefixed to the poem in the edition of 1832.]

2 [The metrical rendering of the date (miscalculated from the death instead of the birth of Christ) may be traced to the opening lines of an old ballad (Holbing' *Siege of Corinth* p. 53)—

Upon the sixteen hunder year
Of God and fifty three
From Christ was born that bought us dear
As writings testifie etc

See The Life and Age of Man (*Burns Selected Poems* ed by J. L. Robertson 1889 p. 191.)

3 [Compare letter to Hodgson July 16 1809 How merrily we live that travellers be! — *Letters* 1898 : 233.]

Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
 Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed,
 Whether we couched in our rough capote,¹ 10
 On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
 Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread,
 As a pillow beneath the resting head,
 Fresh we woke upon the morrow
 All our thoughts and words had scope,
 We had health, and we had hope,
 Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
 We were of all tongues and creeds,
 Some were those who counted beads,
 Some of mosque, and some of church, 20
 And some, or I mis-say, of neither,
 Yet through the wide world might ye search,
 Nor find a motlier crew nor blither

But some are dead, and some are gone,
 And some are scattered and alone,
 And some are rebels on the hills²
 That look along Epirus' valleys,
 Where Freedom still at moments rallies,
 And pays in blood Oppression's ills,
 And some are in a far countree, 30
 And some all restlessly at home,
 But never more, oh! never, we
 Shall meet to revel and to roam.

1 [For "capote," compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II stanza 111 line 7, and Byron's note (24 B), *Poetical Works*, 1899, II 132, 181. Compare, too, letter to Mrs Byron, November 12, 1809 (*Letters*, 1899, I 253) "Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war I wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst"]

2 The last tidings recently heard of Dervish (one of the Arnauts who followed me) state him to be in revolt upon the mountains, at the head of some of the bands common in that country in times of trouble

But those hardy days flew cheery 1¹
 And when they now fall drearily,
 My thoughts, like swallows skim the main¹
 And bear my spirit back again
 Over the earth and through the air,
 A wild bird and a wanderer
 'Tis this that ever wakes my strain 40
 And oft too oft, implores again
 The few who may endure my lay²
 To follow me so far away
 Stranger wilt thou follow now
 And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow?

I¹

Many a vanished year and age³
 And Tempest's breath and Battle's rage
 Have swept o'er Corinth, yet she stands
 A fortress formed to Freedom's hands
 The Whirlwinds with the Earthquake's shock 50
 Have left untouched her hoary rock
 The keystone of a land which still
 Though fallen looks proudly on that hill
 The landmark to the double tide
 That purpling rolls on either side
 As if their waters chafed to meet,
 Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet

i *For those winged days* — — [MS]

ii *The kindly few who love my lay* — [MS]

iii *Many a year and many a age* — [MS G C fr]

iv *A marvel from her silent bands* — [MS G]

i [Compare Kingsley's *Last Beacon*—

If I might but be a sea-dove I fly across the main—
 To the pleasant isle of Aves to look at it once again.]

[The MS is dated Jr (January) 31 1815 Lady Byron's copy is dated November 7 1815]

But could the blood before her shed
 Since first Timoleon's brother bled,¹
 Or baffled Persia's despot fled, 60
 Arise from out the Earth which drank
 The stream of Slaughter as it sank,
 That sanguine Ocean would o'erflow
 Her isthmus idly spread below
 Or could the bones of all the slain,¹
 Who perished there, be piled again,
 That rival pyramid would rise
 More mountain-like, through those clear skies "
 Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,
 Which seems the very clouds to kiss 70

II

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears
 The gleam of twice ten thousand spears ,
 And downward to the Isthmian plain,
 From shore to shore of either main,¹¹
 The tent is pitched, the Crescent shines
 Along the Moslem's leaguering lines ,
 And the dusk Spahr's bands² advance
 Beneath each bearded Pacha's glance ,
 And far and wide as eye can reach "
 The turbaned cohorts throng the beach , 80

1 *Or could the dead be raised again* —[MS G erased]

11 *through yon clear skies*
Than that tower-capt Acropolis —[MS G]

111 *Stretched on the edge* —[MS G erased]

11v *The turbaned crowd of dusky hue*
Whose march Morea's fields may rue —[MS G erased]

1 [Timoleon, who had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in battle, afterwards put him to death for aiming at the supreme power in Corinth. Warton says that Pope once intended to write an epic poem on the story, and that Akenside had the same design (*Works of Alexander Pope, Esq*, 1806, ii 83)]

2 [Turkish holders of military fiefs]

And there the Arab's camel kneels
 And there his steed the Tartar wheels
 The Turcoman hath left his herd,¹
 The sabre round his loins to gird,
 And there the volleying thunders pour
 Till waves grow smoother to the roar
 The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
 Wings the far hissing globe of death.²
 Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
 Which crumbles with the ponderous ball 90
 And from that wall the foe replies
 O'er dusty plain and smoky skies
 With fires that answer fast and well
 The summons of the Infidel

III

But near and nearest to the wall
 Of those who wish and work its fall
 With deeper skill in War's black art
 Than Othman's sons and high of heart
 As any Chief that ever stood
 Triumphant in the fields of blood, 100
 From post to post and deed to deed
 Fast spurring on his reeking steed
 Where sallying ranks the trench assail
 And make the foremost Moslem quail
 Or where the battery, guarded well
 Remains as yet impregnable
 Alighting cheerly to inspire
 The soldier slackening in his fire,

1 The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal they dwell in tents

2 [Compare *The Giaour* line 639 (*vide ante* p. 116)—

The deathshot hissing from afar]

The first and freshest of the host
 Which Stamboul's Sultan there can boast, 110
 To guide the follower o'er the field,
 To point the tube, the lance to wield,
 Or whirl around the bickering blade,—
 Was Alp, the Adrian renegade¹

IV.

From Venice—once a race of worth
 His gentle Sires—he drew his birth,
 But late an exile from her shore,¹
 Against his countrymen he bore
 The arms they taught to bear, and now
 The turban girt his shaven brow. 120
 Through many a change had Corinth passed
 With Greece to Venice' rule at last,
 And here, before her walls, with those
 To Greece and Venice equal foes,
 He stood a foe, with all the zeal
 Which young and fiery converts feel,
 Within whose heated bosom throngs
 The memory of a thousand wrongs
 To him had Venice ceased to be
 Her ancient civic boast “the Free,” 130

1 *But now an exile* —[MS G]

1 [Professor Kolbing admits that he is unable to say how “Byron met with the name of Alp” I am indebted to my cousin, Miss Edith Coleridge, for the suggestion that the name is derived from Mohammed (Lhaz-ed-Dyn-Abou-Choudr), surnamed Alp-Arslan (Arsslan), or “Brave Lion,” the second of the Seljuk dynasty, in the eleventh century “He conquered Armenia and Georgia but was assassinated by Yussuf Cothuol, Governor of Berzem, and was buried at Merw, in Khorassan” His epitaph moralizes his fate “O vous qui avez vu la grandeur d’Alparslan élevée jusqu’au ciel, regardez ! le voici maintenant en poussière”—Hammer-Purgstall, *Histoire de l’Empire Ottoman*, 1 13-15]

And in the palace of St Mark
 Unnamed accusers in the dark
 Within the ' Lion's mouth' had placed
 A charge against him uneffaced ¹
 He fled in time and saved his life,
 To waste his future years in strife
 That taught his land how great her loss
 In him who triumphed over the Cross,
 Gainst which he reared the Crescent high
 And battled to avenge or die

140

V

Coumourgi ²—he whose closing scene
 Adorned the triumph of Eugene
 When on Carlowitz bloody plain
 The last and mightiest of the slain
 He sank regretting not to die
 But cursed the Christian's victory—
 Coumourgi—can his glory cease,

¹ *To waste its future* — —[MS G]

¹ [The *Lions' Mouths* under the arcade at the summit of the Giants Stairs which gaped widely to receive anonymous charges were no doubt far more often employed as vehicles of private malice than of zeal for the public welfare —*Sketches from Venetian History* 1832 ii 380]

² Ali Coumourgi [Damad Ali or Ali Cumurgi (i.e. son of the charcoal burner)] the favourite of three sultans and Grand Vizier to Achmet III after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign was mortally wounded in the next against the Germans at the battle of Peterwaradin (in the plain of Carlowitz) in Hungary endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day [August 16 1716]. His last order was the decapitation of General Breuner and some other German prisoners and his last words 'Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!' a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption on being told that Prince Eugene then opposed to him was a great general he said 'I shall become a greater and at his expense'

[For his letter to Prince Eugene *Eh bien! la guerre va decider entre nous* etc and for an account of his death see Hammer Purgstall *Historie de l'Empire Ottoman* xiii 300 312]

That latest conqueror of Greece,
 Till Christian hands to Greece restore
 The freedom Venice gave of yore? 150
 A hundred years have rolled away
 Since he reversed the Moslem's sway
 And now he led the Mussulman,
 And gave the guidance of the van
 To Alp, who well repaid the trust
 By cities levelled with the dust,
 And proved, by many a deed of death,
 How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI

The walls grew weak, and fast and hot
 Against them poured the ceaseless shot, 160
 With unabating fury sent
 From battery to battlement,
 And thunder-like the pealing dinⁱ
 Rose from each heated culverin,
 And here and there some crackling dome
 Was fired before the exploding bomb,
 And as the fabric sank beneath
 The shattering shell's volcanic breath,
 In red and wreathing columns flashed
 The flame, as loud the ruin crashed, 170
 Or into countless meteors driven,
 Its earth-stars melted into heaven,ⁱⁱ
 Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,
 Impervious to the hidden sun,
 With volumed smoke that slowly grewⁱⁱⁱ
 To one wide sky of sulphurous hue

ⁱ *And death-like rolled* —[MS G *crased*]

ⁱⁱ *Like comets in convulsion risen* —[MS G *Copy crased*]

ⁱⁱⁱ *Impervious to the powerless sun,
 Through sulphurous smoke whose blackness grew —*
 [MS G *crased*]

VII

But not for vengeance, long delayed
 Alone did Alp the renegade,
 The Moslem warriors sternly teach
 His skill to pierce the promised breach 180
 Within these walls a Maid was pent
 His hope would win without consent
 Of that inexorable Sire
 Whose heart refused him in its ire
 When Alp beneath his Christian name
 Her virgin hand aspired to claim
 In happier mood and earlier time
 While unimpeached for traitorous crime
 Gayest in Gondola or Hall
 He glittered through the Carnival 190
 And tuned the softest serenade
 That e'er on Adria's waters played
 At midnight to Italian maid¹

VIII

And many deemed her heart was won
 For sought by numbers, given to none
 Had young Francesca's hand remained
 Still by the Church's bonds unchained
 And when the Adriatic bore
 Lanciotto to the Paynim shore
 Her wonted smiles were seen to fail 200
 And pensive waxed the maid and pale,
 More constant at confessional,
 More rare at masque and festival,
 Or seen at such with downcast eyes
 Which conquered hearts they ceased to prize

¹ *In midnight courtship to Italian maid* —[MS G]

With listless look she seems to gaze
 With humbler care her form arrays,
 Her voice less lively in the song,
 Her step, though light, less fleet among
 The pairs, on whom the Morning's glance 210
 Breaks, yet unsated with the dance

IX

Sent by the State to guard the land,
 (Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,¹
 While Sobieski tamed his pride
 By Buda's wall and Danube's side,¹
 The chiefs of Venice wrung away
 From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)
 Minotti held in Corinth's towers"
 The Doge's delegated powers,
 While yet the pitying eye of Peace 220
 Smiled o'er her long forgotten Greece
 And ere that faithless truce was broke
 Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,
 With him his gentle daughter came,
 Nor there, since Menelaus' dame
 Forsook her lord and land, to prove
 What woes await on lawless love,
 Had fairer form adorned the shore
 Than she, the matchless stranger, bore ""

1 *By Buda's wall to Danube's side* —[MS G]

11 *Pisani held* —[MS G]

111 *Than she, the beautiful stranger, bore* —[MS G erased]

1 [The siege of Vienna was raised by John Sobieski, King of Poland (1629-1696), September 12, 1683 Buda was retaken from the Turks by Charles VII, Duke of Lorraine, Sobieski's ally and former rival for the kingdom of Poland, September 2, 1686 The conquest of the Morea was begun by the Venetians in 1685, and completed in 1699]

X

The wall is rent the ruins yawn , 230
 And with to morrow s earliest dawn
 O er the disjointed mass shall vault
 The foremost of the fierce assault
 The bands are ranked—the chosen van
 Of Tartar and of Mussulman
 The full of hope misnamed “forlorn,”¹
 Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
 And win their way with falchion s force,
 Or pave the path with many a corse
 O er which the following brave may rise 240
 Their stepping stone—the last who dies !

XI

Tis midnight on the mountains brown²
 The cold round moon shines deeply down ,
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high
 Bespangled with those isles of light³

1 *By stepping o er* — —[MS G]

11 *Bespan led with her isles* — —[MS G]

1 [For Byron s use of the phrase Forlorn Hope as an equivalent of the Turkish *Delhis* or *Dehs* see *Childe Harold* Canto II (The Albanian War Song) *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 149 note 1]

2 [Brown is Byron s usual epithet for land scape seen by moon light Compare *Childe Harold* Canto II stanza xxii line 6 etc *Poetical Works* 1899 ii 113 note 3]

3 [Stars are likened to isles by Campbell in *The Pleasures of Hope* Part II —

The seraph eye shall count the starry train
 Like distant isles embosomed on the main

And isles to stars by Byron in *The Island* Canto II stanza xi lines 14 15—

The studded archipelago
 O er whose blue bo om rose the starry isles

So wildly, spiritually bright,
 Who ever gazed upon them shining
 And turned to earth without repining,
 Nor wished for wings to flee away, 250
 And mix with their eternal ray?
 The waves on either shore lay there
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air,
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmured meekly as the brook
 The winds were pillowed on the waves,
 'The banners drooped along their staves,
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling,
 And that deep silence was unbroke, 260
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
 And echo answered from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer,
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
 Like some lone Spirit's o'er the plain
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet, 270
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seemed to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall

1 *And take a dark unmeasured tone* —[MS G]
And make a melancholy moan,
To mortal voice and ear unknown —[MS G erased]

For other "star-similes," see *Childe Harold*, Canto III stanza lxxviii. line 9, *Poetical Works*, 1899, II 270, note 2]

It struck even the besieger's ear
 With something ominous and drear¹
 An undefined and sudden thrill
 Which makes the heart a moment still
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed ~80
 Of that strange sense its silence framed
Such as a sudden passing bell
 Wakes though but for a stranger's knell¹

XII

The tent of Alp was on the shore
 The sound was hushed, the prayer was o'er
 The watch was set the night round made
 All mandates issued and obeyed
 'Tis but another anxious night
 His pains the morrow may requite
 With all Revenge and Love can pay ~90
 In guerdon for their long delay
 Few hours remain, and he hath need
 Of rest to nerve for many a deed
 Of slaughter but within his soul
 The thoughts like troubled waters roll¹
 He stood alone among the host
 Not his the loud fanatic boast
 To plant the Crescent o'er the Cross
 Or risk a life with little loss
 Secure in paradise to be 300
 By Hours loved immortally

¹ — by fancy framed
Which rings a deep internal knell
A visionary passing bell — [MS G erased]
¹¹ *The thoughts tumultuously roll — [MS G]*

1 [Compare Scott's *Marmion* III xvi 4—
 And that strange Palmer's boding say
 That fell so ominous and drear]

Nor his, what burning patriots feel,
 The stern exaltedness of zeal,
 Profuse of blood, untired in toil,
 When battling on the parent soil.
 He stood alone a renegade
 Against the country he betrayed ,
 He stood alone amidst his band,
 Without a trusted heart or hand
 They followed him, for he was brave, 310
 And great the spoil he got and gave ,
 They crouched to him, for he had skill
 To warp and wield the vulgar will ¹
 But still his Christian origin
 With them was little less than sin.
 They envied even the faithless fame
 He earned beneath a Moslem name ,
 Since he, their mightiest chief, had been
 In youth a bitter Nazarene
 They did not know how Pride can stoop, 320
 When baffled feelings withering droop ,
 They did not know how Hate can burn
 In hearts once changed from soft to stern ,
 Nor all the false and fatal zeal
 The convert of Revenge can feel.
 He ruled them man may rule the worst,
 By ever daring to be first
 So lions o'er the jackals sway ,
 The jackal points, he fells the prey,¹¹ ¹

¹ *To triumph o'er* —[MS G erased]

¹¹ *They but provide, he fells the prey —[MS G]*
As lions o'er the jackal sway
By springing dauntless on the prey ,
They follow on, and yelling press
To gorge the fragments of success —[MS G erased]

¹ [Lines 329-331 are inserted in the copy They are in Byron's

Then on the vulgar, yelling press
To gorge the relics of success

380

XIII

His head grows fevered and his pulse
The quick successive throbs convulse,
In vain from side to side he throws
His form in courtship of repose,ⁱ
Or if he dozed a sound a start
Awoke him with a sunken heart
The turban on his hot brow pressed
The mail weighed lead like on his breast
Though oft and long beneath its weight 340
Upon his eyes had slumber sate
Without or couch or canopy
Except a rougher field and skyⁱⁱ
Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
Than now along the heaven was spread
He could not rest, he could not stay
Within his tent to wait for dayⁱⁱⁱ
But walked him forth along the sand,
Where thousand sleepers strewed the strand
What pillowed them? and why should he 350
More wakeful than the humblest be
Since more their peril worse their toil?
And yet they fearless dream of spoil
While he alone, where thousands passed
A night of sleep perchance their last

ⁱ *He vainly turned from side to side
And each reposing posture tried* — [MS G erased]

ⁱⁱ *Beyond a rougher* — — [MS G]

ⁱⁱⁱ *— to sigh for day* — [MS G]

handwriting Compare *Don Juan* Canto IX stanza xxvii line
1 seq —

That's an appropriate simile that jackal }

In sickly vigil wandered on,
And envied all he gazed upon

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm, 360
And bathed his brow with airy balm
Behind, the camp before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay,
Lepanto's gulf, and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,¹
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime,
It will not melt, like man, to time
Tyrant and slave are swept away, 370
Less formed to wear before the ray,
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,¹
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement,
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
As from her fond abode she fled,

¹ *Of Liakura—his unmelting snow*
Bright and eternal —[MS G erased]

¹ [Compare *The Giaour*, line 566 (*vide ante*, p 113)—

“For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveiled?”

The reference is to the almost perpetual “cap” of mist on Parnassus (Mount Likeri or Liakura), which lies some thirty miles to the north-west of Corinth.]

And lingered on the spot where long 380
 Her prophet spirit spake in song ¹
 Oh ¹ still her step at moments falters
 O'er withered fields, and ruined altars,
 And fain would wake, in souls too broken
 By pointing to each glorious token
 But vain her voice, till better days
 Dawn in those yet remembered rays
 Which shone upon the Persian flying
 And saw the Spartan smile in dying

xv

Not mindless of these mighty times 390
 Was Alp despite his flight and crimes
 And through this night as on he wandered ¹
 And o'er the past and present pondered
 And thought upon the glorious dead
 Who there in better cause had bled
 He felt how faint and feebly dim
 The fame that could accrue to him
 Who cheered the band and waved the sword, ¹
 A traitor in a turbaned horde
 And led them to the lawless siege 400
 Whose best success were sacrilege
 Not so had those his fancy numbered ¹
 The chiefs whose dust around him slumbered
 Their phalanx marshalled on the plain
 Whose bulwarks were not then in vain

¹ *Her spirit spoke a deathless song* —[MS G erased]

¹¹ *And in this night* — —[MS G]

¹¹¹ *He felt how little and how dim* —[MS G erased]

^{1v} *Who led the band* — —[MS G]

¹ [Compare *The Giaour* lines 103 seq (*vide ante* p 91)—
 Chime of the unforgotten brave ¹ etc.]

They fell devoted, but undying ,
 The very gale their names seemed sighing ,
 The waters murmured of their name ,
 The woods were peopled with their fame ,
 The silent pillar, lone and grey, 410
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay ,
 Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ,
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river
 Rolled mingling with their fame for ever
 Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is Glory's still and theirs ' "
 'Tis still a watch-word to the earth
 When man would do a deed of worth
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread, 420
 So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or Freedom won " "

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,
 And wooed the freshness Night diffused
 There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,¹
 Which changeless rolls eternally ,
 So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,"
 Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood ,

¹ *Then memory hallowed every fountain* —[MS G erased]

¹¹ Here follows, in the MS —

Immortal—boundless—undecayed—

Their souls the very soil pervade —

[In the Copy the lines are erased]

¹¹¹ *Where Freedom loveliest may be won* —[MS G erased]

^{1v} *So that fiercest of waves* —[MS G]

¹ The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean

And the powerless moon beholds them flow 430
 Heedless if she come or go
 Calm or high in main or bay
 On their course she hath no sway
 The rock unworn its base doth bare
 And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there
 And the fringe of the foam may be seen below
 On the line that it left long ages ago
 A smooth short space of yellow sand¹
 Between it and the greener land.

He wandered on along the beach, 440
 Till within the range of a carbine's reach
 Of the leaguered wall, but they saw him not
 Or how could he scape from the hostile shot?ⁱⁱ
 Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
 Were their hands grown stiff or their hearts waxed cold?
 I know not in sooth, but from yonder wallⁱⁱⁱ
 There flashed no fire and there hissed no ball
 Though he stood beneath the bastions frown
 That flanked the seaward gate of the town,
 Though he heard the sound and could almost tell 450
 The sullen words of the sentinel
 As his measured step on the stone below
 Clanked as he paced it to and fro
 And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
 Hold o'er the dead their Carnival²

i A little space of light grey sand—[MS G erased]

ii Or would not waste on a single head

The ball on numbers better sped—[MS G erased]

iii I know not in faith—[MS G]

1 [Compare *The Island* Canto IV sect. ii lines 11-12—

A narrow segment of the yellow sand
 On one side forms the outline of a strand]

[Gifford has drawn his pen through lines 456-478 If as the

Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb ,
 They were too busy to bark at him !
 From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
 As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ,
 And their white tusks crunched o'er the white skull,¹ 460
 As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew
 dull,
 As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
 When they scarce could rise from the spot where they
 fed ,
 So well had they broken a lingering fast
 With those who had fallen for that night's repast
 And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,
 The foremost of these were the best of his band
 Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
 And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,²
 All the rest was shaven and bare 470
 The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
 The hair was tangled round his jaw
 But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
 There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,

editor of *The Works of Lord Byron* 1832 (v. 100), maintains, "Lord Byron gave Mr Gifford *carte blanche* to strike out or alter anything at his pleasure in this poem as it was passing through the press," it is somewhat remarkable that he does not appear to have paid any attention whatever to the august "reader's" suggestions and strictures. The sheets on which Gifford's corrections are scrawled are not proof-sheets, but pages torn out of the first edition and it is probable that they were made after the poem was published, and with a view to the inclusion of an emended edition in the collected works. See letter to Murray, January 2, 1817.]

1 This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's *Travels [in Albania]*, 1855, ii. 215]. The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.

2 This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into Paradise by it.

Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away
 Scared by the dogs from the human prey
 But he seized on his share of a steed that lay
 Picked by the birds, on the sands of the bay

XVII

Alp turned him from the sickening sight
 Never had shaken his nerves in fight, 480
 But he better could brook to behold the dying
 Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying, ¹
 Scorched with the death thirst and writhing in vain
 Than the perishing dead who are past all pain ²
 There is something of pride in the perilous hour
 Whate'er be the shape in which Death may lower
 For Fame is there to say who bleeds
 And Honour's eye on daring deeds! ³
 But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
 O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead ⁴ 490
 And see worms of the earth and fowls of the air
 Beasts of the forest all gathering there
 All regarding man as their prey
 All rejoicing in his decay ¹

¹ *Deep in the tide of their lost blood lying* —[MS G Copy]

¹¹ *Than the rotting dead* — —[MS G erased]

¹¹¹ *And when all* — —[MS G]

^{1v} *All that lieth on man will prey*

All rejoicing in his decay

or *Nature rejoicing in his decay*

All that can kindle dismay and disgust

Follow his frame from the bier to the dust —[MS G erased]

¹ [Than the mangled corpse in its own blood lying — GIFFORD]

² [Strike out—

Scorch'd with the death thirst and writhing in vain

Than the perishing dead who are past all pain

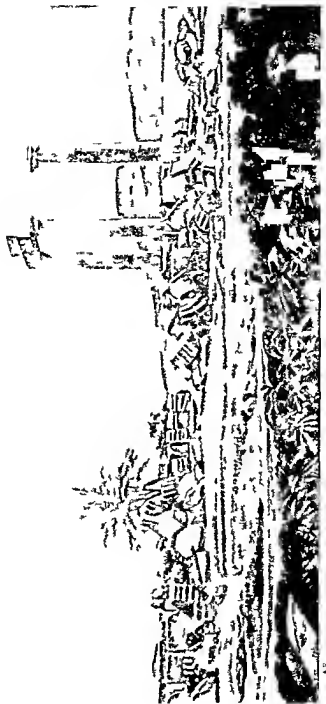
What is a perishing dead? —GIFFORD]

³ [Lines 487-488 are inserted in the copy in Byron's handwriting]

⁴ [O'er the weltering *firms* of the tombless dead —GIFFORD]

1
-1
-1
1
1
1

1
1
1



The Temple of Jupiter - Atrium
114 n. 190 n. 11

His head was drooping on his breast,
 Fevered, throbbing and oppressed
 And o'er his brow, so downward bent
 Oft his beating fingers went,
 Hurriedly, as you may see
 Your own run over the ivory key
 Ere the measured tone is taken
 By the chords you would awaken
 There he sate all heavily,
 As he heard the night wind sigh 50
 Was it the wind through some hollow stone¹
 Sent that soft and tender moan?²

¹ *Is it the wind that through the stone
 or — o'er the heavy stone — [MS G erased]*

² I must here acknowledge a close though unintentional resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr Coleridge called *Christabel*. It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited and the MS of that production I never saw till very recently by the kindness of Mr Coleridge himself who I hope is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr Coleridge whose poem has been composed above fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will not longer delay the publication of a production of which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges.

[The lines in *Christabel* Part the First 43-5 57 58 are these—

The night is chill the forest bare
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak
 There is not wind enough in the air
 To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek—
 There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf the last of its clan
 That dances as often as dance it can
 Hanging so light and hanging so high
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky

What sees she there?
 There she sees a damsel bright
 Drest in a silken robe of white

Byron (*vide ante* p 443) in a letter to Coleridge dated October 27 1815 had already expressly guarded himself against a charge of

He lifted his head, and he looked on the sea,
 But it was unrippled as glass may be,
 He looked on the long grass it waved not a blade,
 How was that gentle sound conveyed?
 He looked to the banners—each flag lay still,
 So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,

plagiarism, by explaining that lines 521-532 of stanza 111 were written before he heard Walter Scott repeat *Christabel* in the preceding June. Now, as Byron himself perceived, perhaps for the first time, when he had the MS. of *Christabel* before him, the coincidence in language and style between the two passages is unquestionable, and, as he hoped and expected that Coleridge's fragment, when completed, would issue from the press, he was anxious to avoid even the semblance of pilfering, and went so far as to suggest that the passage should be cancelled. Neither in the private letter nor the published note does Byron attempt to deny or explain away the coincidence, but pleads that his lines were written before he had heard Coleridge's poem recited, and that he had not been guilty of a "wilful plagiarism." There is no difficulty in accepting his statement. Long before the summer of 1815 *Christabel* "had a pretty general circulation in the literary world" (Medwin, *Conversations*, 1824, p. 261), and he may have heard without heeding this and other passages quoted by privileged readers, or, though never a line of *Christabel* had sounded in his ears, he may (as Kolbing points out) have caught its lilt at second hand from the published works of Southey, or of Scott himself.

Compare *Thalaba the Destroyer*, v. 20 (1838, iv. 187)—

"What sound is borne on the wind?"

Is it the storm that shakes

The thousand oaks of the forest?

Is it the river's roar

Dashed down some rocky descent?" etc

Or compare *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. 111 5, seq. (1812, p. 24)—

"And now she sits in secret bower

In old Lord David's western tower,

And listens to a heavy sound,

That moans the mossy turrets round

Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,

That chafes against the scaur's red side?

Is it the wind that swings the oaks?

Is it the echo from the rocks?" etc

Certain lines of Coleridge's did, no doubt, "find themselves" in the *Siege of Corinth*, having found their way to the younger poet's ear and fancy before the *Lady of the vision* was directly and formally introduced to his notice.]

He lifted his head, and he looked on the sea,
 But it was unrippled as glass may be,
 He looked on the long grass it waved not a blade
 How was that gentle sound conveyed?
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Samuel Taylor Coleridge
1st June 1816



And he felt not a breath come over his cheek
 What did that sudden sound bespeak? 530
 He turned to the left—is he sure of sight?
 There sate a lady, youthful and bright!^{1 1}

XX

He started up with more of fear
 Than if an armed foe were near
 God of my fathers! what is here?
 Who art thou? and wherefore sent
 So near a hostile armament?
 His trembling hands refused to sign
 The cross he deemed no more divine
 He had resumed it in that hour!² 540
 But Conscience wrung away the power
 He gazed he saw he knew the face
 Of beauty, and the form of grace
 It was Francesca by his side
 The maid who might have been his bride!^{3 4}

The rose was yet upon her cheek
 But mellowed with a tenderer streak

¹ *There sate a lady young and bright* —[MS G erased]

² *He would have made it* — —[MS G erased]

³ *She who would* — —[MS G erased]

⁴ [Contemporary critics fell foul of these lines for various reasons. The *Critical Review* (February 1816 vol iii p 151) remarks that the following couplet [i.e. lines 531–53] reminds us of the *per siflage* of Lewis or the pathos of a vulgar ballad while the *Dublin Examiner* (May 1816 vol i p 19) directs a double charge against the founders of the schism and their proselyte. If the Cumberland *Lakers* were not well known to be personages of the most pious and saintly temperament we would really have serious apprehensions lest our noble Poet should come to any harm in consequence of the envy which the two following lines and a great many others through the poems might excite by their successful rivalry of some of the finest effects of babyism that these Gentlemen can boast.]

Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
 Gone was the smile that enlivened their red.
 The Ocean's calm within their view,' 550
 Beside her eye had less of blue,
 But like that cold wave it stood still,
 And its glance, though clear, was chill¹
 Around her form a thin robe twining,
 Nought concealed her bosom shining,
 Through the parting of her hair,
 Floating darkly downward there,
 Her rounded arm showed white and bare
 And ere yet she made reply,
 Once she raised her hand on high, 560
 It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
 You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,
 That I may be happy, and he may be blessed.
 I have passed the guards, the gate, the wall,
 Sought thee in safety through foes and all
 'Tis said the lion will turn and flee²

¹ *The ocean spread before their view* —[Copy]

¹ ["And its *thrilling* glance, etc."—GIFFORD]

² [Warton (*Observations on the Fairy Queen*, 1807, II 131), commenting on Spenser's famous description of "Una and the Lion" (*Fairy Queene*, Book I canto III stanzas 5, 6, 7), quotes the following passage from *Seven Champions of Christendom* "Now, Sabra, I have by this sufficiently proved thy true virginitie for it is the nature of a lion, be he never so furious, not to harme the unspotted virgin, but humbly to lay his bristled head upon a maiden's lap"]

Byron, according to Leigh Hunt (*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, 1828, I 77), could not "see anything" in Spenser, and was not familiar with the *Fairy Queen*, but he may have had in mind Scott's allusion to Spenser's Una—

"Harpers have sung and poets told
 That he, in fury uncontrolled,
 The shaggy monarch of the wood,

From a maid in the pride of her purity ,
 And the Power on high, that can shield the good
 Thus from the tyrant of the wood 570
 Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
 From the hands of the leaguering Infidel
 I come—and if I come in vain
 Never, oh never we meet again !
 Thou hast done a fearful deed
 In falling away from thy fathers' creed
 But dash that turban to earth and sign
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine ,
 Wring the black drop from thy heart
 And to-morrow unites us no more to part 580

“ And where should our bridal couch be spread ?
 In the midst of the dying and the dead ?
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
 The sons and the shrines of the Christian name
 None, save thou and thine, I've sworn
 Shall be left upon the morn
 But thee will I bear to a lovely spot
 Where our hands shall be joined and our sorrow forgot
 There thou yet shalt be my bride,
 When once again I've quelled the pride 590
 Of Venice, and her hated race
 Have felt the arm they would debase
 Scourge, with a whip of scorpions those
 Whom Vice and Envy made my foes

Upon his hand she laid her own—
 Light was the touch but it thrilled to the bone

Before a virgin fair and good
 Hath pacified his savage mood

Marmion Canto II stanza vii line 5 seq

(See Kolbing's note to *Scge of Corinth* 1893 pp 110-11.)}

And shot a chillness to his heart,¹
 Which fixed him beyond the power to start.
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
 He could not loose him from its hold, 600
 But never did clasp of one so dear
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
 As those thin fingers, long and white,
 Froze through his blood by their touch that night
 'The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,
 As he looked on the face, and beheld its hue,"
 So deeply changed from what he knew
 Fair but faint without the ray
 Of mind, that made each feature play 610
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day,
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,
 And her words came forth without her breath,
 And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,"
 And there seemed not a pulse in her veins to dwell
 Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fixed,¹
 And the glance that it gave was wild and unmixed
 With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream,
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare, 620

¹ *She laid her fingers on his hand,
 Its coldness thrilled through every bone* —[MS G erased]

¹¹ *As he looked on her face* —[MS G]

¹¹¹ *on her bosom's swell* —[MS G erased Copy]

¹ [Compare Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, act v sc 1, line 30—

"You see, her eyes are open,
 Aye, but their sense is shut"

Compare, too, *Christabel*, Conclusion to Part the First (lines
 292, 293)—

"With open eyes (ah, woe is me!)
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully"

Stirred by the breath of the wintry air¹
 So seen by the dying lamps fitful light¹
 Lifeless but life like, and awful to sight
 As they seem through the dimness about to come down
 From the shadowy wall where their images frown,
 Fearfully flitting to and fro
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go¹

If not for love of me be given
Thus much, then for the love of Heaven,—
Agun I say—that turban tear
From off thy faithless brow, and swear
I hinc injured country's sons to spare
Or thou art lost, and never shalt see—
Not earth—that's past—but Heaven or me
If this thou dost accord albeit
A heavy doom tis thine to meet
That doom shall half absolve thy sin
And Mercy's gate may receive thee within
But pause one moment more, and take
The curse of Him thou didst forsake,
And look once more to Heaven and see

1 Like a picture that magic had charmed from its frame
Lifeless but life-like and ever the same
or Like a picture come forth from its canvas and frame — [MS G erased]

11 *And seen — — [MS G]
— its fleecy mail — [MS G crased]*

1 [In the summer of 1803 Byron then turned fifteen though offered a bed at Annesley used at first to return every night to Newstead alleging that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths, which he fancied had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel and would come down from their frames to haunt him Moore thinks this passage may have been suggested by the recollection (*Lfe* p 27) Compare *Lara* Canto I stanza xi line 1 *seq* (*vide ante* p 331 *note 1*)]

2 [Compare Southey's *Roderick*, Canto XXI (ed. 1838 & 195)—
and till the grave
Open the gate of mercy is not closed]

Its love for ever shut from thee
 There is a light cloud by the moon ¹
 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon
 If, by the time its vapoury sail
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,
 Then God and man are both avenged,
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still
 Thine immortality of ill "

650

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high
 The sign she spake of in the sky ,

I I have been told that the idea expressed in this and the five following lines has been admired by those whose approbation is valuable I am glad of it, but it is not original—at least not mine, it may be found much better expressed in pages 182-3-4 of the English version of "Vathek" (I forget the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before referred, and never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification —[The following is the passage "“Deluded prince” said the Genius, addressing the Caliph “This moment is the last, of grace, allowed thee give back Nouronihar to her father, who still retains a few sparks of life destroy thy tower, with all its abominations drive Carathis from thy councils be just to thy subjects respect the ministers of the Prophet compensate for thy impieties by an exemplary life, and, instead of squandering thy days in voluptuous indulgence, lament thy crimes on the sepulchres of thy ancestors Thou beholdest the clouds that obscure the sun at the instant he recovers his splendour, if thy heart be not changed, the time of mercy assigned thee will be past for ever”]

“Vathek, depressed with fear, was on the point of prostrating himself at the feet of the shepherd but, his pride prevailing he said, ‘Whoever thou art, withhold thy useless admonitions If what I have done be so criminal there remains not for me a moment of grace I have traversed a sea of blood to acquire a power which will make thy equals tremble, deem not that I shall retire when in view of the port, or that I will relinquish her who is dearer to me than either my life or thy mercy Let the sun appear! let him illumine my career’ it matters not where it may end!’ On uttering these words Vathek commanded that his horses should be forced back to the road

“There was no difficulty in obeying these orders, for the attraction had ceased, the sun shone forth in all his glory, and the shepherd vanished with a lamentable scream” (ed. 1786, pp 183-185)]

But his heart was swollen and turned aside
 By deep interminable pride¹
 This first false passion of his breast
 Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy ! *He* dismayed
 By wild words of a timid maid !
He, wronged by Venice now to save
 Her sons devoted to the grave ! 660
 No—though that cloud were thunder's worst
 And charged to crush him—let it burst !

He looked upon it earnestly
 Without an accent of reply
 He watched it passing—it is flown
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone
 And thus he spake—Whatever my fate
 I am no changeling—'tis too late
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver
 Then rise again, the tree must shiver 670
 What Venice made me I must be
 Her foe in all save love to thee
 But thou art safe—oh fly with me !
 He turned, but she is gone !
 Nothing is there but the column stone
 Hath she sunk in the earth or melted in air ?
 He saw not—he knew not—but nothing is there

XXII

The night is past, and shines the sun
 As if that morn were a jocund one¹
 Lightly and brightly breaks away 680

¹ *By rooted and unhallowed pride*—[*MS G erased*]

¹ [Leave out this couplet—GIF FORD]

The Morning from her mantle grey,¹
 And the Noon will look on a sultry day.²
 Hark to the trump, and the drum,
 And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
 And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
 And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
 And the clash, and the shout, "They come ! they come !"
 The horsetails³ are plucked from the ground, and the
 sword
 From its sheath, and they form, and but wait for the
 word
 Tartar, and Spahi, and 'Turcoman, 690
 Strike your tents, and throng to the van,
 Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,⁴
 That the fugitive may flee in vain,
 When he breaks from the town, and none escape,
 Agéd or young, in the Christian shape,
 While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
 Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.⁵

1 [Compare—

"While the still morn went out with sandals grey "

Lycidas, line 187]

2 [Strike out—

"And the Noon will look on a sultry day "

—GIFFORD]

3 The horsetails, fixed upon a lance, a pacha's standard

["When the vizir appears in public, three *thouhs*, or horse-tails, fastened to a long staff, with a large gold ball at top, is borne before him "—*Mœurs des Ottomans*, par A. L. Castellan (Translated, 1821), iv 7

Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II, "Albanian War-Song," stanza 10, line 2, and *Bride of Abydos*, line 714 (*vide ante*, p 189)]

4 [Compare—

"Send out mee horses, skirr the country round "

Macbeth, act v se 3, line 35]

5 [Omit—

"While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
 Bloodstain the breach through which they pass "

—GIFFORD]

The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein
 Curved is each neck and flowing each mane,
 White is the foam of their champ on the bit, 700
 The spears are uplifted, the matches are lit,
 The cannon are pointed and ready to roar,
 And crush the wall they have crumbled before ¹
 Forms in his phalanx each Janizár
 Alp at their head his right arm is bare
 So is the blade of his scimitar
 The Khan and the Pachas are all at their post
 The Vizier himself at the head of the host
 When the culverin's signal is fired then on,
 Leave not in Corinth a living one— 710
 A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
 A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls
 God and the prophet—Alla Hu ¹
 Up to the skies with that wild halloo ¹

There the breach lies for passage the ladder to scale
 And your hands on your sabres and how should ye fail?
 He who first downs with the red cross may crave ³
 His heart's dearest wish let him ask it and have ¹
 Thus uttered Coumourgi the dauntless Vizier ⁴

1 [And crush the wall they have *shaken* before —GIFFORD]

2 [Compare *The Giaour* line 734 (*vide ante* p 10)—

At solemn sound of Alla Hu ¹

And *Don Juan* Canto VIII stanza viii]

3 [He who first *downs* with the red cross may crave etc
 What vulgarity is this?—

He who *lowers* —or *plucks down* etc

—GIFFORD]

4 [The historian George Finlay who met and frequently conversed with Byron at Mesolonghi with a view to illustrating Lord Byron's *Siege of Corinth* subjoins in a note the full text of the summons sent by the grand vizier and the answer (See Finlay's *Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination* 1856 p 266 note

1 and for the original authority see Brue's *Journal de la Campagne en 1715* Paris 1871 p 18)]

The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear, 720
 And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire
 Silence—hark to the signal fire!

XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go
 On the stately buffalo,
 Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
 And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
 He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
 The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die
 Thus against the wall they went,
 Thus the first were backward bent,¹ 730
 Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
 Strewed the earth like broken glass,¹
 Shivered by the shot, that tore
 The ground whereon they moved no more
 Even as they fell, in files they lay,
 Like the mower's grass at the close of day,¹
 When his work is done on the levelled plain,
 Such was the fall of the foremost slain.²

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
 From the cliffs invading dash 740
 Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,
 Till white and thundering down they go,

¹ *With such volley yields like glass* —[MS G erased]

¹¹ *Like the mower's ridge* —[MS G erased]

¹ [“Thus against the wall they bent,
 Thus the first were backward sent”]

—GILFORD]

² [“Such was the fall of the foremost train”—GILFORD]

Like the avalanche's snow
 On the Alpine vales below ,
 Thus at length outbreathed and worn,
 Corinth's sons were downward borne
 By the long and oft renewed
 Charge of the Moslem multitude
 In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
 Heaped by the host of the Infidel 750
 Hand to hand, and foot to foot
 Nothing there save Death, was mute ¹
 Stroke, and thrust, and flash and cry
 For quarter, or for victory
 Mingle there with the volleying thunder
 Which makes the distant cities wonder
 How the sounding battle goes
 If with them or for their foes
 If they must mourn, or may rejoice
 In that annihilating voice, 760
 Which pierces the deep hills through and through
 With an echo dread and new
 You might have heard it, on that day
 O'er Salamis and Megara ,
 (We have heard the hearers say)
 Even unto Piræus' bay

XXV

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt
 Sabres and swords with blood were gilt ,

¹ *I have heard* — — [*MS G*]

¹ [Compare *The Deformed Transformed* Part I sc 2 (Song of the Soldiers)—

Our shout shall grow gladder
 And death only be mute]

² [Compare *Macbeth* act II sc 2 line 55—

If he do bleed
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal]

But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
 And all but the after carnage done. 770
 Shriller shrieks now mingling come
 From within the plundered dome
 Hark to the haste of flying feet,
 That splash in the blood of the slippery street,
 But here and there, where 'vantage ground
 Against the foe may still be found,
 Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
 Make a pause, and turn again
 With banded backs against the wall,
 Fiercely stand, or fighting fall. 780
 There stood an old man ¹ his hairs were white,
 But his veteran arm was full of might
 So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
 The dead before him, on that day,
 In a semicircle lay,
 Still he combated unwounded,
 Though retreating, unsurrounded.
 Many a scar of former fight
 Lurked ² beneath his corslet bright,
 But of every wound his body bore. 790
 Each and all had been ta'en before
 Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
 Few of our youth could cope with him,
 And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
 Outnumbered his thin hairs ³ of silver grey
 From right to left his sabre swept
 Many an Othman mother wept
 Sons that were unborn, when dipped ⁴

1 [“There stood a man,” etc —GIFFORD.]

2 [“*Lurked*”—a bad word say “*was hid*”—GIFFORD]

3 [“Outnumbered his hairs,” etc —GIFFORD]

4 [“Sons that were unborn, when *he* dipped”—GIFFORD]

His weapon first in Moslem gore
 Ere his years could count a score 800
 Of all he might have been the sire ¹
 Who fell that day beneath his ire
 For sonless left long years ago
 His wrath made many a childless foe,
 And since the day when in the strait ²
 His only boy had met his fate,
 His parent's iron hand did doom
 More than a human hecatomb ³
 If shades by carnage be appeased
 Patroclus spirit less was pleased 810
 Than his Minottis son who died
 Where Asia's bounds and ours divide
 Buried he lay, where thousands before
 For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore
 What of them is left to tell
 Where they lie, and how they fell?
 Not a stone on their turf nor a bone in their graves
 But they live in the verse that immortally saves ⁴

XXVI

Hark to the Allah shout! ⁵ a band
 Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand 820

1 [Bravo!—this is better than King Priam's fifty sons — GIFFORD]

In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles between the Venetians and Turks

3 [There can be no such thing but the whole of this is poor and spun out — GIFFORD The solecism if such it be was repeated in *Marino Faliero* act iii sc 1 line 38]

4 [Compare *Childe Harold* Canto II stanza xxix lines 5 8 (*Poetical Works* 1899 ii 125)—

Dark Sappho! could not Verse immortal save?
 If life eternal may await the lyre]

5 [Hark to the Alla Hu! etc — GIFFORD]

Then leader's nervous aim is baie,
 Swifter to smite, and never to spare
 Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on,
 Thus in the fight is he ever known
 Others a gaudier garb may show,
 To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;
 Many a hand's on a richer hilt,
 But none on a steel more ruddily gilt,
 Many a loftier turban may wear,
 Alp is but known by the white arm bare, 830
 Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there!
 There is not a standard on that shore
 So well advanced the ranks before,
 There is not a banner in Moslem war
 Will lure the Delhis half so far,
 It glances like a falling star!
 Where'er that mighty arm is seen,
 The bravest be, or late have been,¹
 There the claven cries for quarter
 Vainly to the vengeful Taitar, 840
 Or the hero, silent lying,
 Scorns to yield a groan in dying,
 Mustering his last feeble blow
 'Gainst the nearest levelled foe,
 Though faint beneath the mutual wound,
 Grappling on the gory ground

XXVII

Still the old man stood erect,
 And Alp's career a moment checked
 "Yield thee, Minotti, quarter take,
 For thine own, thy daughter's sake." 850

1 [Gifford has erased lines 839-847]

Never, Renegado never¹
 Though the life of thy gift would last for ever¹

"Francesca¹—Oh, my promised bride¹
 Must she too perish by thy pride¹

"She is safe —"Where? where? —"In Heaven
 From whence thy traitor soul is driven—
 Far from thee and undefiled
 Grimly then Minotti smiled
 As he saw Alp staggering bow
 Before his words as with a blow 860

Oh God! when died she? — Yesternight—
 Nor weep I for her spirit's flight
 None of my pure race shall be
 Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
 Come on! —That challenge is in vain—
 Alp's already with the slain!
 While Minotti's words were wreaking
 More revenge in bitter speaking
 I than his falchion's point had found,
 Had the time allowed to wound 870
 From within the neighbouring porch
 Of a long defended church,
 Where the last and desperate few
 Would the failing fight renew
 The sharp shot dashed Alp to the ground
 Ere an eye could view the wound
 That crashed through the brain of the infidel,
 Round he spun and down he fell,

¹ *Though the life of thy gift would last for ever —*
[MS G Copy]

¹¹ *Where's Francesca!—my promised bride!—*[MS G Copy]

A flash like fire within his eyes
 Blazed, as he bent no more to rise, 880
 And then eternal darkness sunk
 Through all the palpitating trunk, '
 Nought of life left, save a quivering
 Where his limbs were slightly shivering
 They turned him on his back, his breast
 And brow were stained with gore and dust,
 And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
 From its deep veins lately loosed,
 But in his pulse there was no throb,
 Nor on his lips one dying sob, 890
 Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath "
 Heralded his way to death
 Ere his very thought could pray,
 Unaneled he passed away,
 Without a hope from Mercy's aid,
 To the last a Renegade ¹

1 Here follows in *MS G* —

*Twice and once he roll'd a space,
 Then lead-like lay upon his face*

11 *Sigh, nor sign, nor parting word* — [*MS G erased*]

1 [The Spanish "renegado" and the Anglicized "renegade" were favourite terms of reprobation with politicians and others at the beginning of the century. When Southey's *Wat Tyler* was reprinted in 1817, William Smith, the Member for Norwich, denounced the Laureate as a "renegado," an attack which Coleridge did his best to parry by contributing articles to the *Courier* on "Apostasy and Renegadoism" (Letter to Murray, March 26, 1817, *Memor. of John Murray*, 1891, i 306). Byron himself, in *Don Juan* ("Dedication," stanza 1 line 5), hails Southey as "My Epic Renegade!" Compare, too, stanza xiv of "*Lines addressed to a Noble Lord*" (His Lordship will know why), By one of the small Fry of the Lakes" (i.e. Miss Barker, the "Bhow Begum" of Southey's *Doctor*)—

"And our Ponds shall better please thee,
 Than those now dishonoured seas,
 With their shores and Cyclades
 Stocked with Pachas, Seraskiers,
 Slaves and turbaned Buccaneers,
 Sensual Mussulmans atrocious,
 Renegadoes more ferocious," etc.]

XXVIII

Fearfully the yell arose
 Of his followers, and his foes
 These in joy, in fury those ¹
 Then again in conflict mixing ¹¹ 900
 Clashing swords, and spears transfixing
 Interchanged the blow and thrust
 Hurling warriors in the dust
 Street by street, and foot by foot
 Still Minotti dares dispute
 The latest portion of the land
 Left beneath his high command
 With him aiding heart and hand
 The remnant of his gallant band
 Still the church is tenable, 910
 Whence issued late the fated ball
 That half avenged the city's fall
 When Alp her fierce assailant fell
 Thither bending sternly back
 They leave before a bloody track
 And with their faces to the foe
 Dealing wounds with every blow ¹
 The chief and his retreating train
 Join to those within the lane,
 There they yet may breathe awhile 920
 Sheltered by the massy pile

XXIX

Brief breathing time! the turbaned host
 With added ranks and raging boast

¹ *These in rage in triumph those* —[MS G Copy erased]

¹¹ *Then again in fury mixing* —[MS G]

¹ [*Dealing death with every blow* —GIFFORD]

Press onwards with such strength and heat,
 Their numbers balk their own retreat,
 For narrow the way that led to the spot
 Where still the Christians yielded not,
 And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
 Through the massy column to turn and fly,
 They perforce must do or die 930
 They die, but ere their eyes could close,
 Avengers o'er their bodies rose,
 Fresh and furious, fast they fill
 The ranks unthinned, though slaughtered still,
 And faint the weary Christians wax
 Before the still renewed attacks
 And now the Othmans gain the gate,
 Still resists its iron weight,
 And still, all deadly aimed and hot,
 From every crevice comes the shot, 940
 From every shattered window pour
 The volleys of the sulphurous shower
 But the portal wavering grows and weak—
 The iron yields, the hinges creak
 It bends—it falls and all is o'er,
 Lost Corinth may resist no more !

XXX.

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,
 Minotti stood o'er the altar stone
 Madonna's face upon him shone,¹

1 [Compare *Don Juan*, Canto XIII stanza lxi lines 1, seq —

“ But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,
 The Virgin-Mother of the God-born Child,
 With her Son in her blessed arms, looked round
 But even the funtest relics of a shrine
 Of any worship wake some thoughts divine ”]

Painted in heavenly hues above 950
 With eyes of light and looks of love
 And placed upon that holy shrine
 To fix our thoughts on things divine
 When pictured there we kneeling see
 Her, and the boy God on her knee
 Smiling sweetly on each prayer
 To Heaven, as if to waft it there
 Still she smiled, even now she smiles
 Though slaughter streams along her aisles
 Minotti lifted his aged eye, 960
 And made the sign of a cross with a sigh
 Then seized a torch which blazed thereby
 And still he stood, while with steel and flame
 Inward and onward the Mussulman came

XXI

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone¹
 Contained the dead of ages gone
 Their names were on the graven floor
 But now illegible with gore,
 The carved crests and curious hues
 The varied marble's veins diffuse, 970
 Were smeared, and slippery—stained and strown
 With broken swords and helms o'erthrown
 There were dead above, and the dead below
 Lay cold in many a coffined row,
 You might see them piled in sable state
 By a pale light through a gloomy grate,
 But War had entered their dark caves²

1 — beneath the { *chequeret* } stone — [MS G *erised*]
 inlaid

11 But no t half blott d — — [MS G *erased*]

111 But War must make the most of means — [MS G *erased*]

And stored along the vaulted graves
 Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
 In masses by the fleshless dead 980
 Here, throughout the siege, had been
 The Christians' chiefest magazine,
 To these a late formed train now led,
 Minotti's last and stern resource
 Against the foe's o'erwhelming force

XXXII

The foe came on, and few remain
 To strive, and those must strive in vain
 For lack of further lives, to slake
 The thirst of vengeance now awake,
 With barbarous blows they gash the dead, 990
 And lop the already lifeless head,
 And fell the statues from their niche,
 And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,
 And from each other's rude hands wrest
 The silver vessels Saints had blessed
 To the high altar on they go,
 Oh, but it made a glorious show !¹
 On its table still behold
 The cup of consecrated gold,
 Massy and deep, a glittering prize, 1000
 Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes
 That morn it held the holy wine,¹
 Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
 Which his worshippers drank at the break of day,"

¹ *the sacrament wine* —[MS G erased]

¹¹ *Which the Christians partook at the break of the day* —
 [MS G Copy]

¹ ["Oh, but it made a glorious show !!!"]

Gifford erases the line, and adds these marks of exclamation]

To shrive their souls ere they joined in the fray
 Still a few drops within it lay,
 And round the sacred table glow
 Twelve lofty lamps in splendid row
 From the purest metal cast
 A spoil—the richest and the last 1010

XXXIII

So near they came the nearest stretched
 To grasp the spoil he almost reached
 When old Minotti's hand
 Touched with the torch the train—
 'Tis fired!¹
 Spire vaults the shrine the spoil the slain
 The turbaned victors the Christian band
 All that of living or dead remain
 Hurl'd on high with the shivered fane
 In one wild roar expired!² 1020
 The shattered town—the walls thrown down—
 The waves a moment backward bent—
 The hills that shake although unrent¹
 As if an Earthquake passed—
 The thousand shapeless things all driven
 In cloud and flame athwart the heaven
 By that tremendous blast—

¹ *The hills as by an earthquake bent* —[MS G erased]

¹ [Compare *Sardanapalus* act v sc 1 (sf)—

Myr Art thou ready?

Sard As the torch in thy grasp

(*Myrrha fires the pile*)

Myr 'Tis fired! I come]

² [A critic in the *Eclat c Review* (vol v N S 1816 p 273) commenting on the obvious carelessness of these lines remarks We know not how all that of dead remained could expire in that wild roar To apply the word expire to inanimate objects is no doubt, an archaism but Byron might have quoted Dryden as an authority The ponderous ball expires]

Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er
 On that too long afflicted shore ¹
 Up to the sky like rockets go 1030
 All that mingled there below
 Many a tall and goodly man,
 Scorched and shrivelled to a span,
 When he fell to earth again
 Like a cinder strewed the plain
 Down the ashes shower like rain,
 Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles
 With a thousand circling wrinkles,
 Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
 Scattered o'er the isthmus lay, 1040
 Christian or Moslem, which be they?
 Let their mothers see and say ¹
 When in cradled rest they lay,
 And each nursing mother smiled
 On the sweet sleep of her child,
 Little deemed she such a day
 Would rend those tender limbs away ²
 Not the matrons that them bore
 Could discern their offspring more, ³
 That one moment left no trace 1050
 More of human form or face
 Save a scattered scalp or bone

1 *Who can see or who shall say?*—[MS G erased]

1 [Strike out from "Up to the sky," etc., to "All blackened there and reeking lay" Despicable stuff—GIFFORD]

2 [Lines 1043-1047 are not in the Copy or MS G, but were included in the text of the First Edition]

3 [Compare *Don Juan*, Canto II stanza cii line 1, seq—

"Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
 Their work on them by turns, and thinned them to
 Such things a mother had not known her son
 Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew"

Compare, too, *The Island*, Canto I section ix lines 13, 14]

And down came blazing rafters strown
 Around, and many a falling stone ¹
 Deeply dinted in the clay,
 All blackened there and reeking lay
 All the living things that heard
 The deadly earth shock disappeared
 The wild birds flew, the wild dogs fled
 And howling left the unburied dead, ¹ ² 1060
 The camels from the keepers broke,
 The distant steer forsook the yoke—
 The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain
 And burst his girth, and tore his rein,
 The bull frogs note from out the marsh
 Deep-mouthed arose, and doubly harsh,
 The wolves yelled on the caverned hill
 Where Echo rolled in thunder still ³
 The jackals troop, in gathered cry ¹ ³
 Bayed from afar complainingly 1070
 With a mixed and mournful sound
 Like crying babe, and beaten hound ⁴

- 1 *And crashed each mass of stone* —[MS G erased]
 11 *And left their food the unburied dead* —[Copy]
 And left their food the untasted dead —[MS G]
 And howling left — —[MS G erased]
 111 *Where Echo rolled in horror still* —[MS G]
 114 *The frightened jackal's shrill sharp cry* —[MS G erased]
 115 *Mixed and mournful as the sound* —[MS G]

1 [Omit the next six lines —GIFFORD]

2 [I have heard hyenas and jackal in the ruins of Asia and bull frogs in the marshes besides wolves and angry Mussulmans —*Journal* November 23 1813 *Letters* 1898 ii 340]

3 I believe I have taken a poetical licence to transplant the jackal from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds. They haunt ruins and follow armies [Compare *Childe Harold* Canto IV stanza cliv line 6 and *Don Juan* Canto IX stanza xxvii line 2]

4 [Leave out this couplet —GIFFORD]

With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
 The eagle left his rocky nest,
 And mounted nearer to the sun,
 The clouds beneath him seemed so dun,
 Their smoke assailed his startled beak,
 And made him higher soar and shriek —
 'Thus was Corinth lost and won' !¹

¹ [With lines 1058-1079, compare Southey's *Roderick* (Canto XVIII, ed 1838, in 169)—

"Far and wide the thundering shout,
 Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
 Pealed o'er the hills, and up the mountain vales
 The wild ass starting in the forest glade
 Ran to the covert, the affrighted wolf
 Skulked through the thicket to a closer brake
 The sluggish bear, awakened in his den,
 Roused up and answered with a sullen growl,
 Low-breathed and long, and at the uproar scared,
 The brooding eagle from her nest took wing"

A sentence in a letter to Moore, dated January 10, 1815 (*Letters*, 1899, in 168), "*I have tried the rascals (i.e. the public) with my Harrys and Larrys, Pilgrims and Pirates. Nobody but Southey has done any thing worth a slice of bookseller's pudding, and he has not luck enough to be found out in doing a good thing,*" implies that Byron had read and admired Southey's *Roderick*—an inference which is curiously confirmed by a memorandum in Murry's handwriting "When Southey's poem, *Don Roderick* (i.e.), was published, Lord Byron sent in the middle of the night to ask John Murry if he had heard any opinion of it, for he thought it one of the finest poems he had ever read." The resemblance between the two passages, which is pointed out by Professor Kolbing, is too close to be wholly unconscious, but Byron's expansion of Southey's lines hardly amounts to a plagiarism.]

1

PARISINA

INTRODUCTION TO *PARISINA*

PARISINA which had been begun before the *Siege of Corinth*, was transcribed by Lady Byron and sent to the publisher at the beginning of December 1815 Murray confessed that he had been alarmed by some hints which Byron had dropped as to the plot of the narrative but was reassured when he traced the delicate hand that transcribed it. He could not say enough of this Pearl of great price. It is very interesting pathetic beautiful—do you know I would almost say moral" (*Memoir of John Murray* 1891 : 353) Ward, to whom the MS of *Parisina* was shown and Isaac D'Israeli who heard it read aloud by Murray were enthusiastic as to its merits and Gifford who had mingled censure with praise in his critical appreciation of the *Siege*, declared that the author ' had never surpassed *Parisina* '.

The last and shortest of the six narrative poems composed and published in the four years (the first years of manhood and of fame the only years of manhood passed at home in England) which elapsed between the appearance of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* and the third *Parisina* has perhaps, never yet received its due. At the time of its appearance it shared the odium which was provoked by the publication of *Fare Thee Well* and *A Sketch* and before there was time to reconsider the new volume on its own merits the new canto of *Childe Harold* followed almost immediately by the *Prisoner of Chillon* and its brilliant and noticeable companion poems usurped the attention of friend and foe. Contemporary critics (with the exception of the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*) fell foul of the subject matter of the poem—the guilty passion of a

bastard son for his father's wife "It was too disgusting to be rendered pleasing by any display of genius" (*European Magazine*), "The story of *Parisina* includes adultery not to be named" (*Literary Panorama*), while the *Eclectic*, on grounds of taste rather than of morals, gave judgment that "the subject of the tale was purely unpleasing"—"the impression left simply painful"

Byron, no doubt, for better or worse, was in advance of his age, in the pursuit of art for art's sake, and in his indifference, not to morality—the *dénouement* of the story is severely moral—but to the moral edification of his readers. The tale was chosen because it is a tale of love and guilt and woe, and the poet, unconcerned with any other issue, sets the tale to an enchanting melody. It does not occur to him to condone or to reprobate the loves of Hugo and Parisina, and in detailing the issue leaves the actors to their fate. It was this aloofness from ethical considerations which perturbed and irritated the "canters," as Byron called them—the children and champions of the anti-revolution. The modern reader, without being attracted or repelled by the *motif* of the story, will take pleasure in the sustained energy and sure beauty of the poetic strain. Byron may have gone to the "nakedness of history" for his facts, but he clothed them in singing robes of a delicate and shining texture.

TO
SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES ESQ

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIRERD HIS TALENTS

AND VALUED HIS FRIENDSHIP

January 22 1816

ADVERTISEMENT

THE following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbons *Antiquities of the House of Brunswick*. I am aware that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion as Alfieri and Schiller have also been more recently upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Arto* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical —[B]

‘Under the reign of Nicholas III [A D 145] Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of a maid and his own observation the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband who published his shame and survived their execution ¹. He was unfortunate if they were guilty if they were innocent he was still more unfortunate nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent —GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii p. 470 —[Ed 1837, p. 830]

1 [Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated but the castle still exists entire and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded according to the annal of Gibbon —*Vide* Advertisement to *Lament of Tasso*]

PARISINA¹

I

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word,

^t This turned out a calamitous year for the people of Ferrara for there occurred a very tragical event in the court of their sovereign. Our annals both printed and in manuscript with the exception of the unpolished and negligent work of Sardi and one other have given the following relation of it—from which however are rejected many details and especially the narrative of Bandelli who wrote a century afterwards and who does not accord with the contemporary historians.

By the above mentioned Stella dell' Assassino the Marquis in the year 1405 had a son called Ugo a beautiful and ingenuous youth. Parisina Malatesta second wife of Nicolo like the generality of step mothers treated him with little kindness to the infinite regret of the Marquis who regarded him with fond partiality. One day she asked leave of her husband to undertake a certain journey to which he consented but upon condition that Ugo should bear her company for he hoped by these means to induce her in the end to lay aside the obstinate aversion which she had conceived against him. And indeed his intent was accomplished but too well since during the journey she not only divested herself of all her hatred but fell into the opposite extreme. After their return the Marquis had no longer any occasion to renew his former reproofs. It happened one day that a servant of the Marquis named Zoese or as some call him Giorgio passing before the apartments of Parisina saw going out from them one of her chamber maids all terrified and in tears. Asking the reason she told him that her mistress for some slight offence had been beating her and giving vent to her rage she added that she could easily be revenged if she chose to make known the criminal familiarity which subsisted

And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear

between Parisina and her step-son. The servant took note of the words, and related them to his master. He was astounded thereat, but, scarcely believing his ears, he assured himself of the fact, alas ! too clearly, on the 18th of May, by looking through a hole made in the ceiling of his wife's chamber. Instantly he broke into a furious rage, and arrested both of them, together with Aldobrandino Rangoni, of Modena, her gentleman, and also, as some say, two of the women of her chamber, as abettors of this sinful act. He ordered them to be brought to a hasty trial, desiring the judges to pronounce sentence, in the accustomed forms, upon the culprits. This sentence was death. Some there were that bestirred themselves in favour of the delinquents, and, amongst others, Ugoecio Contrario, who was all-powerful with Niccolo, and also his aged and much deserving minister Alberto del Sale. Both of these, their tears flowing down their cheeks, and upon their knees, implored him for mercy, adducing whatever reasons they could suggest for sparing the offenders, besides those motives of honour and decency which might persuade him to conceal from the public so scandalous a deed. But his rage made him inflexible, and, on the instant, he commanded that the sentence should be put in execution.

"It was, then, in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's tower, at the top of the street Giovecca, that on the night of the 21st of May were beheaded, first, Ugo, and afterwards Parisina. Zoese, he that accused her, conducted the latter under his arm to the place of punishment. She, all along, fancied that she was to be thrown into a pit, and asked at every step, whether she was yet come to the spot ? She was told that her punishment was the axe. She enquired what was become of Ugo, and received for answer, that he was already dead, at which, sighing grievously, she exclaimed, 'Now, then, I wish not myself to live,' and, being come to the block, she stripped herself, with her own hands, of all her ornaments, and, wrapping a cloth round her head, submitted to the fatal stroke, which terminated the cruel scene. The same was done with Rangoni, who, together with the others, according to two calendars in the library of St. Francesco, was buried in the cemetery of that convent. Nothing else is known respecting the women.

"The Marquis kept watch the whole of that dreadful night, and, as he was walking backwards and forwards, enquired of the captain of the castle if Ugo was dead yet ? who answered him, Yes. He then gave himself up to the most desperate lamentations, exclaiming, 'Oh ! that I too were dead, since I have been hurried on to resolve thus against my own Ugo !' And then gnawing with his teeth a cane which he had in his hand, he passed the rest of the night in sighs and in tears, calling frequently upon his own dear Ugo. On the following day, calling to mind that it would be necessary to

Each flower the dews have lightly wet
 And in the sky the stars are met
 And on the wave is deeper blue,
 And on the leaf a browner hue 10
 And in the heaven that clear obscure
 So softly dark and darkly pure
 Which follows the decline of day
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away ³

II

But it is not to list to the waterfall
 That Parisina leaves her hall

- 1 *Francesca walks in the shadow of night
 But it is not to gaze on the heavenly light—
 But if she sits in her garden bower
 'Tis not for the sake of its blown flower —*
 [Nathan 1815 1829]

make public his justification seeing that the transaction could not be kept secret he ordered the narrative to be drawn out upon paper and sent it to all the courts of Italy

On receiving this advice the Doge of Venice Francesco Foscarini gave orders but without publishing his reasons that stop should be put to the preparations for a tournament which under the auspices of the Marquis and at the expense of the city of Padua was about to take place in the square of St Mark in order to celebrate his advancement to the ducal chair

The Marquis in addition to what he had already done from some unaccountable burst of vengeance commanded that as many of the married women as were well known to him to be faithless like his Parisina should like her be beheaded Amongst others Barberina or as some call her Laodamia Romei wife of the court judge underwent this sentence at the usual place of execution that is to say in the quarter of St Giacomo opposite the present fortress beyond St Pauls It cannot be told how strange appeared this proceeding in a prince who considering his own disposition should as it seemed have been in such cases most indulgent Some however there were who did not fail to commend him [*Al morie per la Storia l'Ferrari Raccolte da Antonio Frizzi 1793 in 408-410 See too Celebri Famigli Italiane by Conte Pompeo Litta 183 Fasc xxvi Part III vol II*]

2 [The revise of *Parisina* 1 endorsed in Murray's handwriting Given to me by Lord Byron at his house Saturday January 13 1816]

3 The lines contained in this section were printed as set to music

And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
 That the Lady walks in the shadow of night ,
 And if she sits in Este's bower,
 'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower , 20
 She listens—but not for the nightingale
 Though her ear expects as soft a tale
 There glides a step through the foliage thick,
 And her cheek grows pale, and her heart beats quick
 There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
 And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves
 A moment more and they shall meet
 'Tis past her Lover's at her feet

III

And what unto them is the world beside,
 With all its change of time and tide ? 30
 Its living things its earth and sky
 Are nothing to their mind and eye
 And heedless as the dead are they
 Of aught around, above, beneath ,
 As if all else had passed away,
 They only for each other breathe ,
 Their very sighs are full of joy
 So deep, that did it not decay,
 That happy madness would destroy
 The hearts which feel its fiery sway 40
 Of guilt, of peril, do they deem
 In that tumultuous tender dream ?
 Who that have felt that passion's power,
 Or paused, or feared in such an hour ?

1 *There winds a step* —[*Nathan*, 1815, 1829]

some time since, but belonged to the poem where they now appear ,
 the greater part of which was composed prior to *Lara*, and other
 compositions since published [Note to *Siege*, etc , First Edition,
 1816]

Or thought how brief such moments last?
 But yet—they are already past¹
 Alas! we must awake before
 We know such vision comes no more

IV

With many a lingering look they leave
 The spot of guilty gladness past 50
 And though they hope and vow they grieve
 As if that parting were the last
 The frequent sigh—the long embrace—
 The lip that there would cling for ever
 While gleams on Parisina's face
 The Heaven he fears will not forgive her
 As if each calmly conscious star
 Beheld her frailty from afar—
 The frequent sigh the long embrace
 Yet binds them to their trysting place 60
 But it must come and they must part
 In fearful heaviness of heart
 With all the deep and shuddering chill
 Which follows fast the deeds of ill

V

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed
 To covet there another's bride
 But she must lay her conscious head
 A husband's trusting heart beside
 But fevered in her sleep she seems
 And red her cheek with troubled dreams 70
 And mutters she in her unrest
 A name she dare not breathe by day¹

¹ [Leigh Hunt in his *Autobiography* (1860 p. 252) says: "I had the pleasure of supplying my friendly critic Lord Byron with a point for his *Parisina* (the incident of the heroine talking in her sleep)"]

And clasps her Lord unto the breast
 Which pants for one away
 And he to that embrace awakes,
 And, happy in the thought, mistakes
 That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,
 For such as he was wont to bless ,
 And could in very fondness weep
 O'er her who loves him even in sleep 80

VI

He clasped her sleeping to his heart,
 And listened to each broken word
 He hears Why doth Prince Azo start,
 As if the Archangel's voice he heard ?
 And well he may a deeper doom
 Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,
 When he shall wake to sleep no more,
 And stand the eternal throne before.
 And well he may his earthly peace
 Upon that sound is doomed to cease 90
 That sleeping whisper of a name
 Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame

Putting Lady Macbeth out of the question, the situation may be traced to a passage in Henry Mackenzie's *Julia de Roubigné* (1777, 11 101 "Montauban to Segarva," Letter xxx) —

"I was last night abroad at supper, Julia was a-bed before my return I found her lute lying on the table, and a music-book open by it I could perceive the marks of tears shed on the paper, and the air was such as might encourage their falling Sleep, however, had overcome her sadness, and she did not awake when I opened the curtain to look on her When I had stood some moments, I heard her sigh strongly through her sleep, and presently she muttered some words, I know not of what import I had sometimes heard her do so before, without regarding it much, but there was something that roused my attention now I listened, she sighed again, and again spoke a few broken words At last I heard her plainly pronounce the name Savillon two or three times, and each time it was accompanied with sighs so deep that her heart seemed bursting as it heaved then"]

And whose that name? that o'er his pillow
 Sounds fearful as the breaking billow
 Which rolls the plank upon the shore
 And dashes on the pointed rock
 The wretch who sinks to rise no more —
 So came upon his soul the shock.
 And whose that name?—'tis Hugo's —his—
 In sooth he had not deemed of this!— 100
 'Tis Hugo's—he the child of one
 He loved—his own all-evil son—
 The offspring of his wayward youth
 When he betrayed Bianca's truth¹
 The maid whose folly could confide
 In him who made her not his bride

VII

He plucked his poniard in its sheath
 But sheathed it ere the point was bare
 However unworthy now to breathe
 He could not slay a thing so fair— 110
 At least not smiling—sleeping—there—
 Nay, more—he did not wake her then
 But gazed upon her with a glance
 Which had she roused her from her trance
 Had frozen her sense to sleep again
 And o'er his brow the burning lamp
 Gleamed on the dew drops big and damp
 She spake no more—but still she slumbered—
 While in his thought her days are numbered

1 — *Al dora's* — —[*Copy erased*]

1 [Compare *Cristabel* Part II lines 408 409—

Alas! they had been friends in youth
 But whispering tongues can poison truth]

VIII

And with the morn he sought and found, 120
 In many a tale from those around,
 The proof of all he feared to know,
 Their present guilt his future woe,
 The long-conniving damsels seek
 To save themselves, and would transfer
 The guilt the shame—the doom—to her
 Concealment is no more—they speak
 All circumstance which may compel
 Full credence to the tale they tell
 And Azo's tortured heart and ear 130
 Have nothing more to feel or hear

IX

He was not one who brooked delay
 Within the chamber of his state,
 The Chief of Este's ancient sway
 Upon his throne of judgement sate,
 His nobles and his guards are there,
 Before him is the sinful pair,
 Both young, and *one* how passing fair!
 With swordless belt, and fettered hand,
 Oh, Christ! that thus a son should stand 140
 Before a father's face!
 Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,
 And hear the sentence of his ire,
 The tale of his disgrace!
 And yet he seems not overcome,
 Although, as yet, his voice be dumb.

X

And still, and pale and silently
 Did Parisina wait her doom,

How changed since last her sparkling eye
 Glanced gladness round the glittering room, 150
 Where high born men were proud to wait—
 Where Beauty watched to imitate
 Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—
 And gather from her air and gait
 The graces of its Queen
 Then—had her eye in sorrow wept
 A thousand warriors forth had leapt
 A thousand swords had sheathless shone
 And made her quarrel all their own¹
 Now,—what is she? and what are they? 160
 Can she command or these obey?
 All silent and unheeding now
 With downcast eyes and knitting brow
 And folded arms and freezing air,
 And lips that scarce their scorn forbear
 Her knights her dames her court—is there
 And he—the chosen one, whose lance
 Had yet been couched before her glance
 Who—were his arm a moment free—
 Had died or gained her liberty, 170
 The minion of his father's bride—
 He too is fettered by her side,
 Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim
 Less for her own despair than him
 Those lids—o'er which the violet vein

1 [Compare the famous eulogy of Marie Antoinette in Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* in a Letter intended to have been sent to a Gentleman in Paris London 1790 pp 112 113—

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France then the dauphiness at Versailles Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fall upon her in a nation of gallant men in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult]

Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
 Shining through the smoothest white
 That e'er did softest kiss invite
 Now seemed with hot and livid glow
 To press, not shade, the orbs below , 180
 Which glance so heavily, and fill,
 As tear on tear grows gathering still ¹ ¹

XI.

And he for her had also wept,
 But for the eyes that on him gazed
 His sorrow, if he felt it, slept,
 Stern and erect his brow was raised.
 Whate'er the grief his soul avowed,
 He would not shrink before the crowd ,
 But yet he dared not look on her ,
 Remembrance of the hours that were 190
 His guilt his love—his present state
 His father's wrath, all good men's hate
 His earthly, his eternal fate—
 And hers, oh, hers ¹ he dared not throw
 One look upon that death-like brow ¹
 Else had his rising heart betrayed
 Remorse for all the wreck it made.

XII

And Azo spake .—" But yesterday
 I gloried in a wife and son ,
 That dream this morning passed away , 200
 Ere day declines, I shall have none.
 My life must linger on alone ,

¹ *As tear by tear rose gathering still* —[Revise]

¹ [Lines 175-182, which are in Byron's handwriting, were added to the Copy]

Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one
 Who would not do as I have done
 Those ties are broken—not by me

Let that too pass,—the dooms prepared !
 Hugo the priest awaits on thee

And then—thy crimes reward !
 Away ! address thy prayers to Heaven

Before its evening stars are met 210
 Learn if thou there canst be forgiven

Its mercy may absolve thee yet
 But here, upon the earth beneath

There is no spot where thou and I
 Together for an hour could breathe

Farewell ! I will not see thee die—

But thou frail thing ! shalt view his head—

Away ! I cannot speak the rest

Go ! woman of the wanton breast 220
 Not I, but thou his blood dost shed

Go ! if that sight thou canst outlive,
 And joy thee in the life I give

XIII

And here stern Azo hid his face—

For on his brow the swelling vein

Throbbed as if back upon his brain

The hot blood ebbed and flowed again

And therefore bowed he for a space

And passed his shaking hand along

His eye to veil it from the throng ,

While Hugo raised his churning hands 230

And for a brief delay demands

His father's ear the silent sire

Forbids not what his words require

"It is not that I dread the death
 For thou hast seen me by thy side
 All redly through the battle ride,
 And that not once a useless brand
 Thy slaves have wrested from my hand
 Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,
 Than e'er can stain the axe of mine ¹ 240

Thou gav'st, and may'st resume my breath,
 A gift for which I thank thee not,
 Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,
 Her slighted love and ruined name,
 Her offspring's heritage of shame,
 But she is in the grave, where he,
 Her son thy rival—soon shall be
 Her broken heart my severed head
 Shall witness for thee from the dead
 How trusty and how tender were 250
 Thy youthful love paternal care
 'Tis true that I have done thee wrong

But wrong for wrong this, deemed thy bride,
 The other victim of thy pride,
 Thou know'st for me was destined long,
 Thou saw'st, and coveted'st her charms,
 And with thy very crime my birth,
 Thou taunted'st me—as little worth,
 A match ignoble for her arms,
 Because, forsooth, I could not claim 260
 The lawful heirship of thy name,
 Nor sit on Este's lineal throne,
 Yet, were a few short summers mine,
 My name should more than Este's shine

1 [The meaning is plain, but the construction is involved. The contrast is between the blood of foes, which Hugo has shed for Azo, and Hugo's own blood, which Azo is about to shed on the scaffold. But this is one of Byron's incurious infelicities.]

With honours all my own
 I had a sword—and have a breast
 That should have won as haught ¹ a crest
 As ever waved along the line
 Of all these sovereign sires of thine
 Not always knightly spurs are worn 70
 The brightest by the better born
 And mine have lanced my courser's flank
 Before proud chiefs of princely rank
 When charging to the cheering cry
 Of Este and of Victory I
 I will not plead the cause of crime
 Nor sue thee to redeem from time
 A few brief hours or days that must
 At length roll o'er my reckless dust —
 Such maddening moments as my past 280
 They could not, and they did not last —
 Albeit my birth and name be base,
 And thy nobility of race
 Disdained to deck a thing like me—
 Yet in my lineaments they trace
 Some features of my father's face
 And in my spirit—all of thee
 From thee this tameness of heart—
 From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start?—
 From thee in all their vigour came 90
 My arm of strength, my soul of flame—
 Thou didst not give me life alone
 But all that made me more thine own
 See what thy guilty love hath done ¹
 Repaid thee with too like a son ¹

¹ Haught—haughty Away *have* *let* man thou art insulting
 me —SHAKESPEARE [*Richard II* act iv sc i line 254—

No lord of thine thou haught in ulting man]

I am no bastard in my soul,
 For that, like thine, abhorred control,
 And for my breath, that hasty boon
 'Thou gav'st and wilt resume so soon,
 I valued it no more than thou, 300
 When rose thy casque above thy brow,
 And we, all side by side, have striven,
 And o'er the dead our coursers driven
 The past is nothing and at last
 'The future can but be the past,'¹
 Yet would I that I then had died

For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,
 And made thy own my destined bride,

I feel thou art my father still
 And harsh as sounds thy hard decree, 310
 'Tis not unjust, although from thee
 Begot in sin, to die in shame,
 My life begun and ends the same
 As erred the sire, so erred the son,
 And thou must punish both in one.
 My crime seems worst to human view,
 But God must judge between us too!²

XIV.

He ceased—and stood with folded arms,
 On which the circling fetters sounded,
 And not an ear but felt as wounded, 320
 Of all the chiefs that there were ranked,
 When those dull chains in meeting clanked
 Till Parisina's fatal charms³

¹ [Lines 304, 305, and lines 310-317 are not in the Copy. They were inserted by Byron in the Revise.]

² [A writer in the *Critical Review* (February, 1816, vol. iii p. 151) holds this couplet up to derision "Too" is a weak ending, and, orally at least, ambiguous.]

³ ["I sent for *Marmion*, because it occurred to me there

Again attracted every eye—
 Would she thus hear him doomed to die !
 She stood, I said, all pale and still,
 The living cause of Hugo's ill
 Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide
 Not once had turned to either side—
 Nor once did those sweet eyelids close 350
 Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
 But round their orbs of deepest blue
 The circling white dilated grew—
 And there with glassy gaze she stood
 As ice were in her curdled blood,
 But every now and then a tear¹
 So large and slowly gathered slid
 From the long dark fringe of that fair lid
 It was a thing to see not hear !²

might be a resemblance between part of *Parisina* and a similar scene in Canto 2^d of *Marmion*. I fear there is though I never thought of it before and could hardly wish to imitate that which is inimitable. I had completed the story on the passare from Gibbon which in fact leads to a like scene naturally without a thought of the kind but it comes upon me not very comfortably. —Letter to Murray February 3 1816 (*Letters* 1899 iii 260) The scene in *Marmion* is the one where Constance de Beverley appears before the conclave—

Her look composed and steady eye
 Bespoke a matchless constancy
 And there she stood so calm and pale
 That but her breathing did not fail
 And motion slight of eye and head
 And of her bosom warranted
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks
 You must have thought a form of wax
 Wrought to the very life was there—
 So still she was so pale so fair

Canto II stanza xxi lines 5-14]

¹ [I admire the fabrication of the big Tear which is very fine—much larger by the way than Shakespeare's —Letter of John Murray to Lord Byron (*Memoir of John Murray* 1891 354)]

² [Compare *Christabel* Part I line -53—

A sight to dream of not to tell !]

And those who saw, it did surprise, 340
Such drops could fall from human eyes.
To speak she thought—the imperfect note
Was choked within her swelling throat,
Yet seemed in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the tone
It ceased—again she thought to speak,
Then burst her voice in one long shriek,
And to the earth she fell like stone
Or statue from its base o'erthrown,
More like a thing that ne'er had life, 350
A monument of Azo's wife,
Than her, that living guilty thing,
Whose every passion was a sting,
Which urged to guilt, but could not bear
That guilt's detection and despair
But yet she lived—and all too soon
Recovered from that death-like swoon—
But scarce to reason—every sense
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense .
And each frail fibre of her brain 360
(As bowstrings, when relaxed by rain,
The erring arrow launch aside)
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide
The past a blank, the future black,
With glimpses of a dreary track,
Like lightning on the desert path,
When midnight storms are mustering wrath
She feared she felt that something ill
Lay on her soul, so deep and chill,
That there was sin and shame she knew, 370
That some one was to die but who?
She had forgotten did she breathe?
Could this be still the earth beneath,

The sky above and men around,
 Or were they fiends who now so frowned
 On one, before whose eyes each eye
 Till then had smiled in sympathy?
 All was confused and undefined
 To her all jarred and wandering mind,
 A chaos of wild hopes and fears 380
 And now in laughter now in tears
 But madly still in each extreme
 She strove with that convulsive dream
 For so it seemed on her to break
 Oh! vainly must she strive to wake!

XV

The Convent bells are ringing
 But mournfully and slow
 In the grey square turret swinging
 With a deep sound, to and fro
 Heavily to the heart they go! 390
 Hark! the hymn is singing—
 The song for the dead below,
 Or the living who shortly shall be so!
 For a departed being's soul¹
 The death hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll¹
 He is near his mortal goal,
 Kneeling at the Friar's knee
 Sad to hear and piteous to see—
 Kneeling on the bare cold ground
 With the block before and the guards around 400
 And the headsman with his bare arm ready,
 That the blow may be both swift and steady

¹ *For a departing being's soul* —[*Copy*]

¹ [For the peculiar use of *knoll* as a verb compare *Childe Harold* Canto III stanza xcvi line 5 and *Werner* act iii sc 3]

Feels if the axe be sharp and true
 Since he set its edge anew ¹
 While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
 To see the Son fall by the doom of the Father !

XVI.

It is a lovely hour as yet
 Before the summer sun shall set,
 Which rose upon that heavy day,
 And mock'd it with his steadiest ray , 410
 And his evening beams are shed
 Full on Hugo's fated head,
 As his last confession pouring
 To the monk, his doom deploring
 In penitential holiness,
 He bends to hear his accents bless
 With absolution such as may
 Wipe our mortal stains away.
 That high sun on his head did glisten
 As he there did bow and listen, 420
 And the rings of chestnut hair
 Curled half down his neck so bare,
 But brighter still the beam was thrown
 Upon the axe which near him shone
 With a clear and ghastly glitter
 Oh ! that parting hour was bitter !
 Even the stern stood chilled with awe
 Dark the crime, and just the law
 Yet they shuddered as they saw.

XVII.

The parting prayers are said and over 430
 Of that false son, and daring lover !

¹ [Lines 401-404, which are in Byron's handwriting, were added to the Copy]

His beads and sins are all recounted ¹
 His hours to their last minute mounted,
 His mantling cloak before was stripped,
 His bright brown locks must now be clipped
 'Tis done—all closely are they shorn,
 The vest which till this moment worn—
 The scarf which Parisina gave—
 Must not adorn him to the grave
 Even that must now be thrown aside, 440
 And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied
 But no—that last indignity
 Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye
 All feelings seemingly subdued
 In deep disdain were half renewed
 When headsman's hands prepared to bind
 Those eyes which would not brook such blind
 As if they dared not look on death
 No—yours my forfeit blood and breath,
 These hands are chained but let me die 450
 At least with an unshackled eye—
 Strike —and as the word he said
 Upon the block he bowed his head,
 These the last accents Hugo spoke
 Strike —and flashing fell the stroke—
 Rolled the head—and gushing sunk
 Back the stained and heaving trunk,
 In the dust, which each deep vein
 Slaked with its ensanguined rain,
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver, 460
 Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever

He died as erring man should die
 Without display, without parade,

¹ *His latest beads and sins are counted* —[Copy]

Meekly had he bowed and prayed,
 As not disdaining priestly aid,
 Nor desperate of all hope on high
 And while before the Prior kneeling,
 His heart was weaned from earthly feeling,
 His wrathful Sire his Paramour
 What were they in such an hour? 470
 No more reproach, no more despair,
 No thought but Heaven, no word but prayer
 Save the few which from him broke,
 When, bared to meet the headsman's stroke,
 He claimed to die with eyes unbound,
 His sole adieu to those around.

XVIII

Still as the lips that closed in death,
 Each gazer's bosom held his breath
 But yet, afar, from man to man,
 A cold electric¹ shiver ran, 480
 As down the deadly blow descended
 On him whose life and love thus ended,
 And, with a hushing sound compressed,
 A sigh shrunk back on every breast,
 But no more thrilling noise rose there,¹
 Beyond the blow that to the block
 Pierced through with forced and sullen shock,
 Save one what cleaves the silent air
 So madly shrill, so passing wild?
 That, as a mother's o'er her child, 490

¹ *But no more thrilling voice rose there* —[*Copy*]

I [For the use of "electric" as a metaphor, compare Coleridge's *Songs of the Pixies*, v lines 59, 60—

"The electric flash, that from the melting eye
 Darts the fond question and the soft reply"]

Done to death by sudden blow
 To the sky these accents go
 Like 7 souls in endless woe
 Through Azo's palace lattice driven
 That horrid voice ascends to heaven
 And every eye is turned thereon,
 But sound and sight alike are gone!
 It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er
 In madlier accents rose despair,
 And those who heard it as it past 500
 In mercy wished it were the last

XIX

Hugo is fallen, and from that hour
 No more in palace hall or bower
 Was Parisina heard or seen
 Her name—as if she ne'er had been—
 Was banished from each lip and ear
 Like words of wantonness or fear,
 And from Prince Azo's voice by none
 Was mention heard of wife or son,
 No tomb—no memory had they 510
 Theirs was unconsecrated clay—
 At least the Knights who died that day
 But Parisina's fate lies hid
 Like dust beneath the coffin lid
 Whether in convent she abode
 And won to heaven her dreary road
 By blighted and remorseful years
 Of scourge and fast and sleepless tears
 Or if she fell by bowl or steel
 For that dark love she dared to feel 520
 Or if upon the moment smote
 She died by tortures less remote

Like him she saw upon the block
 With heart that shared the headsman's shock,
 In quickened brokenness that came,
 In pity o'er her shattered frame,
 None knew and none can ever know
 But whatsoe'er its end below,
 Her life began and closed in woe !

XX

And Azo found another bride, 530
 And goodly sons grew by his side ,
 But none so lovely and so brave
 As him who withered in the grave ,¹
 Or if they were—on his cold eye
 Their growth but glanced unheeded by,
 Or noticed with a smothered sigh.
 But never tear his cheek descended,
 And never smile his brow unbended ,
 And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
 The intersected lines of thought , 540
 Those furrows which the burning share
 Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there ,
 Scars of the lacerating mind
 Which the Soul's war doth leave behind.²
 He was past all mirth or woe
 Nothing more remained below
 But sleepless nights and heavy days,
 A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
 A heart which shunned itself and yet
 That would not yield, nor could forget, 550

¹ [Here, again, Byron is *super grammaticam*. The comparison is between Hugo and "goodly sons," not between Hugo and "bride" in the preceding line.]

² [Lines 539-544 are not in the Copy, but were inserted in the Revise.]

Which when it least appeared to melt
 Intensely thought—intensely felt
 The deepest ice which ever froze
 Can only o'er the surface close,
 The living stream lies quick below,
 And flows and cannot cease to flow ¹
 Still was his sealed up bosom haunted ¹
 By thoughts which Nature hath implanted
 Too deeply rooted thence to vanish
 However our stifled tears we banish, 560
 When struggling as they rise to start
 We check those waters of the heart,
 They are not dried—those tears unshed
 But flow back to the fountain head,
 And resting in their spring more pure
 For ever in its depth endure
 Unseen—unwept—but uncongealed,
 And cherished most where least revealed
 With inward starts of feeling left
 To throb o'er those of life bereft 570
 Without the power to fill again
 The desert gap which made his pain
 Without the hope to meet them where
 United souls shall gladness share
 With all the consciousness that he
 Had only passed a just decree, ²
 That they had wrought their doom of ill,
 Yet Azos age was wretched still
 The tainted branches of the tree
 If lopped with care, a strength may give 580

¹ *As it ill unwelcomely was haunted* —[Copy]

² *Had only sealed a just decree* —[Copy]

¹ [Lines 551-556 are not in the Copy but were inserted in the Revise]

By which the rest shall bloom and live
All greenly fresh and wildly free
But if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury scathe,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals

POEMS OF THE SEPARATION

INTRODUCTION TO POEMS OF THE SEPARATION

THE two poems, *Fare Thee Well* (March 17) and *A Sketch* (March 29 1816) which have hitherto been entitled *Domestic Pieces* or *Poems on His Own Circumstances*, I have ventured to rename *Poems of the Separation*. Of secondary importance as poems or works of art they stand out by themselves as marking and helping to make the critical epoch in the life and reputation of the poet. It is to be observed that there was an interval of twelve days between the date of *Fare Thee Well* and *A Sketch* that the composition of the latter belongs to a later episode in the separation drama and that for some reasons connected with the proceedings between the parties a pathetic if not uncritical resignation had given place to the extremity of exasperation—to hatred and fury and revenge. It follows that either poem in respect of composition and of publication must be judged on its own merits. Contemporary critics, while they were all but unanimous in holding up *A Sketch* to unqualified reprobation were divided with regard to the good taste and good faith of *Fare Thee Well*. Moore intimates that at first, and indeed for some years after the separation he was strongly inclined to condemn the *Fare Thee Well* as a histrionic performance—a showy effusion of sentiment—but that on reading the account of all the circumstances in Byron's *Memoranda*, he was impressed by the reality of the 'swell of tender recollections under the influence of which, as he sat one night musing in his study, these stanzas were produced—the tears as he said falling fast over the paper as he wrote them' (*Life*, p. 30.)

With whatever purpose, or under whatever emotion the lines were written, Byron did not keep them to himself. They were shown to Murray, and copies were sent to "the initiated." "I have just received," writes Murray, "the enclosed letter from Mrs Maria Graham [1785-1842, *née* Dundas, authoress and traveller, afterwards Lady Callcott], to whom I had sent the verses. It will show you that you are thought of in the remotest corners, and furnishes me with an excuse for repeating that I shall not forget you. God bless your Lordship. Fare Thee Well" [MSS M]

But it does not appear that they were printed in their final shape (the proof of a first draft, consisting of thirteen stanzas, is dated March 18, 1816) till the second copy of verses were set up in type with a view to private distribution (see *Letters*, 1899, iii 279). Even then there was no thought of publication on the part of Byron or of Murray, and, as a matter of fact, though *Fare Thee Well* was included in the "Poems" of 1816, it was not till both poems had appeared in over twenty pirated editions that *A Sketch* was allowed to appear in vol. iii of the Collected Works of 1819. Unquestionably Byron intended that the "initiated," whether foes or sympathizers, should know that he had not taken his dismissal in silence, but it is far from certain that he connived at the appearance of either copy of verses in the public press. It is impossible to acquit him of the charge of appealing to a limited circle of specially chosen witnesses and advocates in a matter which lay between himself and his wife, but the aggravated offence of rushing into print may well be attributed to "the injudicious zeal of a friend," or the "malice prepense" of an enemy. If he had hoped that the verses would slip into a newspaper, as it were, *malgré lui*, he would surely have taken care that the seed fell on good ground under the favouring influence of Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, or Leigh Hunt of the *Examiner*. As it turned out, the first paper which possessed or ventured to publish a copy of the "domestic pieces" was the *Champion*, a Tory paper, then under the editorship of John Scott (1783-1821), a man of talent and of probity, but, as Mr Lang puts it (*Life and Letters* of John Gibson Lockhart, 1897, i 256), "Scotch, and a professed moralist." The date of publication

was Sunday, April 14, and it is to be noted that the *Od from the French* (We do not curse thee Waterloo) had been published in the *Morning Chronicle* on March 15 and that on the preceding Sunday, April 7 the brilliant but unpatriotic apostrophe to the *Star of the Legion of Honour* had appeared in the *Examiner*. We notice it [this strain of his Lordship's harp]" writes the editor because we think it would not be doing justice to the merits of such political tenets if they were not coupled with their corresponding practice in regard to moral and domestic obligations. There is generally a due proportion kept in the music of men's lives. Of many of the *facts* of this distressing case we are not ignorant but God knows they are not for a newspaper. Fortunately they fall within very general knowledge, in London at least if they had not they would never have found their way to us. But there is a respect due to certain wrongs and sufferings that would be outraged by uncovering them. It was all very mysterious very terrible but what wonder that the laureate of the ex-emperor the contemner of the Bourbons the pæanist of the star of the brave, the rainbow of the free should make good his political heresy by personal depravity—by unmanly vice unmanly whining unmanly vituperation?

Wordsworth to whom Scott forwarded the *Champion* of April 14 outdid the journalist in virtuous fury. Let me say only one word of Lord B. The man is insane. The verses on his private affairs excite in me less indignation than pity. The latter copy is the Billingsgate of Bedlam.

You yourself seem to labour under some delusion as to the merits of Lord B's poetry and treat the wretched verses the *Fare Well* with far too much respect. They are disgusting in sentiment and in execution contemptible. Though my many faults deface me etc. Can worse doggerel than such a stanza be written? One verse is commendable. All my madness none can know. The criticism as criticism confutes itself and is worth quoting solely because it displays the feeling of a sane and honourable man towards a member of the 'opposition' who had tripped and fallen and now lay within reach of his lash (see *Life of William Wordsworth* 1889 ii 267 etc.)

It was not only, as Macaulay put it, that Byron was "singled out as an expiatory sacrifice" by the British public in a periodical fit of morality, but, as the extent and the limitations of the attack reveal, occasion was taken by political adversaries to inflict punishment for an outrage on popular sentiment

The *Champion* had been the first to give tongue, and the other journals, on the plea that the mischief was out, one after the other took up the cry. On Monday, April 15, the *Sun* printed *Fare Thee Well*, and on Tuesday, April 16, followed with *A Sketch*. On the same day the *Morning Chronicle*, protesting that "the poems were not written for the public eye, but as having been inserted in a Sunday paper," printed both sets of verses, the *Morning Post*, with an ugly hint that "the noble Lord gives us verses, when he dare not give us circumstances," restricted itself to *Fare Thee Well*, while the *Times*, in a leading paragraph, feigned to regard "the two extraordinary copies of verses . . . the whining stanzas of *Fare Thee Well*, and the low malignity and miserable doggerel of the companion *Sketch*, as "an injurious fabrication." On Thursday, the 18th, the *Courier*, though declining to insert *A Sketch*, deals temperately and sympathetically with the *Fare Thee Well*, and quotes the testimony of a "fair correspondent" (? Madame de Staël), that if "her husband had bade her such a farewell she could not have avoided running into his arms, and being reconciled immediately—'Je n'aurais pu m'y tenir un instant'," and on the same day the *Times*, having learnt to its "extreme astonishment and regret," that both poems were indeed Lord Byron's, maintained that the noble author had "degraded literature, and abused the privileges of rank, by converting them into weapons of vengeance against an inferior and a female." On Friday, the 19th, the *Star* printed both poems, and the *Morning Post* inserted a criticism, which had already appeared in the *Courier* of the preceding day. On Saturday, the 20th, the *Courier* found itself compelled, in the interests of its readers, to print both poems. On Sunday, the 21st, the octave of the original issue, the *Examiner* devoted a long article to an apology for Byron, and a fierce rejoinder to the *Champion*, and on the same day the *Independent*

Whig and the *Sunday News* which favoured the 'opposition,' printed both poems with prefatory notices more or less favourable to the writer whereas the Tory *Antigallican Monitor*, which also printed both poems, added the significant remark that 'if everything said of Lord Byron be true it would appear that the Whigs were not altogether so immaculate as they themselves would wish the world to suppose'

The testimony of the press is instructive from two points of view. In the first place it tends to show that the controversy was conducted on party lines and secondly that the editor of the *Champion* was in some degree responsible for the wide diffusion and lasting publicity of the scandal. The separation of Lord and Lady Byron must in any case have been more than a nine days wonder but if the circulation of the 'pamphlet' had been strictly confined to the 'initiated,' the excitement and interest of the general public would have smouldered and died out for lack of material.

In his second letter on Bowles dated March 23, 1811 (*Observations upon Observations Life* 189 p 703) Byron alludes to the publication of these poems in the *Champion*, and comments on the behaviour of the editor, who had recently (February 16, 1811) been killed in a duel. He does not minimize the wrong but he pays a fine and generous tribute to the courage and worth of his assailant. 'Poor Scott is now no more he died like a brave man and he lived an able one etc. It may be added that Byron was an anonymous subscriber to a fund raised by Sir James Mackintosh Murray, and others for "the helpless family of a man of virtue and ability" (*London Magazine* April, 1811 vol iii p 359)

For chronological reasons and in accordance with the precedent of the edition of 1837 a third poem *Stan as to Augusta* has been included in this group

POEMS OF THE SEPARATION

FARE THEE WELL¹

Alas¹ they had been friends in youth
But whispering tongues can poison truth
And Constancy lives in realms above
And Life is thorny and youth is vain
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain

* * * *

But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof the scars remaining
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder
A dreary sea now flows between
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away I ween
The marks of that which once hath been
COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*

FARE thee well¹ and if for ever
Still for ever fare *thee well*
Even though unforgiving never
Gainst thee shall my heart rebel

1 The motto was prefixed in *Poems* 1816

1 [He there (Byron in his *Memoranda*) described and in a manner whose sincerity there was no doubting the swell of tender recollections under the influence of which as he sat one night musing in the study these stanzas were produced—the tears as he said falling fast over the paper as he wrote them —*Life* p 30

It must have been a fair and *complete* copy that Moore saw (see *Life* p 302 note 3) There are no tear marks on this (the first draft sold at Sotheby's April 11 1885) draft which must be the

Would that breast were bared before thee¹
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee¹¹
 Which thou ne'er canst know again :
 Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
 Every inmost thought could show¹
 Then thou would'st at last discover
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.
 Though the world for this commend thee¹
 Though it smile upon the blow,
 Even its praises must offend thee,
 Founded on another's woe.
 Though my many faults defaced me,
 Could no other arm be found,
 Than the one which once embraced me,
 To inflict a cureless wound ?
 Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away .

1 *Thou my breast laid bare before thee* —[MS erased]

11. *Not a thought is pondering on thee* —[MS erased]

first, for it is incomplete, and every line (almost) tortured with alterations

"Fare Thee Well!" was printed in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, April 21, 1816, at the end of an article (by L H) entitled "Distressing Circumstances in High Life" The text there has two readings different from that of the pamphlet, viz —

Examiner "Than the soft one which embraced me"

Pamphlet "Than the one which once embraced me."

Examiner "Yet the thoughts we cannot bridle"

Pamphlet "But," etc

—MS Notes taken by the late J Dykes Campbell at Sotheby's, April 18, 1890, and re-transcribed for Mr Murray, June 15, 1894

A final proof, dated April 7, 1816, was endorsed by Murray, "Correct 50 copies as early as you can to-morrow"

1 [Lines 13-20 do not appear in an early copy dated March 18, 1816 They were added on the margin of a proof dated April 4, 1816]

Still thine own its life retaineth—

Still must mine though bleeding beat ¹

And the undying thought which paineth

Is—that we no more may meet

These are words of deeper sorrow¹

Than the wail above the dead,

Both shall live—but every morrow¹

Wake us from a widowed bed

And when thou wouldst solace gather—

When our child's first accents flow—

Wilt thou teach her to say ' Father '

Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee—

When her lip to thine is pressed—

Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—

Think of him thy love *had* blessed¹

Should her lineaments resemble

Those thou never more mayst see

Then thy heart will softly tremble

With a pulse yet true to me

All my faults perchance thou knowest—

All my madness—none can know¹

All my hopes—where'er thou goest—

Wither—yet with *thee* they go

Every feeling hath been shaken,

Pride—which not a world could bow—

Bows to thee—by thee forsaken

Even my soul forsakes me now

¹ Net result of many alterations

¹¹ *And the lasting thought* — —[*MS* erased]

¹¹¹ — — *of deadlier sorrow* —[*MS* erased]

¹¹¹ *Every future night as d morrow* —[*MS* erased]

^v *St ill thy heart* — —[*MS* erased]

^{v1} *All my follies* — —[*MS* erased]

^{v11} — — *which not the world could bow* —[*MS*]

^{v111} *Falls at once* — —[*MS* erased]

But 'tis done all words are idle
 Words from me are vainer still,¹
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will
 Fare thee well! thus disunited "
 Torn from every nearer tie
 Seared in heart and lone and blighted
 More than this I scarce can die.

[First draft, *March* 18, 1816
 First printed as published, April 4, 1816.]

A SKETCH.¹¹

"Honest—honest Iago!
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee"
 SHAKESPEARE

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
 Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head,¹¹
 Next for some gracious service unexpressed,
 And from its wages only to be guessed

- ¹ *Tears and sighs are idler still* —[MS erased]
¹¹ *Fare thee well—thus lone and blighted* —[MS erased]
¹¹¹ *A Sketch from Life* —[MS M]
¹¹¹ *Promoted thence to comb* —[MS M erased]

¹ ["I send you my last night's dream, and request to have 50 copies (for private distribution) struck off I wish Mr Gifford to look at them, they are from life"—Letter to Murray, March 30, 1816]

"The original MS of Lord Byron's Satire, 'A Sketch from Private Life,' written by his Lordship, 30th March, 1816 Given by his Lordship to me on going abroad after his separation from Lady Byron, John Hanson To be carefully preserved" (This MS omits lines 19-20, 35-36, 55-56, 65-70, 77-78, 85-92)

A copy entitled, "A sketch from private Life," dated March 30, 1816, is in Mrs Leigh's handwriting The corrections and additions are in Byron's handwriting

A proof dated April 2, 1816, is endorsed by Murray, "Correct with most particular care and print off 50 copies, and keep standing"]

Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
 Her wondering betters wait behind her chair
 With eye unmoved and forehead unabashed
 She dines from off the plate she lately washed
 Quick with the tale and ready with the lie,
 The genial confidante, and general spy— 10
 Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
 An only infant's earliest governess!¹
 She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
 That she herself, by teaching learned to spell
 An adept next in penmanship she grows
 As many a nameless slander deftly shows
 What she had made the pupil of her art,
 None know—but that high Soul secured the heart
 And panted for the truth it could not hear
 With longing breast and undeluded ear 20
 Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind!¹
 Which Flattery fooled not Baseness could not blind
 Deceit infect not near Contagion soil
 Indulgence weaken nor Example spoil
 Nor mastered Science tempt her to look down
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown
 Nor Genius swell, nor Beauty render vain
 Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain
 Nor Fortune change, Pride raise nor Passion bow
 Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now 30
 Serenely purest of her sex that live!¹

i — early governess —[MS M]

ii. — but that pure spirit saved her heart —[MS M erased]

iii Vain was each effort — —[MS M]

iv Much Learning madden—when with scarce a peer
 She soared through science with a bright career—
 Nor talents swell — —[MS M]

v — big try provoke —[MS M erased]

vi Serenely purest of the things that live —[MS M]

But wanting one sweet weakness to forgive,
 Too shocked at faults her soul can never know,
 She deems that all could be like her below
 Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
 For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme, now laid aside too long,
 The baleful burthen of this honest song,ⁱ
 Though all her former functions are no more,
 She rules the circle which she served before 40
 If mothers none know why before her quake,
 If daughters dread her for the mothers' sake,
 If early habits—those false links, which bind
 At times the loftiest to the meanest mind " "
 Have given her power too deeply to instil
 The angry essence of her deadly will, " "
 If like a snake she steal within your walls,
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls,
 If like a viper to the heart she wind,
 And leave the venom there she did not find, 50
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works " "
 Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
 To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
 And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
 Skilled by a touch to deepen Scandal's tints
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,
 While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles -
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;'

i *The trusty burthen of my honest song* —[MS M]

ii *At times the highest* .—[MS M]

iii *of her evil will* —[MS. M]

iv *What marvel that this mistress demon works*

Eternal evil { *wheresoe'er she lurks* —[MS M]
when she latent works —[Copy]

v *A gloss of candour of a web of wiles* —[MS M]

A plain blunt show of briefly spoken seeming,
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul hardened scheming, 60
 A lip of lies, a face formed to conceal
 And without feeling mock at all who feel
 With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown—
 A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone
 Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
 Ooze to her skin and stagnate there to mud
 Cased like the centipede in saffron mail
 Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
 (For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
 Congenial colours in that soul or face)— 70
 Look on her features¹ and behold her mind
 As in a mirror of itself defined
 Look on the picture¹ deem it not overcharged—
 There is no trait which might not be enlarged
 Yet true to 'Nature's journeymen'² who made
 This monster when their mistress left off trade—
 This female dog star of her little sky,
 Where all beneath her influence droop or die'

Oh¹ wretch without a tear—without a thought
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought— 80
 The time shall come nor long remote, when thou
 Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now,
 Feel for thy vile self loving self in vain
 And turn thee howling in unpitied pain
 May the strong curse of crushed affections light

1 Lines 65-68 were added April 1816

11 The parenthesis was added April 2 1816

111 *Look on her body* — — — [MS M]

11v *Where all that gaze upon her droop or die* —

[MS altered April 2 1816]

1 [See *Hamlet* act iii sc 2 line 31]

2 [Lines 85-91 were added April 2 1816 on a page endorsed
 Quick—quick—quick—quick]

Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
 Black as thy will for others would create . 90
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,
 The widowed couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
 Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,
 Look on thine earthly victims and despair !
 Down to the dust ! and, as thou rott'st away,
 Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.¹
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear 100
 Thy name thy human name to every eye
 The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
 And festering¹ in the infamy of years "

[First draft, *March* 29, 1816

First printed as published, April 4, 1816]

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.²

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,"
 And reason half withheld her ray

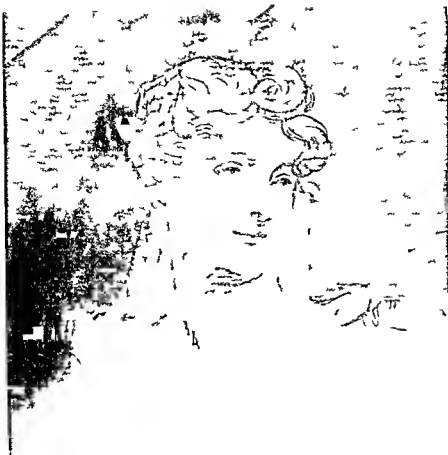
¹ *in thy poisoned clay* —[*MS M* erased]

¹¹ *And weltering in the infamy of years* —[*MS M*]

¹¹¹ *grew waste and dark* —[*MS M*]

¹ [“I doubt about ‘weltering’ but the dictionary should decide—look at it We say ‘weltering in blood’—but do they not also use ‘weltering in the wind’ ‘weltering on a gibbet’?—there is no dictionary, so look or ask In the meantime, I have put ‘fester-ing,’ which perhaps in any case is the best word of the two—P S Be quick Shakespeare has it often and I do not think it too strong for the figure in this thing”—Letter to Murray, April 2]

² [His sister, the Honourable Mrs Leigh—These stanzas—the



Wm. H. H. H.

The Hon. Augusta Light
for dress, to be of H, it

And Hope but shed a dying spark
 Which more misled my lonely way,
 In that deep midnight of the mind,
 And that internal strife of heart,
 When dreading to be deemed too kind,
 The weak despair—the cold depart
 When Fortune changed—and Love fled far,<ⁱ
 And Hatred's shafts flew thick and fast
 Thou wert the solitary starⁱⁱ
 Which rose and set not to the lastⁱⁱⁱ
 Oh I bless be thine unbroken light!
 That watched me as a Seraph's eye
 And stood between me and the night
 For ever shining sweetly nigh
 And when the cloud upon us came^{iv}
 Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
 Then purer spread its gentle flame^v
 And dashed the darkness all away
 Still may thy Spirit dwell on mine^{vi}
 And teach it what to brave or brook—

i *When Friendship's spark — — [MS. V]*

ii *Thou wast the solitary star — [MS. V]*

iii *Which rose and set not to the last — [MS. V]*

iv *And when the cloud that on us came — [MS. V]*

And when the cloud upon me came — [Copy C. II]

v *Which would have closed on that last ray — [MS. V]*

vi *Then still or stood the gentle Flame — [MS. V]*

vii *Still may thy Spirit sit on mine — [MS. V]*

parting tribute to her whose tenderness had been his sole consolation in the crisis of domestic misery—were we believe the last verses written by Lord Byron in England. In a note to Mr Rogers, dated April 16 [1816] he says "My sister is now with me and leaves town to-morrow we shall not meet again for some time at all events—*ever* and under these circumstances I trust to stand excused to you and Mr Sheridan for being unable to wait upon him this evening —Note to Edition of 183 x 193

A fair copy broken up into stanzas is endorsed by Murray Given to me (and I believe composed by L^d B.) Friday April 1 1816]

There's more in one soft word of thine
 Than in the world's defied rebuke.
 Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,¹
 That still unbroke, though gently bent,
 Still waves with fond fidelity
 Its boughs above a monument.
 The winds might rend the skies might pour,
 But there thou wert and still wouldst be
 Devoted in the stormiest hour
 To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.
 But thou and thine shall know no blight.
 Whatever fate on me may fall,
 For Heaven in sunshine will requite
 The kind and thee the most of all.
 Then let the ties of baffled love
 Be broken thine will never break,
 Thy heart can feel but will not move,
 Thy soul, though soft, will never shake
 And these, when all was lost beside,
 Were found and still are fixed in thee;
 And bearing still a breast so tried,
 Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

[First published, *Poems*, 1816]

1 *And thou wast as a lovely Tree
 Whose branch unbroke but gently bent
 Still waved with fond Fidelity* —[Copy C H]

END OF VOL III

